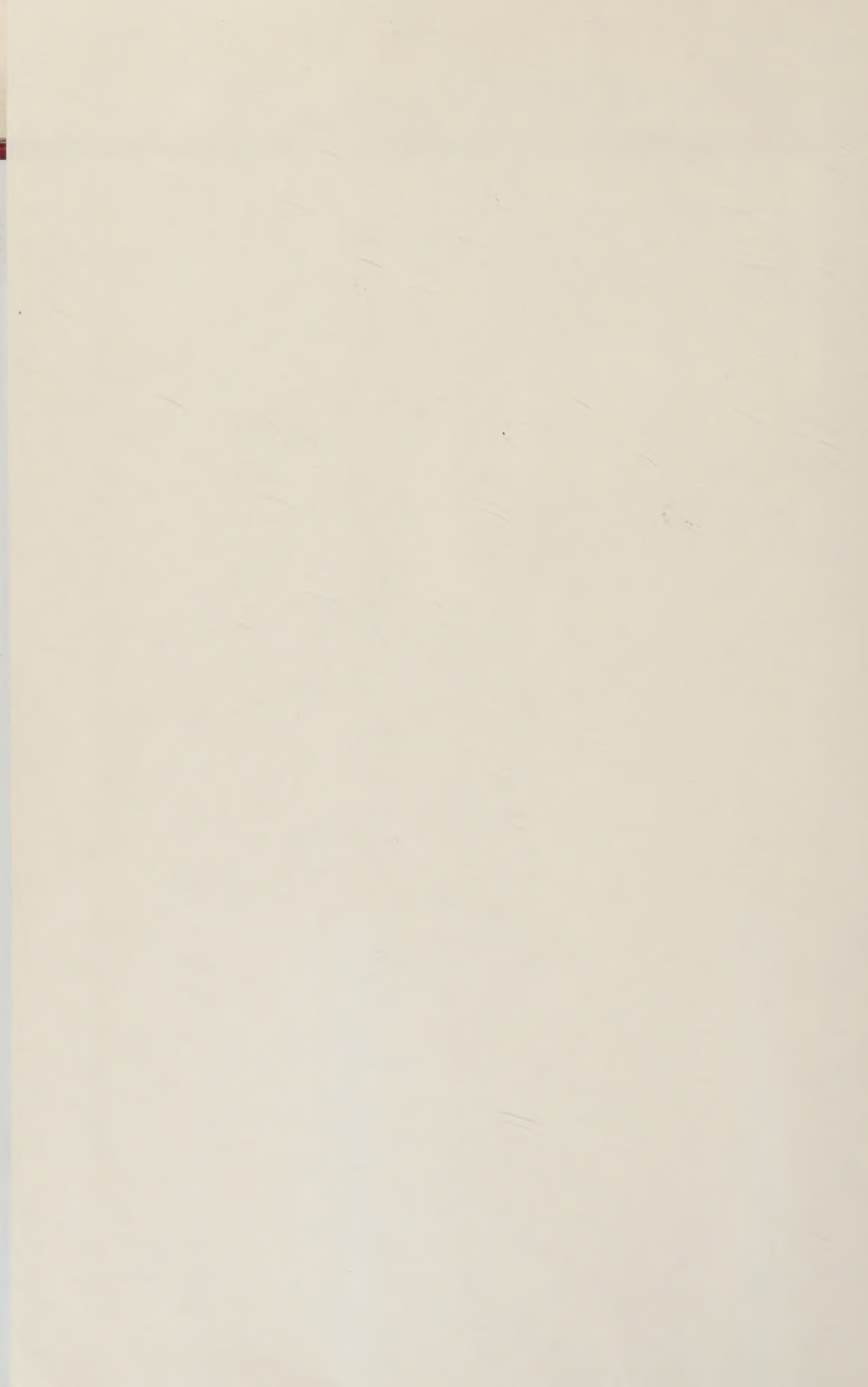


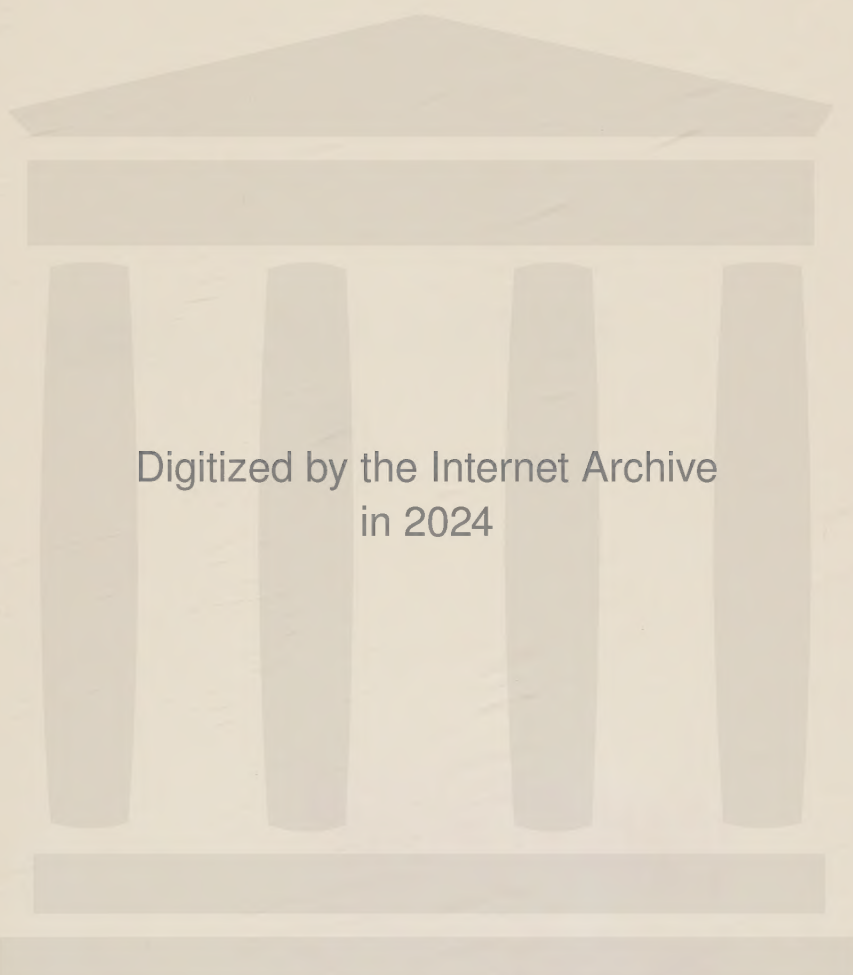
C00949914

Folio
CT
105
.L4

**Library
University of Texas
at San Antonio**

X





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2024

MARCH 1919

LIFE AND DEATH

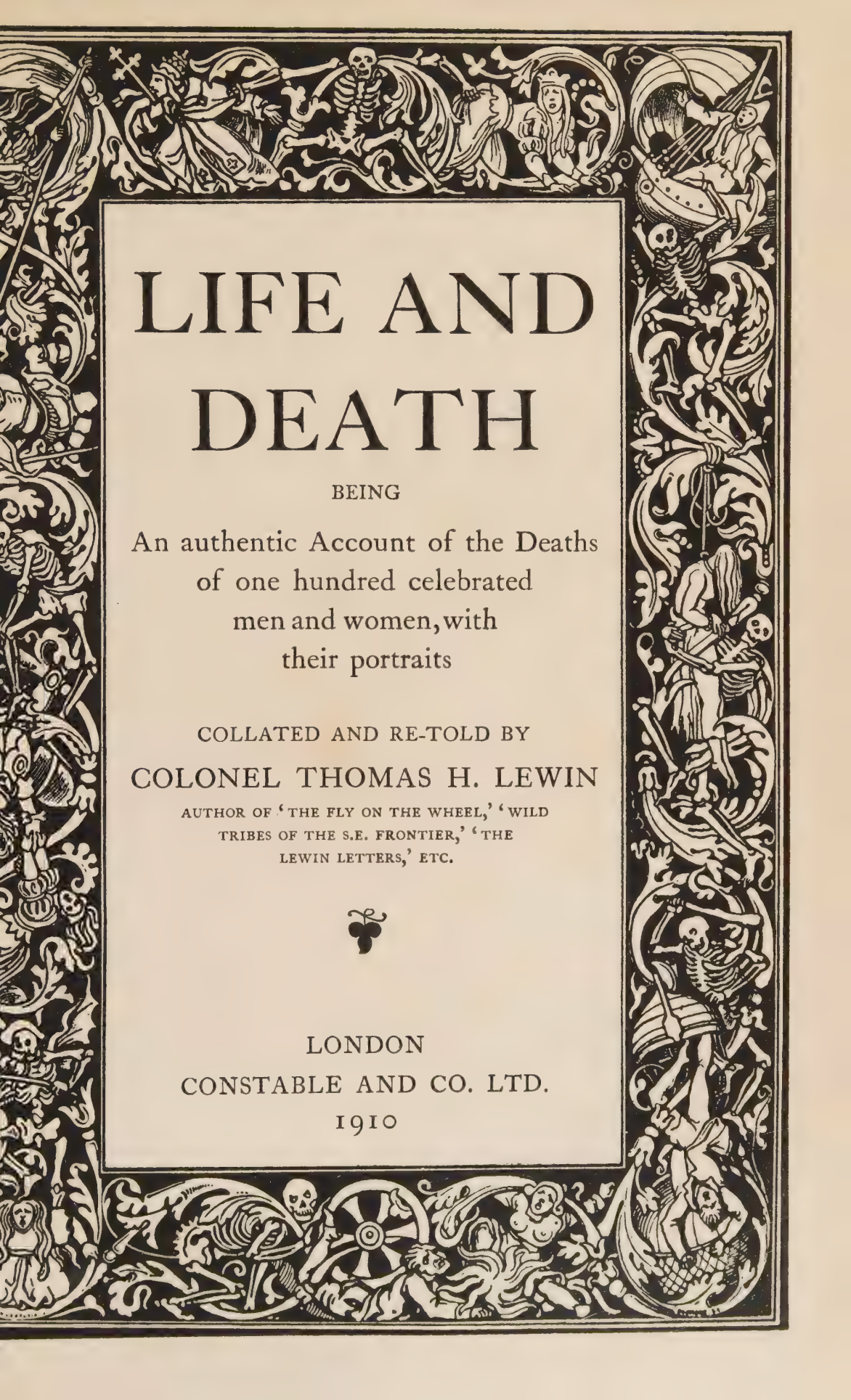


WITHDRAWN
UTSA Libraries



PHOTO F. HOLLYER

Love and Death
from the painting by G. F. Watts.

The book cover features a highly detailed, black and white ornate border. It is filled with various macabre and historical illustrations, including skeletons in different poses, figures in period clothing, and scenes of conflict or death. The border frames the central text area.

LIFE AND DEATH

BEING

An authentic Account of the Deaths
of one hundred celebrated
men and women, with
their portraits

COLLATED AND RE-TOLD BY
COLONEL THOMAS H. LEWIN

AUTHOR OF 'THE FLY ON THE WHEEL,' 'WILD
TRIBES OF THE S.E. FRONTIER,' 'THE
LEWIN LETTERS,' ETC.



LONDON
CONSTABLE AND CO. LTD.
1910

LIBRARY

INTRODUCTION

Yea! thought itself is triumph; nor would I pray
For Death; nor shrink, if I could but command
Courage of heart—courage of heart and hand.

W. B. SCOTT.

WHAT first inclined my mind to the making of this book was a passage that I met with in the Essays of Montaigne. It is in the 19th chapter of the First Book of Essays, and is as follows: "There is nothing I desire more to be informed of, than of the death of men; that is to say, what words, what countenance, and what face they show at their death. Were I a composer of books, I would keepe a register, commented of the divers deaths, which in teaching men to die, should after teach them to live."

This collection of mine then is an attempt to make such a register as Michael Lord of Montaigne, the Wise Master, recommended. It is a record of the deaths of many distinguished and noteworthy human beings, who have passed away from earth; showing how they bore themselves on that master-day which judgeth all. The French have a proverb, "*Nous savons que nous mourons, mais nous ne le croyons pas.*" We are as ignorant of the way in which we shall quit this world, as we are of the manner in which we helplessly entered it: yet in looking through all the deaths recorded here, I am astonished at the fearlessness and ease with which human beings in general, leave their mortal habitation. As the great surgeon John Hunter said, on his death-bed, "If I had strength enough to hold a pen, I would write how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die."

What makes the hour of death so impressive is, that it is the hour of sincerity. What a human being speaks or thinks at that hour, will in most cases, be true and faithful: it is no time to make phrases or pose for effect; and when that hour comes, if the body and mind are unweakened by disease or old age (as in those for instance whose lives are reft away by execution, their bodies being in full health and strength), we may truly say with Juvenal, "*Fortem posce animum mortis terrore carentem,*" ask for a firm mind free from the terror of

death. "There is a remedy for everything except Death," said Don Quixote. We should not let die anything that has lived in the past, especially anything that can show us clearly what manner of men were the Great Ones who have gone before us: the ways of the living and dying of such men are profitable for contemplation with sad reverence; for death is a supernatural wonder, the last act of a most strange drama which gives new meaning to all that has gone before. It is the end that crowns the work. As Carlyle says, "It is the transition out of visible Time into invisible Eternity." For when all is said and done, man loves man; the tie of mysterious brotherhood connects each with all. "Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto." To die indeed is not so terrible; especially if one considers what it would be not to die at all. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe told Mr. Gladstone that "longevity was not a blessing." What poor human nature shrinks from is prolonged suffering; the form and manner of dying only are to be dreaded. As Heine wrote, "*Der Tod ist nichts, aber das Sterben ist eine schändliche Erfindung.*" Death is nothing much, but the act of dying is an ignominious invention. Nothing indeed is so bad or so good as we expect, and what has been most assuredly will be. Old age is, on the whole, a much pleasanter period of life than one expects; it is less full of anxiety; the stress and strain of ambition have gone, with the attainment of an assured position; strength is less, but the spirits are more equable; and greatest boon of all, man escapes from the yoke of the passions. Each friend or companion who dies is a link severed in the chain that binds us to life. Time flies and will not return, for the wings of men's lives are plumed with the feathers of Death. As Shelley says:

First our pleasures die, and then
Our hopes, and then our fears: and, when
These are dead, the debt is due,
Dust claims dust—and we die too.

Or, we may say with Macbeth:

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays, have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more.

There is no cause under heaven or upon this earth, for which some person is not ready to die! How careless is Youth of life! From mere joy of excitement, young men, aye and young girls too, will fearlessly and pleurably encounter the gravest risks of death. In war, the chase, on the ocean, in aviation, mountain-climbing and motoring, men meet their ends with open eyes, the motive being generally the pleasure of exercising their physical powers and the extreme delight in going one better than their fellows. Nothing indeed is less real than the grave to those who are alive: for when we are, Death is not; and when Death comes, we are not. As Cicero says, "Death is an event either to be utterly disregarded, if it extinguish the soul's resistance; or much to be wished for, if it convey her to some region where she shall exist for ever. I shall either be not miserable, or I shall be happy."

To die is landing on some silent shore,

Where billows never break nor tempests roar.—*Garth*.

In old Roman days it was quite usual for any one who was attacked by an incurable disease, or who was tired of life, to put a voluntary end to existence. The suicide of Petronius Arbiter was described by Tacitus as being a worthy action. "He determined to linger no longer between hope and fear, yet he did not force out life by one violent effort, but ordering his veins to be opened, had them bound up again, then opened them afresh as the mood took him, addressing his friends not seriously, or with any view to gaining a reputation for fortitude; he listened to them while they related, not anything touching the immortality of the soul or the tenets of philosophers, but frivolous poems and smooth verses. Some of his slaves he rewarded with presents, others he ordered to be scourged; he feasted, or he took a nap, so that his death, though compulsory, had all the appearance of being natural." This was the Roman manner of quitting life. We read of a senator in Trajan's time, who, slipping on the pavement from infirmity, kissed the ground, exclaiming "Proserpine, I come"—put his house in order and ended. The same calm disregard of death is found among the Japanese, the Chinese and the Red Indians of the American Continent; but with the spread of Christianity the hope of a future life became the belief of mankind, while the fear of hell-fire caused death to be regarded with terror; at the same time the incapacity of earth's pleasures to satisfy human

ideals, and the conviction that there existed a moral law by which the wrongs and injustices of this world might be adjusted or atoned for, caused mankind at large to regard the ending of life on earth as a much more serious and important event than had been set forth by Plato or Cicero, or than was taught in the vague Pantheism to which human reason naturally inclines. The Jews themselves cannot be said to have held any strong convictions as to the immortality of the soul, and but a dubious glimmer of belief is to be found in the Psalms. A beautiful passage in Lafcadio Hearn's "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan" (vol. ii, p. 610) may fittingly find place here, giving as it does the Japanese view as to a life beyond the grave. He says, "I was on the point of quitting my hotel, when the landlady, touching my arm, said, 'Wait a little. It is not good to cross a funeral.' I looked round and saw the procession coming along the shore. It was a child's funeral. Young lads came first bearing little white flags and branches, and after the coffin the mother walked: a young peasant woman crying very loudly, and wiping her eyes with the long sleeves of her coarse blue dress. Then the old woman at my side murmured, 'She sorrows: but she is very young. Perhaps *it* will come back to her again.' " And elsewhere the same author speaks of the primitive custom that prevails in parts of Japan, that of calling upon the name of the dead immediately after death; for it is thought that the call may be heard by the fleeting soul, which might thus sometimes be induced to return. "Therefore, when a mother dies, her children should first call her; and of all her children, first the youngest, for she loved that one most: and then the husband and all those who loved the dead, cry to her to return. And it is also the custom to call loudly the name of any one who faints or becomes insensible from any cause, and there are curious beliefs underlying this custom." It is said that of those who swoon from pain or grief especially, many approach very near to Death, and these always have the same experience. "You feel," said such an one, "as if you were suddenly somewhere else and quite happy—only tired; and you know that you want to go to a Temple that is very far away. At last you reach the gate of the Temple-court and see the Temple inside. It is wonderfully large and beautiful; and you pass the gate and enter the Court to go into the Temple, but suddenly you hear the voices of friends behind you calling your name, very very earnestly; so you turn back and all at

once you come to yourself again; at least it is so if your heart cares to live: but one who is really tired of living will not listen to the voices, and walks on into the Temple. What there happens no man knows, for they who enter that Temple never return."

As FitzGerald has it in his transcript of "Omar Khayyám":

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us pass'd the door of Darkness through,
Not one returns to tell us of the Road
Which to discover we must travel too.

Men fear death as children fear the dark; for, well considered, death is but a cessation from the servitude of the body, the tyranny of the passions, the impressions of our senses. Death is a purely natural operation, such indeed as are youth and age, growth and manhood, pregnancy and birth. As compared with the vastness of time that has been before us and that will be after us, how short is this, our period of human life—"as with the greatest so with the least of men, each goes his own narrow way, however vociferous of applause or of contempt the phantom spectators of this world may be, however urgent the viewless witnesses of another. A man takes up his candle, and in its clear but baffling light must push his way through the darkness of life's corridor past every hindrance, stopping his ears as best he may against fear and the conflicting voices, towards the glimmer of the window at the far end, only to stand at last confronting in the dark glass, against the deeper darkness of the night without, his own weary and haunted face, bravely aware that even the candle that has been his guide and comrade must be extinguished before he can see beyond."

Marcus Aurelius says, "Either the order of things is fixed by irrevocable Fate, or there is a placable, flexible Providence. If there be an inexorable necessity, of what use is it for us to resist? If the governing intelligence can be moved by prayer or good works, then let us pray and act justly. . . . Now that is ever best which is good for the whole, so that it appears that Death of itself can neither be hurtful to anyone in particular, inasmuch as it depends not on our will, nor is it contrary to the common good, while it is both expedient and natural, being by the order and appointment of Divine Providence; so that he whose mind accords with the Divine ordinance may truly be said to be divinely led and inspired. . . . It has indeed been often seen

that they who esteemed pleasure alone to be happiness, and pain misery, yet they nevertheless met death with perfect composure. We are but actors for a season and our lives are rounded in a sleep. Go thy ways then, well-pleased and contented, for so is He that dismisseth thee from this world's stage." The same thought had William Shakespeare in *The Tempest*:

These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

Or again in *Measure for Measure*:

The best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provokest; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more.

Then Plutarch in his preface to the *Life of Paulus Æmilius* has some delightfully apt thoughts which North thus paraphrases: "When first I began to write these lives my intent was to profit others, but since continuing and going on I have much profited myself by looking into these histories, as if I looked into a glass to frame and fashion my life to the mould and pattern of these virtuous and noble men: for coursing over their manners in this sort and seeking to describe their deaths, methinks I am still conversant and familiar with them and do, as it were, lodge them with me one after another, and when I come to peruse their histories and to weigh the virtues and qualities they had and what singularities each of them possessed and to choose and to cull out the chiefest things of note in them, then I cried out, O God! can there be a more surpassing pleasure in the world? or is there anything of more force to teach men civil manners and a ruled life, or to reform the vice in man? Democritus the Philosopher writes that we should pray that we might ever see happy images and sights in the air and that the good which is meet and proper to our nature may rather come to us than that which is evil and unfortunate; presupposing a false opinion and doctrine in

philosophy which alloweth to men, infinite superstitions; that there are good and bad images flying in the air which give a good or ill impression unto men and so incline them to vice or virtue; but as for me, by continual reading of ancient histories and gathering these lives together which now I place before you, and by always keeping in mind the acts of the most noble and virtuous men of former ages and of worthy memory, I do teach and prepare myself to shake off and banish from me all lewd and dishonest conditions, if by chance the conversation of those whose company I keep acquaint me with some unhappy or ungracious touch. This is easy unto me, that do dispose my quiet mind, not troubled with any passion, unto the deep consideration of so many noble examples." Thus said Plutarch—and of all the examples to be found in this collection I think the one which most moved me was the death of the Emperor Baber, "for greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend." (See page 37.)

In the days long ago when I read the Memoirs of the Emperor Baber, I remember also I came upon the story of the Persian Poet Ferdusi who lived in the time of Muhammed Shah (A.D. 1020). Now Muhammed Shah remembering the fame of the Poet Ferdusi and how many hearts had been lightened by his verse, and learning moreover that he lived in poverty in his dominions, ordered that gifts should be sent to him equalling in amount the annual tribute of a whole province. The long file of camels carrying the monarch's gifts set forth and entered the Poet's city by the south gate, with sound of trumpets and kettle-drums, and amid the applause of the populace; just at the time when, by the north gate, the funeral procession of the Poet Ferdusi carried his body to the tomb.

So passes this strange life of ours—leading whither? As Wordsworth says:

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.

We start on our pilgrimage full of enthusiasm. Life's cup is nectar at the brink. Hope beats high as we think how much there is to be done and what we shall do. The world is full of prizes for those who dare: but as the years go by, we cannot satisfy ourselves.

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,
Lighting a little Hour or two—is gone.

Our labour seems endless and unprofitable, and when the time comes for us to cease work—lo! it is as a tale that is told, and all we have done and suffered seems of little worth: worldly success, rank, pleasure, love, all fail to satisfy. It is something different from all these that we seek. It is the peace that passeth understanding, only to be found in Death.

The profit of life consists, not in the time we live, but in the use we make of that time, for this life is a place of good or of evil, as we make it. The Romans instead of saying "he is dead" were accustomed to say "he has lived." It is indeed a trite old saying that we all must die, but yet there is hardly one of us but thinks he may live another twenty years yet. Death may be only the beginning of another life: our birth is the commencement, as our death is the end, of our present existence; and it is as futile to regret the one as it is to mourn the other, or to lament that we did not exist a hundred years ago. Nature says, "Depart out of this world even as you entered it; the same way you came from death into life, so, without passion or amazement, return from life unto death." Make room in this crowded world for others, as others have made room for you. Lay down the burden and the mystery of all this unintelligible world—the hurrying of mankind out of this brief existence into the unknown and endless future, "to the land of solved problems; of realized ideals; where the spirit is always willing and the flesh never weak."

What we principally fear in death is pain, its customary fore-runner; but patience and fortitude can diminish suffering and it is one of the qualities of physical pain that it annihilates thought. It is well known that if pain be violent it is also short; it will either end itself, or put an end to you. As Montaigne says, "Pain is one of the masks or appearances that death puts on to affright us: even as children are frightened by any one, even their nearest or dearest, who puts on a mask; but when the mask is removed, from things as from men, there will be found beneath it nothing but that same friendly Death that a foolish country-man or a silly maid did suffer a while ago, without any great amazement or fear." R. L. Stevenson

wrote "I am almost glad to have seen Death so close, with all my wits about me, and not in the customary lassitude and disenchantment of disease. Even thus clearly beheld I found him not so terrible as we suppose: but indeed, with the passing of years, the decay of strength, the loss of all my old active and pleasant habits, there grows more and more upon me the belief in the kindness of this scheme of things and in the goodness of our veiled God, which is an excellent and pacifying compensation." And now *he* too has gone! "Abiit ad plures!" he has joined the great majority; the famous nations of the dead. Shall we meet again those who have gone before? Mystery of mysteries! The problem of immortality resolves itself indeed into this only—will man *remember* after death?

When one we love passes the dread portals and accomplishes the miracle of death, a great interest goes out of our lives: but apart from the pang of separation there is a deep undercurrent of feeling that seems in some way to change and alter the visible universe. It is as if the departure of our friend's body had deprived our own of some of its sentient fibres, and we are surprised to find that the world still jogs on along its accustomed way, while to us the earth and sea and sky have changed, and lost their brightness; we realize then the loneliness, impenetrable and transparent, elusive, and yet everlasting, the indestructible loneliness that surrounds every human being, from the cradle to the grave.

Whatever may be the causes of dissolution, whether sudden violence or lingering sickness, the immediate cause of death in all cases is the failure of some part of the nervous system. As Herbert Spencer puts it, "Life is the continuous adjustment of internal with external relations"; and when this adjustment is interfered with life ceases, and death ensues: so we have all depending on a balance of mechanical forces.

Death by natural decay occurs because in old age the relations between assimilation, oxidation, and genesis of force in the organism, fall out of balance with the relations between oxygen, food, and absorption of heat by the body. In old age the cells which form the vital constituents of tissue are worn out by prolonged use. In youth these cells are continually replaced by new ones. Millions of our blood corpuscles are continually dying, and being replaced; our vital processes in fact are all accompanied by a renewal of the tissues

of the human body, and death only takes place because a worn-out tissue cannot for ever renew itself: the capacity for continued activity depending on cell regeneration, which is not everlasting but finite.

Death, from disease or accident, arises when some unusual external action takes place to which there is no answering internal reaction. Sudden death is marked by the absence of all corporeal struggle, as in death by lightning; or as when, in the Middle Ages, the "coup-de-grâce" or blow on the stomach of the criminal, whose limbs had previously been broken on the wheel, was followed by the instant termination of life.

It may then, I think, be assumed, that in death, the immediate cause of dissolution is failure of the nervous system, especially the higher centres which are very intimately associated with the brain, and such interference or failure impairs and deadens the consciousness of the dying so that they do not know fear. In death by asphyxia, when the brain is bathed in dark venous blood, all power of thought is gradually lost, the energy of the brain is lulled to sleep—a sleep full of dreams; and the dying lips murmur the names of loved ones, or speak of the recollections of the past, as Falstaff "babbled o' green fields"; or Napoleon, in vision of battle, uttered with his latest breath the words "tête d'armée."

Sir Henry Halford, one of the leading physicians of the nineteenth century, says "of the great number of those to whom it has been my painful professional duty to have ministered in the last hours of their lives, I have sometimes felt surprised that so few have appeared reluctant to go 'to that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns.' Some have even manifested a willingness to die, from impatience of suffering, or have passed into that passive indifference which results from extreme bodily exhaustion."

I think therefore that we may consider it as proved that Death in itself is a negative and natural experience, which should not be dreaded and indeed is *not* dreaded by the dying. This conclusion is amply confirmed by the historical instances given in this book. Our being seems like a balance, where in equilibration are Construction and Destruction: Life and Death. As the scales move we live or die.

In vain we ask what is life? what is death? for in discussing these questions we arrive (as in all human research) at problems which are insoluble: and yet it is this human quest after Truth, perfect

Truth, which has raised man from the level of the beasts that perish, to his present undoubted supremacy in the world of intellect—a quest that fills up the measure of life and gives it purpose.

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against Fate,
Death lays his icy hand on kings;
 Sceptre and Crown
 Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

.
 Our heads must come
 To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

James Shirley, 1596-1666.

T. H. LEWIN.

NOTE

I HAVE to thank many authors and publishers for their kind permission to make quotations from works written or published by them; in particular Messrs. Thomas Nelson and Sons and Mr. R. E. Prothero ("Life of Dean Stanley"), the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, Oxford (Jowett's "Phaedo"), Messrs. Houghton Mifflin (Hearn's "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan"), Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co. (Froude's "Life of Carlyle"), Constable and Co. (Holden's "Mogul Emperors of Hindustan" and "The Ancestor"), Messrs. Macmillan and Co. (Contessa Cesaresco's "Life of Cavour," Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan," and in conjunction with Mr. Aldis Wright, "Life of Edward Fitzgerald"), Mr. Eveleigh Nash and Mr. Hilaire Belloc ("The Eye Witness"), and Mr. Lloyd Osborne ("A Letter addressed to Friends by Lloyd Osborne"); also to my valued friend Mr. Busteed ("Echoes from Old Calcutta").

T. H. L.



MONUMENT AUX MORTS, PÈRE-LACHAISE.

Camard Photo.

"Respice item quam nil ad nos anteacta vetustas
 "Temporis æterni fuerit, quam nascimur ante.
 "Hoc igitur speculum nobis natura futuri,
 "Temporis exponit post mortem denique nostram."

Consider how all the endless time that passed
 Ere we were born, was nothing to us.
 This mirror nature holds up to us showing
 The time which shall also come, after our death.

LAST WORDS

But at my backe I always heare Time's wingèd chariot hurrying neare.

ANDREW MARVELL.

AINGER: "Those were very agreeable voices that I heard this morning," speaking of the song of birds.

AKABA, A.D. 132: "They led the Rabbi Akaba out for execution, just at the time when the famous Shema (Deut. vi, 4) fell to be repeated. 'Hear, O Israel, Jehovah is God, Jehovah is one.' And as they tore his flesh with curry-combs, and as he, with long-drawn breath sounded forth the word *אחד* (one), his soul departed from him."—*The Talmud*.

ARNE, T. A.: Died trying to sing a passage of music.

ASCHAM, R.: "I desire to depart and to be with Christ."

BARTER, GENERAL: His wife asked him if he were afraid to die. He answered, "A soldier, my dear, and afraid to meet my God!"

BRONTË, C.: "Oh! I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us: we have been so happy."

BROWNING, E. B.: "How do you feel?" asked her husband. "Beautiful," she answered.

BYRON, LORD: "Now I must sleep."

A CANON OF WESTMINSTER: "I have passed the gates, but have been permitted to return to tell you that there is another life."

CATO: "Now I am master of myself," as he felt the point of his sword and shortened it for the stroke by which he killed himself.

CHARLEMAGNE: "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit."

CHESTERFIELD, LORD: "Give the Doctor—a chair."

CHURCHILL, C.: "What a fool I have been!" said the dying disreputable parson-poet.

COROT: "When the Spring comes I will paint a beautiful picture. I see a sky full of roses."

CROME, J.: His last words were "Hobbema, my dear Hobbema! How I have loved you."

DYOTT, GENERAL: "It is easier to die than to live."

GAINSBOROUGH, T.: "We are all going to Heaven and Vandyke is of the company."

GOETHE, J. W.: "More light."

- GRAHAM, J.: "How goes the day?" "Well for the King, but I am sorry for your Lordship." "'Tis the less matter for me," answered Graham of Claverhouse, "since it goes well for my master."
- GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS: "I am sped, brother. Save thyself."
- HALLER, A. VON: Feeling his own pulse, said, "The artery ceases to beat," and died on the instant.
- HARRISON, THOS.: "Where is your good old cause now?" "Here it is," answered the regicide, laying his hand upon his heart. "I am going to seal it with my blood."
- HAYDN, JOSEF: Fell into his death swoon as he sat at the piano playing "God preserve the Emperor," while the French cannon were firing.
- HOBBS, T.: "I am taking a fearful leap in the dark!" On his tomb at his own request is written, "This is the philosopher's stone."
- HUNTER, JOHN, THE GREAT SURGEON: "If I had strength enough to hold a pen, I would write how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die."
- IRVING, HY.: "Into Thy hands, O Lord, into Thy hands."
- LAWRENCE, SIR HENRY: "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty."
- LOUIS XVIII: On his death-bed an attendant priest began to read the prayers for the dying. The King opened his eyes. "Is it as bad as that?" he asked. "Yes, Sire," said the priest. "Well! never mind. Go on with it," said the King.
- LUTHER, MARTIN: "Into Thy hands, O God, I commit my spirit."
- MARIA THERESA: "Your Majesty rests uncomfortably." "I am comfortable enough to die."
- MARIE ANTOINETTE: "Nothing can hurt me now."
- MARY STUART: "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commit my spirit."
- MAZARIN, J.: Looking at his treasures, "— et il faut quitter tout cela!"
- MONTMORENCY, A. DE: "Do you think that a man who has known how to live honourably for eighty years does not know how to die for a quarter of an hour?"
- MOORE, JOHN: "I hope my countrymen will do me justice."
- MOZART, W. A.: Died while his daughter was singing to him from his "Requiem."
- NAPOLEON BONAPARTE: "Tête d'armée."
- NELSON, LORD: "Thank God! I have done my duty."
- NERO: "What an artist is lost in me!"
- NEWTON, SIR ISAAC: Expired in the act of winding his watch.
- PÆTUS: Arria, wife of Cæcina Pætus, when her husband was ordered by the Emperor Claudius to put himself to death, finding that he lacked courage stabbed herself mortally, then drawing out the knife she gave it to her husband, saying with a smile, "Pœte, non dolet"—"Pætus, it does not hurt."

PATMORE, C.: To his wife. "I love you, my dear, but He is my light and my life."

PITT, W.: "Oh! How I leave my country!"

RICHELIEU, CARDINAL: "I have had no enemies but those of the State."

SARFIELD, P.: Seeing the blood on his hand he said, "Oh! that this were shed for Ireland!"

SHIRLEY (formerly Editor of "Punch") "lit a cigar and was taking a few whiffs when a look of great surprise came over his face and he fell back in the bed, dead."

SIDNEY, SIR PHILIP: "This man's necessity is greater than mine."

TENTERDEN, LORD: Lord Chief Justice Tenterden thought he was dismissing a jury and said, "Gentlemen, you are dismissed."

THISTLETHWAYTE, ARTHUR: (On execution.) "Now to learn the great secret."

VESPASIAN: "An Emperor should die standing."

WASHINGTON, G.: "It is well with me."

WESLEY, J.: "The best of all is, God with us."

WOLFE, C.: Author of "The Burial of Sir John Moore." His last words were, "Close this eye. The other is closed already. Farewell."

SIR WALTER RALEIGH (1552-1618), WRITTEN THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS EXECUTION.

Even such is time: that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
Who, in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days;
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

GRAHAM OF CLAVERHOUSE (1613-1650), WRITTEN THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS EXECUTION.

Let them bestow on every airt a limb,
Then open all my veins, that I may swim
To Thee, my Maker, in a crimson lake;
Then place my parboiled head upon a stake,
Scatter my ashes, strew them in the air.
Lord! since Thou knowest where these atoms are,
I'm hopeful Thou wilt gather all my dust,
And confident Thou'lt raise me with the just.

EPITAPH IN THE CHURCHYARD OF ANTHIEUX, NEAR ROUEN.

Passant, penses-tu pas
Passer par ce passage,
Où passant, j'ai passé?
Si tu n'y penses pas,
Passant, tu n'es pas sage;
Car en n'y pensant pas,
Tu te verra passé.



"THE DANCE OF DEATH" BY HANS HOLBEIN.

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION	PAGE v
LAST WORDS	xvii

NO.		DATE OF DEATH
1.	SOCRATES	B.C. 399
2.	ÆMILIUS, PAULUS	„ 160
3.	A LADY OF CEA	„ 55
4.	OCTAVIANUS AUGUSTUS	A.D. 14
5.	SENECA	„ 65
6.	ST. PAUL	„ 66
7.	ST. PETER	„ 67
8.	NERO	„ 68
9.	SAINTS PERPETUA AND FELICITAS	„ 202
10.	ST. PETER BALSAM	„ 311
11.	THE PROPHET MOHAMMED	„ 632
12.	CHARLEMAGNE	„ 814
13.	HENRY IV OF ENGLAND	„ 1413
14.	JOAN OF ARC	„ 1431
15.	LOUIS XI OF FRANCE	„ 1483
16.	CARDINAL WOLSEY	„ 1530
17.	THE EMPEROR BABER	„ 1530
18.	MARTIN LUTHER	„ 1546
19.	ST. FRANCIS XAVIER	„ 1552
20.	LATIMER AND RIDLEY	„ 1555
20.	ARCHBISHOP CRANMER	„ 1556
21.	THE EMPEROR CHARLES V	„ 1558
22.	JEAN CALVIN	„ 1564
23.	JOHN KNOX	„ 1572
24.	ST. TERESA	„ 1582
25.	WILLIAM OF ORANGE, "WILLIAM THE SILENT"	„ 1584
26.	MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS	„ 1587
27.	SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE	„ 1591
28.	MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE	„ 1592
29.	QUEEN ELIZABETH	„ 1603
30.	SIR WALTER RALEIGH	„ 1618

NO.	DATE OF DEATH
31. JACOB BÖHME	A.D. 1624
32. DR. JOHN DONNE	„ 1631
33. GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS	„ 1632
34. GEORGE HERBERT	„ 1633
35. CARDINAL RICHELIEU	„ 1642
36. LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY	„ 1648
37. ARTHUR, LORD CAPEL	„ 1649
38. CHARLES I OF ENGLAND	„ 1649
39. WILLIAM HARVEY, M.D.	„ 1657
40. OLIVER CROMWELL	„ 1658
41. PRINCESS HENRIETTA, DUCHESS OF ORLÉANS	„ 1670
42. CHARLES II	„ 1685
43. THE EMPEROR AURUNGZEBE	„ 1707
44. LOUIS XIV	„ 1715
45. MADAME GUYON	„ 1717
46. SIR ISAAC NEWTON	„ 1727
47. QUEEN CAROLINE OF ANSPACH, WIFE OF GEORGE II	„ 1737
48. FREDERICK WILLIAM I OF PRUSSIA	„ 1740
49. GEORGE II OF ENGLAND	„ 1760
50. EMANUEL SWEDENBORG	„ 1772
51. LOUIS XV OF FRANCE	„ 1774
52. THE RAJAH NANDA KUMAR (NUNCOMAR)	„ 1775
53. DAVID HUME	„ 1776
54. JEAN-JACQUES ROUSSEAU	„ 1778
55. THE EMPRESS MARIA THERESA	„ 1780
56. DENIS DIDEROT	„ 1784
57. SAMUEL JOHNSON	„ 1784
58. JOHN FLETCHER OF MADELEY	„ 1785
59. FRIEDRICH II OF PRUSSIA (FREDERICK THE GREAT)	„ 1786
60. JOHN WESLEY	„ 1791
61. MIRABEAU	„ 1791
62. WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART	„ 1791
63. LOUIS XVI OF FRANCE	„ 1793
64. MARAT	„ 1793
65. CHARLOTTE CORDAY	„ 1793
66. MARIE ANTOINETTE	„ 1793
67. MADAME ROLAND	„ 1793
68. MADAME DU BARRY	„ 1793
69. DANTON	„ 1794
70. CAMILLE DESMOULINS	„ 1794
71. HINDOO WIDOW'S SUTTEE	„ 1798
72. GEORGE WASHINGTON	„ 1799

CONTENTS

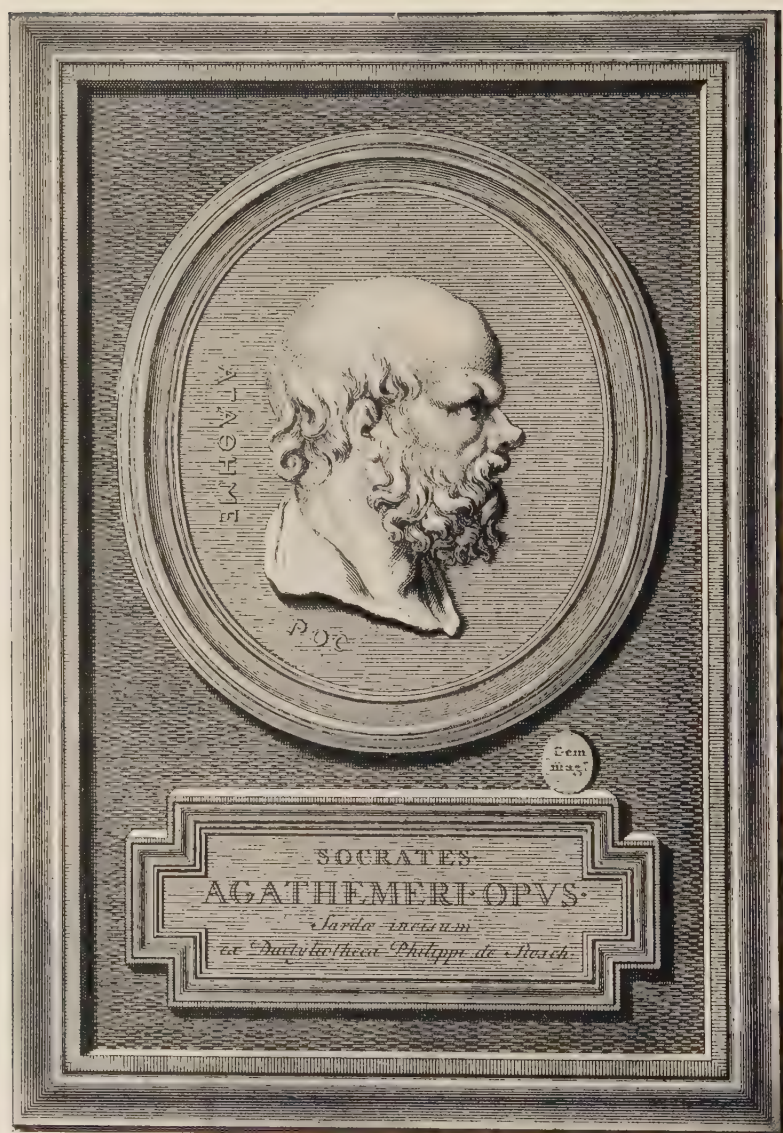
xxiii

NO.		DATE OF DEATH
73.	SCHILLER	A.D. 1805
74.	LORD NELSON	„ 1805
75.	WILLIAM PITT	„ 1806
76.	WARREN HASTINGS	„ 1818
77.	JAMES HARRIS, 1ST EARL OF MALMESBURY	„ 1820
78.	NAPOLEON BONAPARTE	„ 1821
79.	LORD BYRON	„ 1824
80.	BEETHOVEN	„ 1827
81.	JAMES CARLYLE	„ 1832
82.	GOETHE	„ 1832
83.	SIR WALTER SCOTT	„ 1832
84.	PRINCE TALLEYRAND	„ 1838
85.	HONORÉ DE BALZAC	„ 1850
86.	WELLINGTON	„ 1852
87.	TAKI ZENZABURO	„ 1858
88.	ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER	„ 1860
89.	CAVOUR	„ 1861
90.	A. DE VIGNY	„ 1863
91.	THACKERAY	„ 1863
92.	CHARLES DICKENS	„ 1870
93.	THOMAS CARLYLE	„ 1881
94.	DEAN STANLEY	„ 1881
95.	EDWARD FITZGERALD	„ 1883
96.	GENERAL C. GORDON	„ 1885
97.	THE EMPEROR FREDERICK OF PRUSSIA	„ 1888
98.	A JAPANESE FISHERMAN	„ 1892
99.	R. L. STEVENSON	„ 1894
100.	ABDULLA EL TAASHI	„ 1899
101.	TOGO'S ADDRESS TO THE SPIRITS	„ 1904
102.	THE EMPEROR AND DOWAGER EMPRESS OF CHINA	„ 1908
103.	LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER SAKUMA	„ 1910

DEATH

THE INFINITE

GOD



SOCRATES.
From an engraving.

No. 1

The Death of Socrates. Born 469 B.C. Died 399 B.C. Aged 70.

SOCRATES speaking to the men of Athens, by whom he was condemned to die, spoke as follows: "Let us reflect and we shall see that there is great reason to hope that death is good: for one of two things, either death is a state of nothingness and utter unconsciousness, or, as men say, there is a change and migration of the soul from this world to another. Now if you suppose there is no consciousness, but a sleep like the sleep of him who is undisturbed even by dreams, and were to compare this with the other days and hours of his life, and then were to tell us how many days and nights he had passed in the course of his life, better and more pleasantly than this one, I think that any man (I will not say a private man, but even a great king), will not find many such days and nights when compared with the others. Now if death is like this I say that to die is gain, for eternity is then only a single night. But if death is a journey to another place, and there, as men say, all the dead are; what good, O my friends and judges, can be greater than this? If, indeed, when the pilgrim arrives in the world below he is delivered from the professors of justice in this world, that pilgrimage will be worth making. What would not a man give that he might converse with Orpheus and Musaeus, and Hesiod and Homer? Nay, if this be true let me die again and again. I shall find out who is wise, and who pretends to be wise and is not. What would not a man give, O judges, to be able to examine the leader of the great Trojan expedition, or Odysseus or Sisyphus, or numberless others, men and women. Wherefore, O judges, be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth, that no evil can happen to a good man either in life or after death. The hour of departure has arrived and we go our ways—I to die and you to live. Which is better God only knows."

Socrates was then removed to the prison, and the narrator (Plato) goes on to describe his death as follows:

Now the hour of sunset was near (for a good deal of time had passed while he was within), he came out, sat down with us after his bath, but not much was said. Soon the jailer, who was the servant of the Eleven, entered, and stood by him, saying: "To you, Socrates, whom I know to be the noblest and gentlest and best of all who ever came to this place, I will not impute the angry feelings of other men, who rage and swear at me, when, in obedience to the authorities, I bid them drink the poison—indeed, I am sure you will not be angry with me; for others, as you are aware, and not I, are the guilty cause. And so fare you well and try to bear lightly what must needs be; you know my errand." Then bursting into tears he went out. Socrates looked after him and said, "I return your good wishes and will do as you bid." Then turning to us, he said, "How charming the man is; since

I have been in prison he has always been coming to see me, and at times he would talk to me and was as good as could be to me, and now see how generously he sorrows for me. But we must do as he says, Crito; let the cup be brought, if the poison is prepared; if not let the attendant prepare some." "Yet," said Crito, "the sun is still upon the hill-tops, and many a one has taken the draught late, and after the announcement has been made to him, he has eaten and drunk and indulged in sensual delights. Do not hasten then, there is still time." Socrates said, "Yes, Crito, and they of whom you speak are right in doing thus, for they think that they will gain by the delay; but I am right in not doing thus, for I do not think that I should gain anything by drinking the poison a little later. I should be sparing and saving a life which is already gone; I could only laugh at myself for this. Please then to do as I say and not to refuse me." Crito when he heard this made a sign to the servant; and the servant went out and remained for some time and then returned with the jailer carrying the cup of poison. Socrates said, "You, my good friend, who are experienced in these matters, shall give me directions how I am to proceed." The man answered, "You have only to walk about until your legs are heavy, and then to lie down and the poison will act." At the same time he handed the cup to Socrates, who in the easiest and gentlest manner, without the least fear or change of colour or feature, looking at the man with all his eyes, took the cup, and said, "What do you say about making a libation out of this cup to any god? May I or may I not?" The man answered, "We only prepare, Socrates, just so much as we deem enough." "I understand," he said, "yet I must pray to the gods to prosper my journey from this to that other world—may this, then, which is my prayer, be granted to me." Then holding the cup to his lips, quite readily and cheerfully, he drank off the poison. And hitherto most of us had been able to control our sorrow; but now when we saw him drinking, and saw too that he had finished the draught, we could no longer forbear, and in spite of myself, my own tears were flowing fast; so that I covered my face and wept over myself, for certainly I was not weeping over him, but at the thought of my own calamity in having lost such a companion. Nor was I the first, for Crito, when he found himself unable to restrain his tears, had got up and moved away and I followed; and at that moment Apollodorus, who had been weeping all the time, broke out into a loud cry that made cowards of us all.

Socrates alone retained his calmness. "What is this strange outcry?" he said. "I sent away the women mainly in order that they might not offend in this way, for I have heard that a man should die in peace. Be quiet then, and have patience." When we heard that, we were ashamed, and refrained our tears; and he walked about until, as he said, his legs began to fail, and then he lay on his back, according to the directions, and the man who gave him the poison now and then looked at his feet and legs;

and after a while he pressed his foot hard and asked him if he could feel; and he said, "No"; and then his leg and so upwards and upwards, and showed us that he was cold and stiff. And he felt them himself and said, "When the poison reaches the heart, that will be the end."

He was beginning to grow cold about the groin, when he uncovered his face, for he had covered himself up and said (they were his last words)—"Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius; will you remember to pay the debt?" "The debt shall be paid," said Crito. "Is there anything else?" There was no answer to this question, but in a minute or two a movement was heard and the attendants uncovered him: his eyes were set and Crito closed his eyes and mouth.

Such was the end of our friend, whom I may truly call the wisest and justest and best of all the men whom I have ever known.

NOTE.—The death of Socrates was necessary to preserve the framework of Grecian society as it then existed—so at least thought the wisest men in Athens at that day. The doctrines taught or rather inculcated by Socrates were purely negative, undermining belief of every sort; his purpose doubtless was excellent, the clearing of men's minds from all false impressions, but the inevitable result would have been the dissolution of the existing social state. As far as reason goes he was put to death unjustly and contrary to the higher law which should rule men's actions; but according to the law of expediency he was rightly condemned, for society must preserve itself against even the noblest thinkers. Self-preservation is perhaps the deepest rooted of all human laws.

In the words of Prof. Henry Jackson, of Cambridge: "It is because Socrates was an innovator that we, who see in him the founder of philosophical inquiry, regard him as a great man; it was because Socrates was an innovator that old-fashioned Athenians, who saw in the new-fangled culture the origin of all their recent distresses and disasters, regarded him as a great criminal. . . . It was the fear of what may be called 'philosophical radicalism' that prompted the action of his accusers."

Authority: Plato's Dialogues, "Phædo," trans. Jowett.



PAULUS ÆMILIANUS.

The Death of Æmilius Paulus, Roman Consul.

Born 230 B.C. Died 160 B.C.

AND after he had ordered and disposed the greatest matters of his charge and office, he fell sick of a disease that at the beginning seemed very dangerous, but in the end there was no other danger, seeing that it was a lingering disease and hard to cure. So following the counsel of the physicians who willed him to go to a city in Italy called Velia, he took sea and went thither and continued there a long time, dwelling in pleasant houses upon the seaside quietly and out of all noise. But during this time of his absence the Romans wished for him many a time and oft. And when they were gathered together in the Theatres to see the plays and sports, they cried out divers times for him, whereby they showed that they had a great desire to see him again. Time being come about when they used to make a solemn yearly sacrifice, and Æmilius finding himself also in good perfect health, he returned again to Rome where he made the sacrifice with the other priests, all the people of Rome gathering about him and rejoicing much to see him. The next day after he made another particular sacrifice to give thanks unto the Gods for the recovery of his health. After the sacrifice was ended, he went home to his house and sat him down to dinner; he suddenly fell a raving (without any perseverance of sickness spied in him before, or any change or alteration in him) and his wits went from him in such sort that he died within three days after, lacking no necessary thing that an earthly man could have to make him happy in this world. For he was even honoured at his funeral, and his virtue was adorned with many goodly glorious ornaments, neither with gold, silver, nor ivory, nor with other such sumptuousness or magnificence of apparel, but with love and good will of the people, all of them confessing his virtue and well doing: and this did not only his natural countrymen perform in memory of him but his very enemies also. For all those who met in Rome by chance at that time, that were either come out of Spain, from Genoa, or out of Macedon, all those that were young and strong did willingly put themselves under the coffin where his body lay to help to carry him to the church: and the old men followed his body to accompany the same, calling Æmilius the benefactor, saviour and father of their country. For he did not only treat them gently and graciously whom he had subdued, but all his lifetime he was ever ready to pleasure them and to set forward their causes even as they had been his very friends and near kinsmen. The inventory of all his goods after his death did scarce amount to three hundred three score and ten thousand silver drachms which his two sons did inherit. But Scipio being the younger left all his right unto his elder brother Fabius, because he was adopted into a very rich house, which was the house of the great Scipio Africanus. Such they say was Paulus Æmilius' condition and life.

Authority: Plutarch's "Lives."



A ROMAN LADY.
From the Statue in Florence.

No. 3

The Death of a Lady of Cea, in the Ægean Sea;
About 55 B.C.

SEXTUS POMPEIUS going into Asia, passed through the Island of Cea belonging to Negropont; it fortuned whilst he abode there (as one reporteth that was in his company) that a woman of great authority in the island, having first yielded an account unto her citizens, and showed good reasons why she was resolved to end her life, earnestly entreated Pompey to be an assistant at her death, that so it might be esteemed more honourable, which he assented unto: and having long time in vain sought, by virtue of his eloquence (wherein he was exceeding ready) and force of persuasion, to alter her intent and remove her from her purpose, in the end yielded to her request.

She had lived four score and ten years in a most happy estate of mind and body, but then lying on her bed, better adorned than before she was accustomed to be, and leaning on her elbow, thus she spoke:—"The Gods, O Sextus Pompeius (and rather those I forgo, than those I go unto), reward and pay thee for that thou hast vouchsafed to be a counsellor of my life and a witness of my death. For myself, having hitherto ever tasted the favours of Fortune, for fear the desire of living overlong should make me taste her frowns, with a happy and successful end I will now depart, and licence the remainder of my soul, leaving behind me two daughters of mine own, with a legion of grandchildren and nephews." Having said this and having preached unto and exhorted her own people and kinsfolk to unity and peace, and having divided her goods among them, and recommended the care of her household Gods unto her eldest daughter, with an assured hand she took the cup wherein the poison was, and having made her vows unto Mercury, with prayers that he would conduct her unto some happy place in the other world, she roundly swallowed the mortal potion. This done, she entertained the company with the progress of her behaviour as the parts of her body were, one after another, possessed with the cold operation of that venom; until such time as she said, she felt it work at the heart, and then she called her dear daughter to do for her the last office and close her eyes.

Authority: Montaigne's "Essays," Book ii, chap. 3.



THE EMPEROR OCTAVIUS AUGUSTUS.
From an engraving by Moncornet.

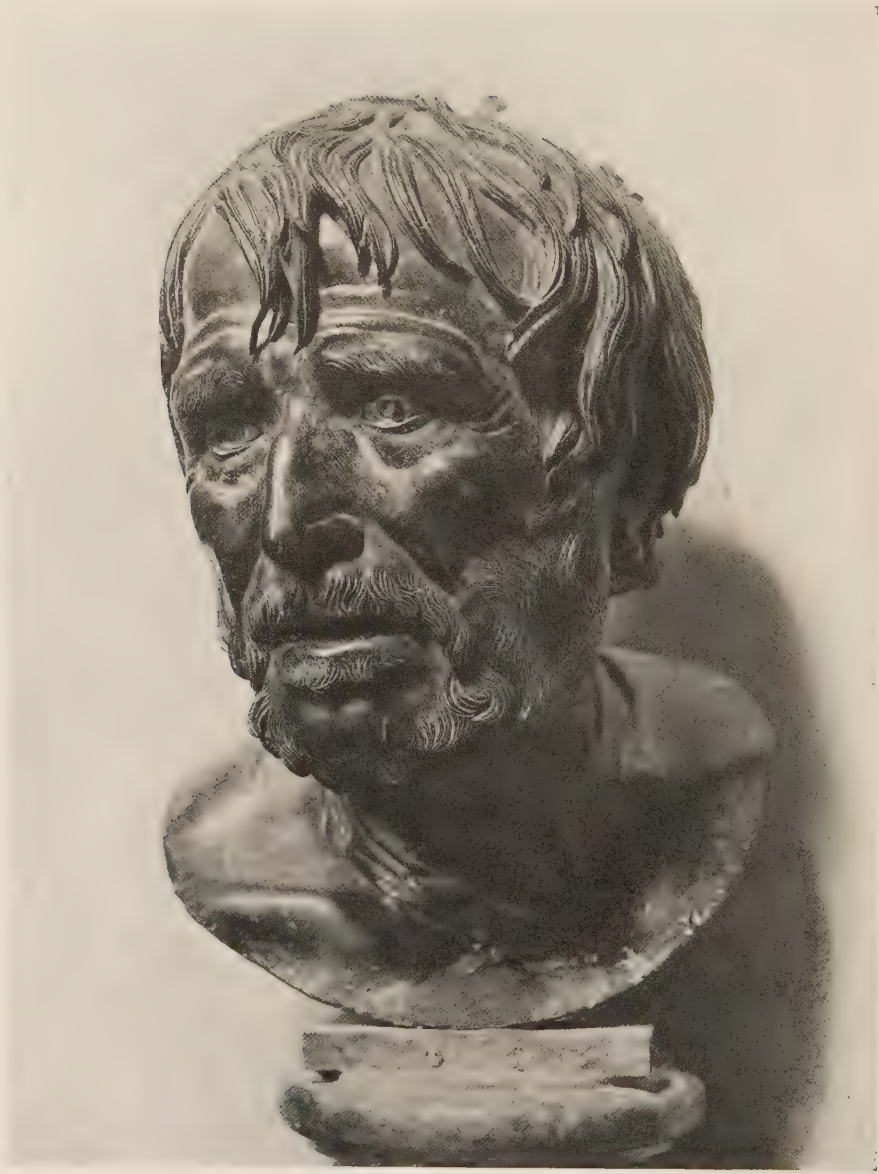
The Death of Caius Octavianus Caesar Augustus, Emp.

Born 63 B.C. Died A.D. 14.

WHEN Augustus was near the completion of his seventy-sixth year he felt that his end was approaching; his health, which in youth had required care, had become stronger during maturity, but now began to give way. He usually left Rome in the great heat of summer, and retired to one of his villas by the sea. On this occasion, his adopted son Tiberius was returning to take command of the troops in Illyricum and was to sail from Brundisium. The old emperor accompanied him on his journey and they went leisurely together, Livia being as usual in attendance on her husband, as far as Astura where Augustus was attacked by dysentery. However, as he felt better in a day or two, they took ship and sailed along the coast, halting for four days at Capreae. Here he diverted himself in his usual kindly cheerful manner, attending the sports of the young peasants and sometimes after dinner setting the boys to scramble for the dessert from the table. From Capreae he went to Naples, still feeling indisposed. He was desirous of appearing at the quinquennial games there as an act of courtesy to the people who had instituted the games in his honour, and, though ill at ease and losing strength from his malady, he remained to the conclusion. Then he continued his journey with Tiberius as far as Beneventum where they parted, Augustus turning back to the coast. At Nola his exhaustion became so great that he was obliged to take to his bed, in the family home of his race and in the very room where his own father had died. The old emperor did not deceive himself with hopes of recovery; he was short of his seventy-sixth year only by a month, and knew that the end was at hand.

On the last day of his life, after inquiring whether the news of his illness had caused any commotion in Rome, which he feared, knowing the hostility of the rival parties there, and being told that all was tranquil, he called for a looking-glass and arranged his hair, endeavouring to disguise the hollow cheeks and pallor which had been caused by his malady. Then he sent for his friends, and as they stood around his bed he asked them what they thought of his career—had he played his part well on life's stage? And on their praising him he added a Greek verse with which Roman plays were usually concluded: "Let all applaud and clap their hands with joy." After this he dismissed them and inquired of his wife Livia, who remained by his side, whether she had tidings of Livilla, daughter of Drusus, who had been out of health. Then suddenly he threw his arms round Livia's neck and kissing her said: "Livia! live mindful of our union, and now, farewell!" Then he gently expired without pain and without a struggle on the 19th August A.D. 14.

Authorities: Tacitus; Gibbon; Baring-Gould, "Tragedy of the Caesars."



SENECA.

From a bronze bust in the Museum at Naples.

The Death of Lucius Annaeus Seneca. Born at Corduba,
in Spain, A.D. 3. Died A.D. 65.

SENECA was accused of taking part in the conspiracy of Piso, his intimate friend, and was ordered by the Emperor Nero to put himself to death. Seneca was at his villa, Nomentanum, four miles from Rome, when towards evening the tribune, bearing the Emperor's mandate, surrounded the house with his soldiers and delivered his fatal message. Seneca, at the time, was seated at the table with his wife Paulina and two of his friends: on the entry of the tribune and the delivery of the death warrant, he called for his tablets to make his will, but this being forbidden, he turned to his friends and remarked that "since he was debarred from requiting their services and affection, he bequeathed them that which now alone was left him, but which was yet the fairest legacy he could leave—the example of his life; and if they kept that in view they would reap the fame due to honourable men and to their inviolable friendship." At the same time he endeavoured to repress their tears, and restore their fortitude, asking them to recall the precepts of philosophy. "We are not ignorant," he said, "of the disposition of Nero; nor is it surprising that after he had murdered his mother and his brother, he should take the life of his old tutor." Then he embraced his wife and besought her not to give way to grief. She begged to be allowed to die with him, and to this he assented as a proof of her enduring affection. Both of them then had the veins of their arms opened; but as the blood flowed but feebly from the aged body of Seneca, he caused the veins of his legs also to be opened, and that his wife might not be a witness of his sufferings, he had her conveyed to another chamber. Meanwhile the blood continuing to flow but slowly, and death advancing with a lagging pace, he besought Statius Annaeus, his friend and physician, to prepare for him a cup of hemlock juice, in the same way as that by which Socrates was despatched. The cup was prepared, but in vain, his limbs were now cold and he seemed impervious to poison: "Dying," he said, "seems to be a difficult matter." At length he had recourse to a bath of hot water, whence he besprinkled his slaves and attendants saying that thus he offered a libation to Jupiter, the Deliverer. Here, from the effects of the steam and loss of blood, he soon lost consciousness and his spirit passed away. His corpse was burnt without any funeral ceremony or religious rites, for so he had directed.

Nero, who had no dislike for Paulina, on hearing what she had done, ordered at once that her death should be prevented, and in consequence, her slaves and freed-men bound up her arms and staunched the blood. Thus she gained a few more years of life, and lived, ever cherishing the memory of her husband, but showing by the deathly pallor of her countenance, how nearly she had shared his fate.

Authorities: Tacitus; Biographie Universelle.



ROMAN DIPTYCH, CONTAINING TWO PORTRAITS OF
ST. PAUL.

This engraving represents one leaf of an ancient and very curious ivory diptych brought from Rome in the time of the first Napoleon by Baron Denon. A facsimile is in the British Museum.
(Lewin's "St. Paul," vol. 2, p. 211.)

The Death of St. Paul or Saul, a Jew of Tarsus in Cilicia, by trade a tentmaker, educated in Jerusalem, born at Tarsus about A.D. 5; died at Rome, June 29 A.D. 66.

ON the day fixed for the second and final hearing of St. Paul's case, the Emperor Nero (Caesar, to whom he had appealed) was absent from Rome in Achaia and had committed the administration of justice to his freedman Helius. Paul was brought before the court, and in this, as in every emergency, stood forth undaunted, avowing his faith in Christ and insisting that he had violated no law that could be found in the statute book. The jurors conferred together: the presiding Judge pronounced sentence and the Apostle heard unmoved his condemnation to death; instead of being crucified he was, by virtue of his inherited Roman citizenship, allowed the privilege of decapitation.

It was the custom among the Romans not to inflict capital punishment until the expiration of ten days from the day of conviction, in order that the Emperor might have the opportunity, were it his pleasure, of granting pardon. Nero, however, more frequently hurried his victims from the court to the scaffold in a very short space of time, and Helius, his representative, would not be of a more merciful disposition. On the 29th June A.D. 66, so runs the tradition, Paul was given in charge to a centurion to be led out to die. The place of his execution was at Aquae Salviae or Tre Fontane, about two miles from Rome on the Ostian Way, where to-day stands the great Church of St. Paul. The springs from which the place took its name are situated in a small valley encompassed on every side by low hills which rise around like an amphitheatre. An execution is always an attractive spectacle to a certain class of human being: there would be the usual mob—some priests and their underlings whose livelihood depended on the maintenance of the State religion. The soldiers of the Praetorian Guard also, three of whom were converted afterwards and themselves suffered for the name of Christ. Their names have been preserved: Longinus, Acestus, and Megistus. There would have been present also the Apostle's faithful followers—Pudens and Claudia would have been there and Eubulus and Linus, with Luke the beloved physician. Thither the Roman centurion and his guarded prisoner arrived, and then the passive martyr was blindfolded and laid his head upon the block. He had always regarded death as the gateway to eternal life, and now that the day of his departure had arrived he hailed it with pleasure. As he wrote to the Philippians: "To live is Christ, to die is gain. But if I live in the flesh this is the fruit of my labour: yet what I shall choose I wot not. For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better: nevertheless to abide in the flesh is more needful for you."

And to Timothy: "For I am now ready to be offered and the time of my departure is at hand."

The body of St. Paul was buried by a Roman convert of distinction, named Lucina, in her own garden by the Ostian Way, and on that spot was built the Church of St. Paul Without the Walls.

Authorities: Lewin's "Life of St. Paul"; Dr. Wm. Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible"; M. Crawford, "Ave Roma Immortalis."



ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL.

From an engraving of a Medallion found in the cemetery of Domitella, which presents the portrait of St. Paul on the left and of St. Peter on the right.
(Levin's "St. Paul," vol. 2, p. 111.)

The Death of the Apostle Peter, originally called Simon the son of Jonas: by trade a fisherman. Born at Bethsaida on the Sea of Galilee about 5 B.C. and died at Rome on June 29 A.D. 67.

ST. PETER did not visit Rome until the last year of his life. His wife accompanied him in his wanderings, and is said to have suffered death before him, and to have been supported in her hour of trial by her husband's exhortations. St. Peter himself was executed, it is said, on the same day as St. Paul, having been arrested during Nero's persecution on the charge of being a Christian. Before his execution he was confined in the deep Mamertine prison behind the Forum, but because he was of lowly birth, Nero's executioners led him out over the Sublician bridge up to the heights of the Janiculum, where common criminals were done to death. He was then old and so very weak that he could not carry his own cross, as condemned men were made to do in those days, so that when the guards had climbed halfway up the hill, being tired of pulling along the cross and seeing that the old man could not go much further, they proceeded to crucify him. St. Peter said that he was not worthy to suffer as his Lord and Master had suffered, and on his earnest entreaty they nailed him to the cross, and then reversing it they planted the cross with him on it, head downwards in the deep yellow sand of the hill. When after much torment he died, the Christians who had followed took the body and buried it by night near the long wall of Nero's circus. The spot was marked, and his disciples oftentimes went there to pray. Some thirty years afterwards, a bishop named Anacletus, who had been ordained priest by St. Peter himself, built a little oratory over the grave. Later, some Greeks came by night and tried to steal away the holy body of the Apostle, but were prevented by the Roman Christians, who carried it away and hid it for nineteen months in the Catacombs of St. Sebastian, after which it was brought back and re-interred in the oratory of Anacletus. Again, when a new circus was built by the Emperor Elagabalus, the body was exhumed and taken once more for safety to the same Catacombs, where it remained now for a long time. In A.D. 306 came the Emperor Constantine, who laid deep the foundations of the old Church of St. Peter built over the little oratory of Anacletus, on the Janiculum, and this endured for eleven hundred years. All this time the holy body of St. Peter lay in the Catacombs, the place marked from generation to generation by the Christians of Rome; but at last, in the days of Honorius, it was brought back for the last time and laid, where it now lies, in the Basilica of St. Peter. It was placed in a brazen sarcophagus, and lies under the nearest left-hand pillar of the canopy that covers the high altar. The old church of St. Peter being in bad repair and in danger of falling into ruins when Nicholas V was Pope, the architects Alberti and Rossellini were called in

and they made the first plan, but it was the great Pope Julius II who, in 1506, laid the first stone of the present Basilica. The plan was changed many times, and it was not until 1626 that Urban VIII consecrated what is now called the Church of St. Peter at Rome, which rises after two thousand years as a magnificent memorial over the body of the Apostle.

Authorities: Lewin's "Life of St. Paul"; Dr. W. Smith, "Dictionary of the Bible"; M. Crawford, "Ave Roma Immortalis."



EMPEROR NERO.
(From a bust in the British Museum.)

The Death of the Emperor Nero. Born A.D. 37.
Died A.D. 68.

THE night was that of the 8th June, A.D. 68. The Emperor retired to his bed but could not sleep. He was deeply agitated by the news he had received that the troops had proclaimed Galba Emperor. He had relied on the Delphic oracle which had assured him that he had to fear only the seventy-third year, and he had learnt that Galba was seventy-three. About midnight he rose, and leaving his room wandered about the palace in deadly anxiety, looking for a servant or a friend. All was hushed. No tramp of the sentinel was to be heard. The palace was deserted. Guards, freedmen, courtiers, and servants had fled. He wandered out into the garden and looked at the Tiber, but the dark water repelled him and he returned seeking some hiding-place. Here he met his freedman Phaon, who with his secretary Epaphroditus were seeking him, who named Phaon's villa as a place of safety in the direction of the Anio. Hope dawned again in the heart of Nero. He disguised himself, and mounting a horse that was brought for him, they set forth. The lightning was flashing over the Alban hills. The way lay close to the Praetorian camp. On nearing the Nomentane Gate they passed some passengers in the street: "See there," shouted one, "those men are in pursuit of Nero!" A passing soldier recognized the Emperor and hurried to the camp with tidings of his flight. Outside the city they let the horse go, and by a side lane through bushes and thorns reached Phaon's villa, into which they entered after some difficulty, and Nero threw himself on a bed and drank a little water. His faithful attendants pointed out to him that life was not possible, and that it would be better for him to accept the fact manfully and put an end to himself. As they talked a messenger hurriedly entered with a letter for Phaon. It related how the Senate had met and declared Nero to be an enemy of the State, and had ordered his arrest and execution. When Nero heard this he trembled and caught up a dagger, feeling its point, but decided "the fated hour was not yet come." Then he entreated one of his followers to kill himself with the dagger so as to give him courage to follow the example. This each declined to do, and gently reprimanded him for his want of courage. "Yes," said he, "to my shame be it spoken I yet live. This is not becoming in Nero. Indeed it is not worthy. Come, man, pluck up thy heart. Be cool, be cool." As he was thus speaking the noise of horses' hoofs approaching the villa was heard. It could be only the Praetorian guards coming to arrest him, and he recited a line of Homer: "The sound of swift heel'd steeds assaults mine ears." With shaking hand he applied the dagger to his throat, but had not the resolution to drive it in: he was therefore assisted by his secretary Epaphroditus. The next moment a centurion of the guard burst into the room and found the wretched Emperor seated on the bed, and tried to staunch the blood which poured from

his throat, to prevent his purpose being fulfilled, if he could be said to have a purpose. "Too late," said Nero, "and this is your loyalty!" Then he sank back on the bed and died, his eyes fixed and starting out of his head to the terror of the bystanders. He died thus on 9th June, A.D. 68, on the identical day on which he had caused his wife Octavia to be assassinated. When he died he was aged thirty years, five months, and twenty-six days, and was in the fourteenth year of his reign. Thus perished the last of the family of the Caesars, the last of the divine Julian race.

Authorities: Baring-Gould, "Tragedy of the Caesars"; Gibbon.

The Deaths of Saints Perpetua and Felicitas. A.D. 203.

A VIOLENT persecution of the Christians being set on foot by the Emperor Severus in A.D. 202, it reached Africa the following year, and among others who were arrested and tried for not offering sacrifice to the gods, was the noble lady Perpetua and a slave girl named Felicitas. Perpetua was of good family, some twenty-two years of age, and married to a person of quality in the city of Carthage. Felicitas was seven months gone with child. The father of Perpetua, who was advanced in years, loved her more than all his other children. They were kept under a strong guard in a private house, and the account of their sufferings given by Perpetua is as follows: "We were in the hands of our persecutors when my father, out of the affection he bore me, made new efforts to shake my resolution. I said to him: 'Can that vessel which you see, change its name?' He said 'No.' I replied: 'Nor can I call myself other than I am, that is to say a Christian.' At these words my father in a rage fell upon me and beat me, but finding me invincible he went away. A few days after we were put in prison, and I was shocked at the horror and darkness of the place, for till then I knew not what such sort of places were. We suffered much that day chiefly on account of the great heat and the ill-treatment we met with from the soldiers. I was, moreover, tortured with concern for that I had not my infant: but the deacons Tertius and Pomponius, who assisted us, obtained by money that we might pass some hours in a more commodious part of the prison to refresh ourselves. My infant being brought to me almost famished I gave it the breast. I recommended him afterwards carefully to my mother and encouraged my brother, but I was much afflicted to see their concern for me. After some days a rumour being spread that we were to be examined my father came to the prison overwhelmed with grief. 'Daughter,' said he, 'have pity on my grey hairs; have compassion on your father if I yet deserve to be called by that name; consider my great love for you and make me not a reproach to all mankind. Have respect for your mother and above all have pity on your child that cannot survive you. Lay aside this resolution, this obstinacy, lest you ruin us all.' He took me by the hands at the same time and kissed them. I confess that I was pierced by sharp sorrow and I endeavoured to comfort him, saying: 'Father! grieve not; nothing will happen but what pleases God, for we are not at our own disposal.' He then departed very much concerned. The next day, while we were at dinner, a person came all on a sudden to summon us to examination. The report of this was soon spread and brought together a vast crowd of people in the audience chamber. We were placed before the Judge, who was Hilarion the procurator of the province. When it came to my turn to be interrogated, my father suddenly appeared with my child in his arms, and conjured me in the most tender manner not to be insensible to the misery I should bring on that innocent

creature to which I had given life. The procurator Hilarion joined with my father and said: 'What! will not the grey hairs of your father or the tender innocence of your child move you? Sacrifice, I entreat you, for the prosperity of the Emperor.' I replied: 'I will not do it.' 'Are you then a Christian?' said Hilarion. I answered: 'Yes, I am.' As my father laid hold on me, the procurator ordered him to be beaten off, and then proceeded to pass sentence on us, by which we were condemned to be exposed to wild beasts. We were then sent back to prison, as we were reserved for the shows which were to be held on the festival of Geta who had been made Caesar four years before by his father Severus, when his brother Caracalla was created Augustus."

The rest of this narration is added by an eye-witness. The day of their suffering being come they were led from the prison to the amphitheatre: as they passed under the balcony where sat Hilarion they said to him: "You judge us in this world but God will judge you in the next." The people, enraged at this boldness, begged that they might be scourged, which was granted. Then Perpetua and Felicitas were exposed to a wild cow. Perpetua was first attacked, and the cow having tossed her up, she fell on her back. Then putting herself in a sitting posture, and perceiving that her clothes were torn, she gathered them about her in the best manner she could to cover herself, thinking more of decency than of her sufferings. Getting up, not to seem disconsolate, she tied up her hair which was fallen loose, and perceiving Felicitas on the ground, much hurt by a toss of the cow, she helped her to rise. They stood together thus expecting another assault from the beast, but the people crying out that it was enough, they were being led away to the gate where those that were not killed by the beasts were despatched at the end of the show by the gladiators: but the people, not yet satisfied with beholding blood, cried out to have them brought into the middle of the amphitheatre that they might have the pleasure of seeing the last blow. Perpetua fell into the hands of a very timorous and unskilful apprentice of the gladiators, who with a trembling hand gave her many slight wounds which made her languish a long time. Felicitas died more quickly.

Authority: Butler's "Lives of the Saints."

The Death of St. Peter Balsam. 3rd January A.D. 311.

PETER BALSAM, a native of the territory of Eleutheropolis, in Palestine, was apprehended at Aulane, during the persecution of Maximinus. Being brought before Severus, governor of the province, the interrogatory began by asking him his name. Peter answered: "Balsam is the name of my family, but I received that of Peter at my baptism." Severus: "Of what family and of what country are you?" Peter: "I am a Christian." Severus: "What is your employ?" Peter: "What employ can I have more honourable, or what better thing can I do in the world, than to live a Christian?" Severus: "Do you know the imperial edicts?" Peter: "I know the laws of God, the sovereign of the Universe." Severus: "You shall quickly know that there is an edict of the most clement Emperor, commanding all to sacrifice to the gods or be put to death." Peter: "You will also know one day, that there is a law of the eternal King proclaiming that every one shall perish who offers sacrifice to devils. Which do you counsel me to obey, and which do you think should be my option? To die by your sword or to be condemned to everlasting misery by the sentence of the great King, the true God?" Severus: "Seeing you ask my advice, it is that you obey the edict and sacrifice to the gods." Peter: "I can never be prevailed upon to sacrifice to gods of wood and stone as those are which you adore." Severus: "I would have you to know that it is in my power to avenge these affronts by your death." Peter: "I had no intention to affront you. I only expressed what is written in the divine law." Severus: "Have compassion on yourself and sacrifice." Peter: "If I am truly compassionate to myself I ought not to sacrifice." Severus: "My desire is to use lenity: I therefore still do allow you time to consider with yourself, that you may save your life." Peter: "This delay will be to no purpose, for I shall not alter my mind. Do now what you are obliged to do and complete the work which the devil, your father, has begun. I will never do what Jesus Christ forbids." Severus, on hearing these words, ordered him to be hoisted on the rack, and whilst he was suspended in the air said to him, scoffing: "What say you now, Peter? do you begin to understand what the rack is? Are you yet willing to sacrifice?" Peter answered: "Tear me with iron hooks but talk not of my sacrificing to your devils. I have already told you that I will sacrifice to that God alone, for whom I suffer." Hereupon the governor ordered his tortures to be redoubled, but Peter, far from fetching the least sigh, sang these verses of the royal prophet: "One thing I have asked of the Lord; this will I seek after: that I may dwell in the house of the Lord, all the days of my life. I will take the chalice of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord." The governor then called forth fresh executioners to relieve the first ones, who were now fatigued. The spectators, seeing that Peter was streaming with blood, called out to him: "Obey the emperor.

Sacrifice and rescue yourself from these torments." Peter replied: "Do you call these torments? I, for my part, feel no pain; but this I know, that if I am not faithful to my God, I must expect real pains such as cannot be conceived." The governor also said: "Sacrifice, Peter Balsam, or you will repent it." Peter: "Neither will I sacrifice, nor shall I repent it." Severus: "I am just ready to pronounce sentence!" Peter: "It is what I most earnestly desire." Severus then dictated the sentence in the following manner: "It is our order, that Peter Balsam, for having refused to obey the edict of the invincible emperor and having contemned our commands after obstinately defending the law of a man who was crucified, shall himself be nailed to a cross."

Thus it was that Peter Balsam finished his life at Aulane on the 3rd of January, which day he is honoured in the Roman martyrology.

Authority: Alban's "Lives of the Saints."

اللَّهُ لَا إِلَهَ إِلَّا هُوَ الْحَيُّ الْقَيُّومُ لَا تَأْخُذُهُ
 سِنَةٌ وَلَا نَوْمٌ لَهُ مَا فِي السَّمَوَاتِ وَمَا فِي الْأَرْضِ
 مَنْ ذَا الَّذِي يَشْفَعُ عِنْدَهُ إِلَّا بِإِذْنِهِ يَعْلَمُ مَا
 بَيْنَ أَيْدِيهِمْ وَمَا خَلْفَهُمْ وَلَا يُحِيطُونَ بِشَيْءٍ
 مِنْ عِلْمِهِ إِلَّا بِمَا شَاءَ وَسِعَ كُرْسِيُّهُ السَّمَوَاتِ
 وَالْأَرْضَ وَلَا يَئُودُهُ حِفْظُهُمَا وَهُوَ الْعَلِيُّ الْعَظِيمُ *

"THE THRONE VERSE" FROM THE CHAPTER CALLED
 "THE COW" IN THE KORAN.

God! There is no God but He, the Living, the Steadfast!
 Slumber seizeth Him not, nor sleep. Whatsoever is in the Heaven
 and whatsoever is in the Earth is His.

Who is there that shall plead with Him, save by His leave?

He knoweth what was before them and what shall come after
 them, and they compass not aught of His knowledge but what
 He willeth. His Throne overspreadeth the Heavens and the
 Earth, and the keeping of both is no burden unto Him, and He is
 the High, the Great!

Lane Poolé's translation.

The Death of Mohammed Abul Kasim ibn Abdallah, the Arabian Prophet and the Founder of Islam (self-surrender). Born at Mecca A.D. 570. Died at Medina A.D. 632.

IN the tenth year of the Hegira (or flight from Mecca) and twenty-three years after receiving his first revelation, Mohammed resolved to make a final pilgrimage from Medina to Mecca, to fix for all time the ceremonies to be observed by the Faithful in making the pilgrimage (Hajj). When the solemn rites had been performed he preached his last sermon as follows: "Ye people! Harken to my words, for I know not whether after this year I shall ever come amongst you again. Your lives and your property are sacred and inviolable among one another till the end of time. The Lord hath ordained to every man the share of his inheritance: a testament is not lawful to the prejudice of heirs. The child belongeth to the parent and the violator of wedlock shall be stoned. Ye people! ye have rights which may be demanded of your wives, and they have rights demandable of you. Treat your women well; and your slaves, see that ye feed them with such food as ye eat yourselves, and clothe them with the stuff that ye yourselves do wear; and if they commit a fault which ye are not willing to forgive, then sell them; for they are the servants of the Lord and are not to be tormented. Ye people! hearken to my speech and comprehend it. Know that every Muslim is the brother of every other Muslim: all of you are on the same equality: ye are one brotherhood." Then looking up to heaven he said: "O Lord, I have delivered Thy message and have fulfilled my mission." And all the multitude answered: "Yea verily, thou hast." Then Mohammed lifted up his hands and blessed the people. Three months later he was dead.

Two months after his return from Mecca to Medina he was attacked by fever, and feeling his end was approaching he had himself carried to the house of Ayesha, his best beloved wife. To allay the burning heat of the fever, he ordered cold water to be thrown over his body, and this afforded him so much relief that he was able to attend prayers the next day in the public mosque; here, after humbly asking God's pardon for his sins, he ascended the pulpit and said: "If any one complains that I have beaten them, here am I and they may return the blows without fear. If I have injured any one by words, let them now revile me. If I have taken any man's money I am ready to restore it." On this a man arose among the congregation and claimed a debt. Mohammed ordered it to be paid at once, saying: "It is easier to endure shame in this world rather than in the next." He offered up supplication to the Most High for those of his followers who had been slain in defence of the Faith; he recommended his people to be unflinching in the

suppression of all idolatry and ordered that all should be as brothers after confessing the one God.

In spite of growing feebleness he continued to resort daily to the Mosque to pray, but at length was compelled to depute Abu Bakr to pray for him. At last, after fourteen days of cruel suffering, he bathed his face with water and offered up this prayer: "Lord, be merciful to me and let me find a place among those who have found favour in Thy eyes." He beheld with firmness the approach of death, he enfranchised his slaves (seventeen men and eleven women); gave minute instructions for his funeral and bestowed a benediction on his weeping friends. He told them that he had been visited by the Angel Gabriel, who had granted, as a special favour from God, that the Angel of Death should not take his soul without asking permission, and he added that the request had been made and he had acceded to it. Then with trembling lips he intoned the Fatahah—the Prayer of the Beginning:

"In the name of Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate,
Praise be to Allah, Sovereign of all worlds, who giveth Mercy:
The King of the day of faith.
Thee Lord we worship: of Thee we implore help.
Guide us into the path of salvation.
The Path of those for whom Thy loving mercy is great,
Of those who have not deserved Thy wrath, nor deviated from the Way.
Amin! O Lord of Angels, Djinns and men."

His head was resting in the lap of Ayesha, his beloved wife, when he fainted and seemed to pass away, but recovered after a few minutes and raising his eyes said in broken and faltering accents: "O God! Pardon my sins. Yes! I come." Then in the arms of his most dear wife Ayesha, he rendered his spirit to the Most High God; and it was midday of Monday, 8th June, A.D. 632.

Mohammed was of middle height, rather thin but broad of shoulders and wide in chest, strong in bone and muscle. His head was massive and well developed. Dark curly hair flowed over his shoulders, sprinkled with a few gray hairs. His face was oval, his complexion of a golden-brown. The forehead was divided by a large vein that stood out and throbbed in moments of excitement. Large, black, ever-moving eyes looked out through his long, dark eyelashes. The nose large and aquiline; the teeth strong and white; his hands shapely and fine; in presence dignified and imposing. He was very taciturn and rarely laughed, but when he spoke it was with emphasis and deliberation.

Authorities: W. Muir; Lane-Poole; Sprenger; Bosworth Smith.



CHARLEMAGNE

as published in the Art directors' Journal, vol. 5, p. 10.

CHARLEMAGNE.

The Death of Charles the First, called Charlemagne, King of France and Emperor of the West. Born A.D. 742 at Salzburg in Bavaria. Son of Pepin the Short and his Queen Bertrade. Acceded to the throne on his father's death in 768. Died and was buried at Aix la Chapelle (Aachen) A.D. 814.

CHARLEMAGNE was the contemporary and friend of Haroun al Raschid, the Eastern Caliph. The chief source of our information about him is the chronicle of his life written by his friend and secretary Eginhard, who is admitted to be a thoroughly trustworthy narrator. The appellation of "Great" has been often bestowed and sometimes deserved, but Charlemagne is the only prince in whose favour the title has been indissolubly blended with the name. He was the first who united Germany under one sceptre; the activity of both his body and mind was amazing, and his subjects and enemies were alike astonished at his sudden appearance, when they believed him to be in another part of the empire. His edicts were minute directions comprehending the correction of abuses, the reformation of manners, the management of his farms, even down to the care of his poultry and the sale of his eggs.

Eginhard, chaplain and secretary of the Emperor Charles the Great (we are told in an old chronicle by a monk of St. Gall), was loved by the Emperor's daughter, the Princess Emma, who had been promised as bride to the King of the Greeks. Fear of the Emperor's anger restrained them for some time, but at last one night Eginhard went to the girl's window and knocked. She allowed him to enter, and he remained with her during the night. A little before dawn, when he thought of returning, he was horrified to see that the ground was covered with snow, which had fallen during the night, and he dared not get out at the window for fear his tracks would betray their secret. As they deliberated together in their trouble, the young girl, taking courage, proposed that she should get out of the window first, that he should then get on her back, and she would carry him to his lodgings. Now, that night as it happened, the Emperor was sleepless, and, looking out of his window at early dawn, he saw the Princess Emma staggering along under her load, and again returning along her own tracks. The Emperor saw this with astonishment, but contained himself, and held his peace. The next day Eginhard, in anguish lest his intrigue should be discovered, determined to leave the country, and in order to give a pretext for this determination, he sought an audience, and kneeling before his master, begged that he might be sent on some distant mission, saying that he had served long and faithfully without recompense. To this request

the Emperor Charles promised consideration, and dismissed him; he then convoked his Council, and when those grave and reverend Lords were assembled, the Emperor informed them of the culpable intrigue between his secretary and the Princess, asking their advice as to what should be done. The Council were stupefied. At last some advised that the young man should be put to death; others that both of them should be exiled; but the oldest and wisest of the Councillors recommended that this important matter should be left to the decision of the Emperor himself, to determine according to his own wisdom, which he had received from God. Then the Emperor Charles, having long reflected, said: "You know, my friends, that human creatures are subject to many accidents, and that oftentimes out of evil comes forth good: we must therefore in this affair consider and respect the intentions of Providence. I do not wish to punish my secretary in such a manner as to dishonour my daughter, and I think it will be wiser to pardon the sin of their hot youth and mend all by an honest marriage." Then he ordered Eginhard to be summoned. The Emperor saluted him tranquilly, and said: "You have complained to me that your past services have not been recognized, and you were wrong not to bring this to my notice before, for in sooth you have served me well. Now, as I wish to attach you more closely to me, I intend to give you in marriage the Princess Emma, my daughter, who carried you so well and with such docility the other night. She will make you happy." The Princess was then called in, blushing for shame, and they were then and there united in matrimony.

As he neared the age of seventy, Charlemagne determined that he would publicly recognize his son Lewis as his successor, and he accordingly called together all the chief men of his realm to Aix la Chapelle. In an eloquent speech, he alluded to the probability of his own speedy death, and demanded the consent of all present to the nomination of his son Lewis as his successor. The assent of the nobles was unanimous, and on the following Sunday the immense church of St. Mary, which Charlemagne had himself built at Aix la Chapelle, was filled by a vast crowd of all ranks, for the public ratification of the Emperor's purpose by the voice of his subjects.

His usual simple garments were laid aside, and robed with imperial splendour and surrounded by his trusted chiefs, the Emperor Charlemagne advanced to the high altar leaning with one hand on his son's shoulder. The father and son knelt together in prayer, and then the Emperor rose and addressed his son in the presence of the multitude. He exhorted him to fear God, to protect the Christian Church, and to be the friend of the poor: he begged him to choose his ministers from among the ablest and most upright of his subjects; to deprive no man of his property unjustly, and to keep himself pure in the sight of God. His son Lewis promised obedience to his father's commands, and the Emperor then taking the imperial crown from off the high altar gave it to his son and directed him to place it on his own head

as a gift from God, from his father, and from the nation. After the ceremony the father and son separated with tears and embraces, Lewis returning to his own government, and both of them feeling that they would, in all probability, never meet again.

In the year 814 at Aix la Chapelle (Aachen), where he habitually resided, Charlemagne felt the first attack of the malady which terminated his life. After bathing in the hot springs, he was seized with a violent pain in the side, and this proved to be pleurisy. In common with all men who during a long life have enjoyed robust health, Charlemagne despised and rejected the aid of medicine, and imagining that abstinence was the sole remedy for all sorts of sickness he refused all food, taking nothing but some hot water. Thus he lay in great and ever-growing weakness for the space of a week, when, realizing his condition, he summoned his friend Hildibald, Archbishop of Cologne, to administer to him the Holy Sacrament. Throughout that day and the day following he laboured with great weakness, but at daybreak, knowing that his hour was at hand, he made a great effort, and gathering all his strength made the sign of the Cross. Then joining his hands together as in prayer he said: "In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum." Then he ceased to breathe, and it was nine o'clock of the 28th January 814, in the seventy-third year of his age, and the forty-seventh of his reign. He was buried in the great Church of St. Mary, clad in his royal robes and wearing on his body the pilgrim's wallet which he had worn when he went to Rome.

In the year 997 the Emperor Otto III, being at Aix la Chapelle, ordered the tomb of Charlemagne to be opened. The account given by one who was present is as follows: "We entered the tomb and found Charles the Great seated upright like a living person in a chair. He was crowned with a golden diadem; his hands were covered with gloves through which the nails had grown; in his right hand he held a sceptre, his sword was by his side, and on his knees was a manuscript of the Gospels. Above our heads was the marble mausoleum which had been broken through to give us entry. We paid our homage in the act of kneeling. Then the Emperor Otto covered the body with fine white vestments, caused the nails to be cut, and had repaired whatever had fallen into decay. All the limbs were in perfect preservation, but a small portion of the bridge of the nose was missing; this was replaced by gold. The Emperor removed one of the teeth from the mouth and then retired, after which the opening by which we had entered was blocked up." Many years afterwards the Emperor Frederic I, called Barbarossa, obtained from Pope Alexander III the canonization of Charlemagne. The tomb was then again opened in the presence of the Emperor Frederic, and the bones were elevated with great reverence and honourably enclosed in a silver chest by the Archbishop of Cologne and the Bishop of Liège. On the floor of the Church of St. Mary there is now a large slab of marble, bearing the inscrip-

tion "Carolo Magno": beneath this repose the remains of the Emperor Charlemagne. In the nineteenth century Mme. de Krudener visited Queen Hortense (mother of Louis Napoleon) and was shown by her the scapulary of Charlemagne, which had been taken from his tomb and given by the authorities of the town to the Empress Josephine when she visited Aix la Chapelle. There was in it a piece of the true Cross enclosed in a crystal ball as large as a turkey's egg, set round with jewels, and attached to it was a small piece of the golden chain by which it had been suspended round Charlemagne's neck.

The Emperor Charlemagne was of commanding stature, being nearly seven feet in height. He was strong and well made; his eyes large and animated; his face bright and pleasant in expression; he had a large nose like most great men; his neck was short and thick; and when he grew old he became corpulent but he had great dignity of presence. Eginhard describes him as "*Apice capitis rotundo*"—a round-headed man. His health was uniformly good until the last four years of his life, when he suffered from fever and ague. He was accustomed to take plenty of exercise and delighted in riding and swimming. He wore a linen shirt and drawers, over that a tunic with a silver border; his legs were bound with garters, and he wore latched shoes on his feet. In the winter he protected his shoulders and chest with an otter skin vest. He was always girt with a sword, the hilt and belt being of gold; his favourite sword he called "*La Joyeuse*," and this was buried with him. In his eating and drinking he was most temperate and he had an abhorrence of intoxication. During his meals he liked some one to read aloud, or he listened to music. Such was Charlemagne.

Authorities: Mombert; Gibbon; Eginhard; J. P. R. James; Glaister; Weale.



*Henry the Fourth.
from an engraving*

The Death of King Henry IV of England. Born 3rd April 1367. Died 20th March 1413, aged 46.

IT was gloomy and dull at Westminster Abbey on the morning of 19th March 1413, when the King went by. He was in a litter, and the curtains hanging loosely by the pole at the corner showed his face upon a pillow. It was a terrible face, red and made hideous by disease, and scant of hair as that of an old man. The carriers went by quickly and round by the little gate that was there, into the South Transept. Inside the Abbey it was warm but quite silent and dark. The King lay in his litter and groaned: then he bade the men take him forward again whither he would go. But just as the four men laid hold of the handles, he asked as loudly as his disease and his weakness would permit, where, if anywhere, the Blessed Sacrament was reserved that day. The man-at-arms who accompanied the litter walked forward to see if there was a light, and coming back said it was reserved at the High Altar for some purpose, although this was not a feast day. "Then," said Henry, "you shall not carry me past but I must pray." So when his litter was before the gate of the choir, they set him down again and the King made obeisance. Then he motioned them to bear him forward again, and he groaned. So they carried him till they came to the shrine of King Edward: there he knelt as best he could, but with vast difficulty, and prayed. Even as he thus prayed in despair, and yet in supplication, he fell down in an epileptic fit, and his servants ran and caught him as he fell and carried him quite unconscious into the Abbot's apartments, and there in the Jerusalem chamber he lay down to die. He had once entertained the idea of making a crusade for the recovery of the Holy City, as it had been foretold that he would die at Jerusalem. His weakness increased quickly, and the next day he died.

It was decided to bury him at Canterbury; and to take the body there they put it aboard ship in the Thames to go to Feversham, and the master, waiting for the turn of the tide, dropped down the river by night, having lashed upon his deck (with other cargo) the first of the Lancastrians. When they got to where the river broadens, the wind freshened and the sea rose, for the flood tide was against them. The master was in peril, he and his crew, and men in peril at sea have a fear of the dead. When therefore many hours later they had safely landed, and the royal coffin had been borne with great pomp to Canterbury, the master and his crew went to drink with the townspeople. They drank all together and when they were full of ale and had become bold with it, and sung some songs, they told the tale that in the gale of the night they had lightened the ship lest it should founder; they had not lightened it of lead nor of iron nor of any part of the cargo, but they had lightened it secretly of an evil thing—they had jettisoned the body of the King. The coffin was buried in Canterbury Cathedral by the side of Lady Mary de Bohun, the King's first wife and mother of his children.

Authorities: H. Belloc; Chambers' "History of England."



JOAN OF ARC.

From a print by Mariette of the picture by Vignon.

The Death of Joan of Arc, called the Maid of Orleans.

Born 1412. Died 1431.

ON the 23rd of May 1430, Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, with three or four hundred men, headed a sortie from Compiègne, which place was at that time invested by the English and Burgundian armies. She was mounted on a fine dapple-gray charger and carried her own standard: at her side she bore the good blade which she had taken from a Burgundian prisoner at Lagny and over her armour she wore a surcoat of cloth of gold. Such a conspicuous dress was unsuited for a sortie, but the innocent pride of the village girl loved anything chivalrous and ceremonious. She soon found that the enemy were in such force that her small body of men-at-arms could make no head against them, and her followers fell into confusion and began to retire. The Maid covered the retreat undaunted, being the last to give way; but her standard and showy dress marked her out for attack and she was quickly pulled off her horse and made prisoner by the Burgundians. The English soldiers soon learnt that the famous Maid of Orleans had been taken prisoner and they crowded round her, more excited by her capture than they had been by many a famous victory. She was first taken to the Castle of Beaulieu, but an attempt at escape on her part being made and frustrated, she was removed under close guard to the Castle of Beaurevoir, about twelve miles south of Cambray. Here she was kindly treated by the wife and sister of John of Luxembourg who held the Castle, but so terrified was she that the Burgundians would deliver her up to the English that she made a second and more desperate attempt to escape, jumping out of a window and injuring herself in the fall. The Duke of Bedford, who commanded the English army, wished above all to have her solemnly tried and condemned for magic and witchcraft, in order to destroy the belief in the supernatural powers which were attributed to her by all parties, but he had first to get her out of the hands of John of Luxembourg, who seemed in no way disposed to give up his captive. His wife, when he was shaken by the offers of the Duke of Bedford, begged him on her knees not to deliver up his innocent and courageous prisoner to a certain and ignominious death, one who moreover was protected by the laws of war; but in vain, and in consideration of a large sum of money and a promised pension, he delivered Joan to an English guard, by whom she was carried to Rouen. Here her trial speedily began. On the 3rd of January 1431, King Henry the Sixth of England issued letters under the Royal Seal directing the Duke of Bedford to make over his prisoner to the Bishop of Beauvais for trial by the Ecclesiastical Courts. She was loaded with chains and closely guarded by five soldiers, three of whom were ordered never to leave her cell. She had resumed her woman's dress and submitted herself to the Ecclesiastical Courts for examination, but although they harassed her with questions and

surrounded her with traps of all sorts they could find no proof for the allegations of magic and witchcraft. Asked as to her education, she said she had been brought up in her father's house like any other country girl, being taught household management, and she added naïvely "*Pour filer et coudre, je ne crains femme de Rouen.*" Being asked why she carried a sword and wore man's clothes, she answered: "I carried a sword because it is good to do so in time of war, when one must give blows with the flat or even with the edge at time of need." As for her wearing male dress she said simply that it was more convenient, but that now having submitted herself to the Holy Church, she had resumed female apparel. She always carried her own banner, she averred, in charging the enemy in order to avoid killing any one, and she added "Indeed I never have killed any one." "Do you believe," asked the Judges, "that the Voices which you say directed and advised you, proceeded from good or from evil spirits?" "I do not know," said Joan, "I leave that to be decided by the Holy Church." Although repeatedly pressed on this point, she affirmed again and again that Saint Margaret and Saint Catherine had indeed appeared to her and directed her actions. The Court, unable to arrive at a decision, sent the Maid back to her dungeon, and here a terrible snare was laid for her. In the night her woman's dress was removed, so that on waking she had no resource but to put on man's attire which had been left in its place. This resumption of male attire was held by her Judges to be a relapse of the worst description, and she was condemned to death. "Alas," cried the hapless girl, "can it be possible that you will treat me so horribly, and that my whole body must be devoured by the flames? I would sooner have been seven times beheaded than thus to burn! I appeal to God, the Judge of all, against the great wrong that is done to me."

It was nine o'clock on the morning of the 30th of May 1431, that Joan was brought out from her prison and placed on a cart, which, under an escort of eighty men-at-arms, conveyed her to the old market place of Rouen near the river. Here her sentence was pronounced by the Bishop of Beauvais. It decreed that Joan was a relapsed heretic, and then proceeded "*Nous décidons que toi, Jeanne, membre pourri dont nous voulons empêcher que l'infection ne se communique aux autres membres, tu dois être rejetée de l'unité de l'Eglise, tu dois être arrachée de son corps, tu dois être livrée à la puissance séculière; et nous te rejetons, nous t'arrachons, nous t'abandonnons, priant que cette même puissance séculière en deçà de la mort et de la mutilation des membres, modère envers toi sa sentence.*" By this formula the Christian ecclesiastics hoped and intended to relieve the Church of all part in the violent death of a human being, but every one who heard the sentence knew that it was but a vain form, that her death was decided upon and the pile prepared.

At Rouen, when a heretic was made over to the secular power the custom was to conduct him or her before the Town Council for final sentence, and

this was now done. Two serjeants put upon Joan's head a great paper mitre on which was inscribed "Relapsed heretic, apostate, idolatress," and she was given over to the executioner. "Ah! Rouen," she said, "j'ai grand peur que tu n'aies à souffrir de ma mort." She asked for a cross to kiss and one of her English guards broke a stick into two pieces and tied them together in the form of a crucifix: this she received devoutly and, kissing it, placed it on her heart under her robe. They tied her to the stake, and as they did so she called on Saint Michael and Saint Catherine to help her in her anguish. When the executioner put fire to the pile she called on the name of Jesus five or six times and asked a bystander to get some holy water. Generally, to shorten the sufferings of the victim the executioner was accustomed to put wet straw on the pile, so that suffocation might take place before the mounting of the flames, but in the present instance this had been omitted from fear of the magic power of the Maid, who might have disappeared in the smoke. She called once more faintly on the name of Jesus, then her head fell on her shoulder and she expired. Her ashes were carefully collected and thrown into the Seine. Thus died Joan of Arc.

Guillaume Manchon, the reporter, who at the trial had written in the margin of his notes "*Responsio Johannæ superba*," said after the execution that he "never wept so much for anything that happened to himself." Jean Tressat, the English Secretary, went home crying out "We are all lost, for we have burned a saint"; and a priest, Jean Fabry (afterwards a bishop), said, "he did not believe that any man could restrain his tears."

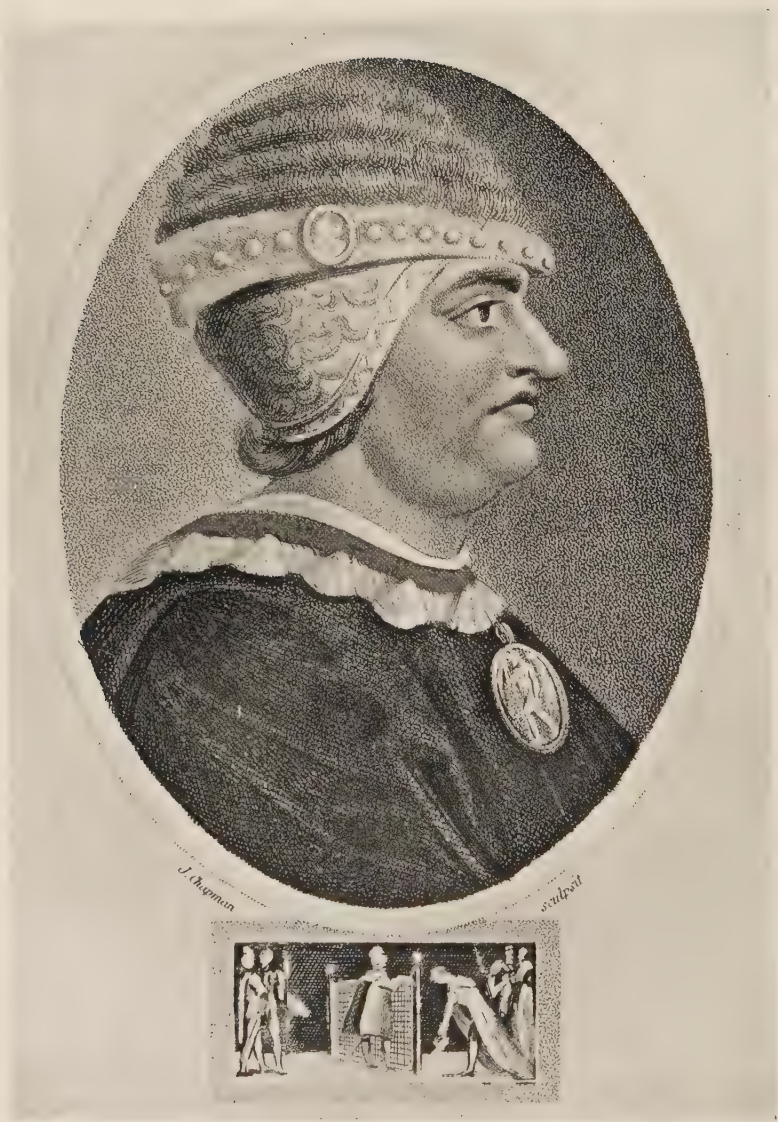
"Silence au camp! La vierge est prisonnière;
Par un injuste arrêt Bedford croit la flétrir;
Jeune encore elle touche à son heure dernière.
Silence au camp! la vierge va périr.

"Tranquille, elle y monta; quand debout sur le faîte,
Elle vit ce bûcher qui l'allait dévorer,
Les bourreaux en suspens, la flamme déjà prête,
Sentant son cœur faiblir, elle baissa la tête
Et se prit à pleurer.

"Ah! pleure, fille infortunée!
Ta jeunesse va se flétrir
Dans sa fleur trop tôt moissonnée!
Adieu, beau ciel, il faut mourir."

Casimir Delavigne.

Authorities: A. E. Bray; *Biographie Universelle*; Anatole France; F. M. Wyndham,



LOUIS XI OF FRANCE.

The Death of Louis XI of France. Born 1423. Died 30th August 1483.

WHEN the King fell sick he was living at his Castle of Plessis le Tours, and in his illness his chief hope and confidence was in the prayers and intercessions of a hermit who had come from Calabria and resided in the neighbourhood. He sent continually to this holy man believing that it was in his power to prolong life if he pleased, for Louis had good hopes of recovering. Finding his thoughts were so intent on this hermit, it was the advice of a certain grave divine and others who were about him, that it should be declared unto him that his condition was desperate, and that he did but flatter and delude himself with false hopes, and that finally there was nothing for him to do but put his trust in the mercy of God. This resolution was come to by Monsieur Olivier le Daim, the King's barber, and some others whom he had advanced to high employments beyond their capacities, so that without the least circumstance of introduction these imprudent persons went to the King and said: "Sir, things are now come to that pass that we must do our duty; and that is to inform you that you must not place your hopes any longer in this hermit, or in anything else, for you are a dead man; think therefore upon your conscience for that is the only remedy you have left." To this King Louis answered: "I hope God will assist me for perhaps I am not so sick as you imagine."

What sorrow was this to him, to hear this news, this sentence of death. Never man was more fearful of death than he, for he had all his life long commanded and requested his servants, and me among the rest, that whenever we saw him in danger of his life we should not use any long stories but admonish him to confess himself, without ever mentioning that cruel and shocking word "death." However, he endured that and several more things as terrible when he was ill, and indeed more than any man I ever saw die. You have heard with what indiscretion and bluntness they acquainted the King with his approaching end. He was still attended by his physician, Dr. James Coctier, to whom, within the space of five months he had given no less than fifty-four thousand crowns in ready money: yet this doctor used him most scurvily and he durst not change him, because the doctor had spoken to him one day in a most audacious manner. "I know," said he, "that some time or other you will remove me from court, but be sure" (and he confirmed it with an oath) "you shall not live eight days after." With which expression the King was above all measure terrified, so that ever after he did nothing but flatter and reward the doctor.

I will not accuse my master, or say I never saw a better prince, for though he oppressed his subjects himself, he would never see them injured by any one else. After so many fears, sorrows, and suspicions, God, by a kind of miracle, restored him both in body and mind, as is the Divine method in

such kind of wonders. He took him out of the world in perfect ease, understanding, and memory; having called for the sacraments himself; discussing without the least expression of pain to the very last moment of his life. He died on Saturday, the 30th of August in the year of our Lord 1483, about eight at night in the Castle of Plessis, where his fit took him on the Monday before. His soul is, I hope, with God, and enjoys everlasting rest in the Kingdom of Paradise. He was confiding and suspicious, avaricious and lavish, audacious and timid, mild and cruel, and was the first French monarch who bore the title of "the most Christian King."

Authority: Philippe de Comines.



CARDINAL WOLSEY.
From the picture in the Bodleian Library.

The Death of Cardinal Wolsey. Born at Ipswich
14th March 1471. Died 29th November 1530.

CARDINAL WOLSEY was staying at Sheffield Park with the Earl of Shrewsbury when he was attacked by dysentery, and the complaint was aggravated by unskilful medical treatment. He was thus ailing when Sir William Kingston, the Constable of the Tower, with a guard of twenty-four soldiers arrived bearing the King's order to bring Wolsey a prisoner to London. When Kingston was introduced and knelt before him Wolsey said: "I pray you stand up and cease this kneeling to a very wretch replete with misery. Stand up, good Master Kingston, or I will myself kneel to you." With a mind thus harassed, Wolsey's sufferings of body necessarily increased; but the King's order was peremptory, and when they set forth on his last journey he was in truth a dying man. They rode to Nottingham and thence to Leicester, but the Cardinal became so weak that he could hardly sit on his mule. It was late and dark when they reached Leicester Abbey, and the Abbot came out to meet him by torchlight. "Father Abbot," he said, "I am come hither to leave my bones among you." He was carried up to bed and never left it alive. All Sunday his malady increased, and on Monday morning his faithful attendant Cavendish thought him to be sinking. He writes: "He, perceiving my shadow upon the wall by his bedside, asked who was there. 'Sir, I am here,' quoth I. 'What is it of the clock?' said he. 'Forsooth, sir,' said I, 'it is past eight o'clock in the morning.' 'Eight of the clock, eight of the clock,' said he, rehearsing divers times. 'Nay, nay, it cannot be eight of the clock; for by eight of the clock ye shall lose your master, for my time draweth near that I must depart out of this world.' In the night he often swooned, but rallied in the morning and asked for food. Some chicken broth was brought him, but he remembered that it was a fast day. 'What though it be,' said his confessor, 'ye be excused by reason of your sickness.' 'Yea,' quoth he, 'what though? I will eat no more.' After this he made his confession and a little later Sir William Kingston entered to enquire after his health, and seeing how ill the Cardinal was, tried to comfort him. 'Well, well,' said Wolsey, 'I see the matter against me how it is framed, but if I had served God so diligently as I have done the King, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs. Howbeit, this is the first reward that I must receive for my worldly diligence and pains, that I had to do him service only to satisfy his vain pleasure, not regarding my godly duty. Wherefore I pray you with all my heart to have me most humbly commended unto his Royal Majesty, beseeching him in my behalf to call to his most gracious remembrance all matters proceeding between him and me from the beginning; then shall his conscience declare whether I have offended him or not. He is a prince of royal courage and rather than he will miss any part of his will he will put his realm in danger.

I assure you I have often kneeled before him the space of an hour or two but could never dissuade him from his will or appetite. Therefore, Mr. Kingston, be well advised and assured what matter you put in his head for ye shall never put it out again.' Then, as his tongue failed him, he gasped out: 'Master Kingston, farewell. I can no more. My time draweth on fast, I may not tarry with you.' " His breath failed him and his eyes grew fixed. The Abbot came and administered supreme unction, and as the clock struck eight Wolsey passed away: and (writes Cavendish) "Calling to our remembrance his words the day before, how he had said that at eight of the clock we should lose our master, we looked at each other, supposing that he had then prophesied his departure."

The body lay in state befitting a great Cardinal till five in the afternoon, when it was placed in the Lady Chapel of the Abbey, where it was watched all night. At four the next morning, Mass was sung and by six of the clock the grave had closed over the remains of Cardinal Wolsey.

Authorities: G. Cavendish, M. Creighton; and Dictionary of National Biography.



ZAHIR-UD-DIN MUHAMMED, SURNAMED BABER (THE TIGER),
EMPEROR OF HINDOSTAN.

From Brit. Mus. MS. Add., 5717, fol. 52.

Zahir-ud-din Mohammed, surnamed Baber, or the Tiger, Emperor of Hindostan. Born 14th February 1483. Died 26th December 1530.

WORN out by a long career of hardship and warfare, the Emperor Mohammed Baber found his health declining when he was at Agra, in the North-West of India, in 1529, and the news reached him that his favourite son, Humayun, who afterwards succeeded him, had fallen dangerously ill in his provincial government of Sambal. He at once gave orders that the Prince should be brought by water to Agra, so as to have the benefit of the advice of the Court physicians, and in due course he arrived, but all medical skill was unavailing, and his life was despaired of. When all hope from medicine was over, and while several men of skill were talking to the Emperor of the melancholy condition of his son, Abul Baka, a personage highly venerated for his knowledge and piety, remarked to Baber that in such a desperate case the Almighty had sometimes vouchsafed to receive the most valuable thing possessed by one friend as an offering in exchange for the life of another. The Emperor was much struck by this remark. "Surely," said he, "the life of my son is so precious to me that I would give my own in exchange for it"; and he thereupon solemnly invoked the Almighty, devoting his own life to heaven as a sacrifice to preserve his son. The noblemen around him entreated him to retract this rash vow, and to offer instead the great diamond taken at Agra, and estimated the most valuable gem on earth; they urged that the ancient sages had said that it was the dearest of our worldly possessions alone that should be offered to Heaven. But the Emperor persisted in his resolution, declaring that no stone, however precious, could compare in value to him with his own life. Three times he walked round the dying prince, a solemnity always observed in offering a sacrifice, and then retiring, he prayed earnestly to God that his life might be taken and his son spared. After some time he was heard to exclaim: "I have borne it away! I have borne it away!" The Mohammedan historians assure us that Humayun almost immediately began to recover, and that in proportion as health returned to him, the life and strength of his father visibly diminished. With that unvarying affection for his family which Mohammed Baber had shown through life, he strongly besought Humayun to be kind and forgiving to his brothers. This Humayun promised, and, what in such circumstances is rare, he kept his word. Speaking of his son Humayun in his Memoirs, we get a tender glimpse of his affection for him. He says: "I was just talking with his mother about him when he came in. His presence opened our hearts like rosebuds and made our eyes shine like torches. It was my rule to keep open table every day, but on this occasion I gave feasts in his honour and showed

him every kind of distinction. His conversation had an inexpressible charm, and he realized absolutely the ideal of perfect manhood."

The Emperor Mohammed Baber expired at the Charbagh, near Agra, in the forty-eighth year of his age, and thirty-sixth of his reign as a sovereign prince. His body, in accordance with his wishes, was carried back to Kabul, where it was interred on a hill that still bears his name. The Mohammedan historian remarks: "In a short time Death, the sunderer of societies, the filler of graveyards, the destroyer of palaces, bore him away to the mercy of Allah the Compassionate."

The grave of Baber is marked by two erect slabs of white marble, and as is common in the East, the different letters of a part of the inscription indicate the number of the year of the Hegira in which the Emperor died. Near him his wives and some of his children have been interred, and the garden was once surrounded by a wall of white marble. A clear running spring waters the flowers of this cemetery, which is a great holiday resort of the people of Kabul. In front of the grave there is a small mosque of marble, and an inscription upon it sets forth that it was built in the year 1640 by order of the Emperor, Shah Jehan, so that the Faithful might here offer up their prayers. From the hill which overlooks Baber's tomb there is a noble prospect, and the gardens of the city of Kabul lie in full blossom beneath it. In Baber's own words: "The verdure and flowers render Kabul in the spring a very heaven!"

The Emperor's Arabic name was Zahir-ud-Din Mohammed, but the name of Bábar or Baber, by which he was known to his followers, was a Mongol name (signifying "the Tiger") given him in rough affection. He was succeeded on the throne by his son, Nairuddin Mohammed Humayun, who was afterwards the father of Akbar the Great.

The contemporaries of Mohammed Baber were, in England, Henry VII and Henry VIII; in France, Louis XII and Francis I; in Germany, the Emperors Maximilian and Charles V. The discovery of America, and of the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope, with the rise and progress of the Reformation, were the most interesting events in Europe during the reign of Baber.

Authorities: "Memoirs of Mohammed Baber," trans. Leyden and Erskine; Holden's "Mogul Emperors"; Burne's "Travels in Bokhara."



MARTIN LUTHER.

The Death of Martin Luther. Born 10th November
1483. Died 18th February 1546.

IN the summer of 1545 Martin Luther was tortured again by his old enemy the stone. On midsummer's day he wrote to a friend that this tormentor would have killed him, had not God willed it otherwise. "I would rather die," he wrote, "than be at the mercy of such a tyrant." He described his condition in a letter of 17th January 1546 in these words: "I am old, spent, worn and weary, with but one eye to see with, and very cold."

On 28th January he went to his birthplace, Eisleben, and just before entering the town was seized with an alarming giddiness and faintness, accompanied by constriction of the heart, and a difficulty of breathing. This, however, passed off, and he attributed the attack to the effects of a chill. About this time he wrote to his wife: "Mercy and peace in the Lord! Pray read, dear Kate, the Gospel of St. John and the little Catechism, of which you will remember once declaring that you yourself had said all that it contained; for you wish to disquiet yourself about your God, just as if He were not Almighty, and able to create ten Martin Luthers for one old one, drowned perhaps in the Saale, or fallen dead by the fireplace. Rest, therefore, in peace. Amen!"

On the morning of the 17th February he complained of a feeling of oppression in the chest, and had himself rubbed with warm cloths. This relieved him, and he left his room to join the party at supper. "There is no pleasure," said he, "in being alone." At supper he was merry with the rest, and talked with his usual energy, now jocular, now intellectual; but no sooner had he returned to his own chamber, and finished his evening prayer, than he became anxious and troubled. After being rubbed again with warm cloths, he lay down on a leathern sofa, and slept till one o'clock. He then awoke, complaining that the room was cold, and exclaimed: "Ah! Lord God! How ill I am. I feel that I shall remain here at Eisleben, where I was born and baptized." In this state of discomfort, he arose and walked without assistance to his bedroom, and commending his soul to God, lay down again. His two sons remained with him all night, and two physicians were summoned, but their remedies seemed powerless to assuage Luther's anguish. He broke into a sweat, and said: "It is the cold sweat of death. I shall yield up my spirit." Then he began to give thanks to God, who had revealed to him His Son, whom he had confessed and loved, and whom the Pope and the godless had blasphemed and insulted, saying: "Take Thou my poor soul into Thy hands; although I know that I must leave this body, I shall be ever with Thee." He then three times repeated the text from St. John: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son." Then after the doctor had given him a spoonful of medicine: "I am about to render up

my spirit to Him who gave it." Then three times in Latin he repeated: "Father, into Thy hands I commend my soul, for Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of Truth." From that time he remained silent and still, with his eyes closed, returning no answer when spoken to. The doctor said loudly to him: "Reverend Father, wilt thou stand by Christ and the doctrine thou hast preached?" He uttered an audible "Yes," and then turned on his right side: lying thus for a quarter of an hour, they found his feet growing cold. Between two and three in the morning of Thursday 18th February 1546, he fetched one deep, even breath, and was gone.

Carlyle says: "Kranach's portraits show the true Luther. A rude plebeian face, with huge crag-like brows and bones, the emblem of rugged energy. At first almost a repulsive face; yet in the eyes especially, there is a wild silent sorrow, an unnameable melancholy. Laughter also was in this Luther, but tears also were there. Tears and hard toil were appointed him in this life. In his last days, after all his triumphs and victories, he says he is weary of living: he considers that God alone can, and will, regulate the course of events, and that perhaps the Day of Judgment is not far off. For himself he longs for one thing; that God would release him from his labours, and let him depart and be at rest. I will call Luther a true Great Man: a right spiritual Hero and Prophet; once more a true Son of Nature, for whom many that are yet to come will be thankful to Heaven."

Authorities: Carlyle; Köstlin; Biographie Universelle.



FRANCIS XAVIER.
From an engraving.

The Death of Francis Xavier, Apostle of the Indies.

Born 1506. Died 1552.

ON the 20th November 1552 the fever again attacked him, and those about him witness that he was given to know that the day and hour of his departure drew near and that God did not intend to give to the Chinese the gift of His salvation through this His servant, who had prayed so earnestly that even as a prisoner or a slave he might be permitted to preach the Gospel among them. But his sickness gained upon him, and in the middle of November he had himself moved on to the vessel which served as a hospital to the Portuguese of San Chan. Soon he begged to be again taken to the hut whence a distant view of China gladdened his eyes. Here he lingered for two weeks, suffering terrible pain from weakness and fever but with peace written upon his wasted features. On Friday the 2nd December 1552 his earthly toil and projects ceased for ever. The Angel of Death appeared with a summons for which, since death first entered the world, no man was ever more triumphantly prepared.

The agony of the fever still tortured his feeble frame, but his uplifted crucifix reminded him of a more awful woe endured for his deliverance. His eyes saw blessed ministers of peace and consolation, and his dying ears heard strains more beautiful than any he could have imagined. Tears burst from his eyes, tears of emotion too great for utterance, and his features were irradiated as with the first beams of approaching glory. He raised himself, and crying: "In thee, Lord, is my hope!" he bowed his head and died.

The Portuguese among whom he had worked assembled round his lifeless body, and, clothing it in his canonicals, buried it beside his poor hut, to wait till pious hands should transport it across the sea. Coming to him was a letter commanding him to return to Europe in order to succeed Loyola as head of the Company of Jesus—but the Saint existed no longer on earth when this evidence of his chief's regard for him reached its destination.

The next year the remains of Xavier were taken from San Chan and finally deposited in St. Paul's Church at Goa.

He died in the forty-seventh year of his age and the twelfth year of his mission in the East.

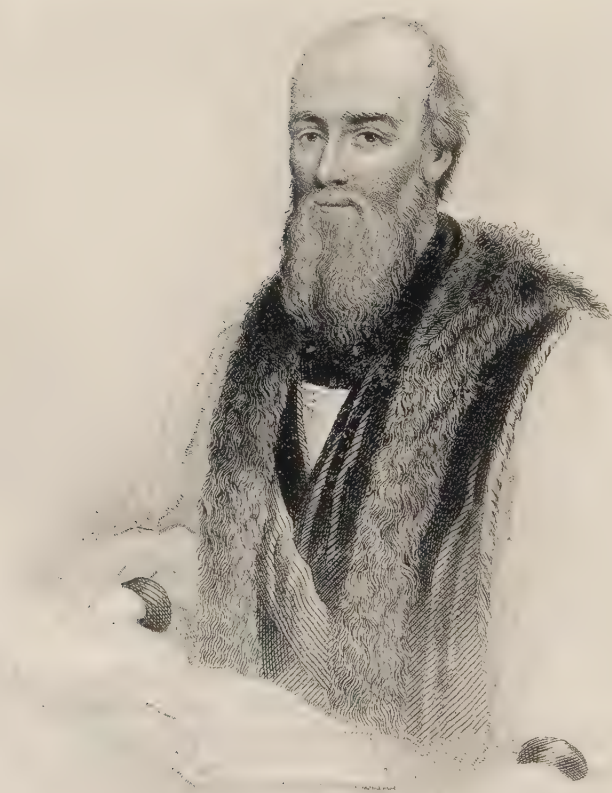
NOTE.—The characteristics of St. Francis Xavier may be summed up in a few words. His ascetic spirit; his constant assertion of the unbounded power of the Church; absence of austerity; the terms of even affectionate intercourse with which he lived not only with the lowest but with the highest temporal dignitaries of the countries where he lived; his profound humility; his extraordinary power of conciliating all classes and the facility of access to his person, all marked him out as a man among men. "Take heed of yourselves," he said, "Take heed of yourselves, my dearest brethren. Many ministers of the Gospel who have opened the way of heaven to others are tormented in hell for want of true humility, and from being carried away by a vain opinion of themselves; while on the contrary there is not found in hell one single soul which was sincerely humble." Zeal for the glory of God and the love of his fellow creatures were the animating influences of his life as of his death.

Authorities: "Life of St. Francis Xavier," by M. H. McClean; H. J. Coleridge.



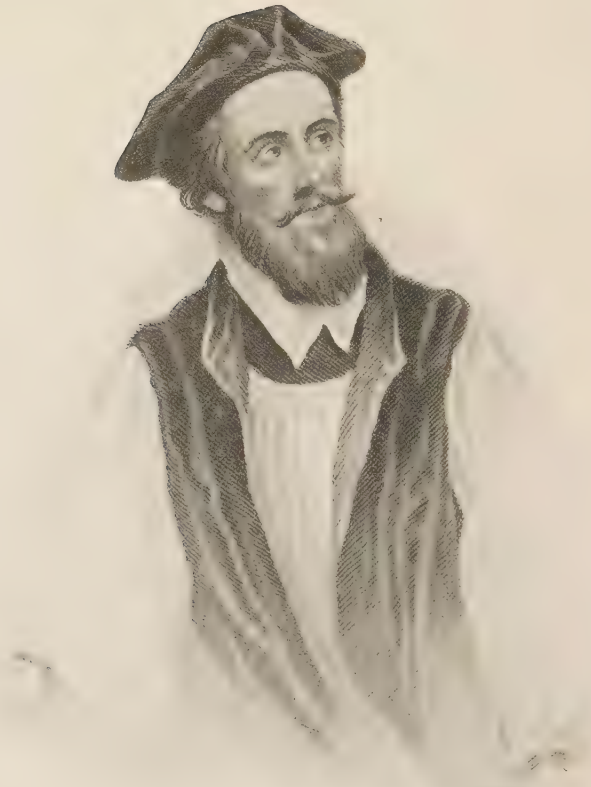
HUGH LATIMER.

Drawn and engraved by H. B. Hall.



THOMAS CRANMER.

From an engraving.



NICHOLAS RIDLEY.
Drawn and engraved by H. B. Hall.

The Deaths of Bishops Latimer and Ridley, October 1555, and of Archbishop Cranmer, 1556.

ON the 16th October 1555 Ridley and Latimer were led to the stake without Cranmer, who remained in prison five months longer. In the ditch on the north side of the pleasant town of Oxford, and over against Balliol College, a great stake was erected. Ridley was brought up to the spot between the Mayor of Oxford and a worshipful alderman. Latimer came after him with what speed he could, but by reason of great age was slow. Ridley ran to meet him, and kissing his cheek, said: "Be of good heart brother, for God will either assuage the fury of the flame or strengthen us to bear it." When the sermon was over, Ridley stripped himself for the fire, giving away his apparel among bystanders, many of whom were only too happy to get any rag of his. In the helplessness of old age, Latimer left it to his keeper to strip him, but when he stood up in his shirt, erect and fearless, by the side of the faggots, he seemed in the eyes of some of the beholders to be no longer the withered and decrepit old man but as comely a father as one might lightly behold. Ridley was tied first to the stake and a kindled faggot was laid at his feet. As they were chaining Latimer to the reverse side of the stake, the hardy old man exclaimed: "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England as, I trust, shall never be put out." Then the flames arose and Latimer was soon seen to expire in the midst of them, but Ridley's sufferings were long and dreadful. A multitude of Oxford scholars and gentlemen stood by and witnessed the scene, for the most part, with pious and complacent countenances.

It appeared that the Court calculated that when Cranmer should no longer be supported by the more courageous spirits of Ridley and Latimer he would in the near approach of a horrible death betray the weakness which should cover himself with infamy, and bring discredit on the whole Protestant party. Cranmer, who was delivered over to the secular power, trembled at the near approach of a painful death and betrayed that weakness upon which his enemies had calculated. He formally renounced the faith he had taught, signing recantation after recantation to the number of six, and then when the diabolical malice of his persecutors had thus as they conceived, loaded him with eternal obloquy, they led him to the stake. The fallen Primate of England learned what was intended for him, and having no longer any hope of life, he summoned up resolution to meet his doom like a man. He was taken to the same ditch over against Balliol College where his more fortunate friends Ridley and Latimer had suffered five months before. He was stripped to the shirt and tied to the stake. He made no moan nor useless prayer for mercy in this world. The death which he had so long dreaded seemed less dreadful when he saw it face to face. As soon as the flames began to rise, he

thrust into them his right hand—that erring hand which had signed the recantations—saying: “Ah! unworthy right hand!” and held it till it was burnt. When the fire raged more fiercely, his body abided as immovable as the stake whereto he was fastened, and, lifting up his eyes towards heaven, he exclaimed: “Lord, receive my spirit,” and soon expired. It is said that his heart was found unconsumed in the ashes of the pyre. The impression made by his martyrdom was immense and as lasting as it was wide and deep. The Roman Church in England, with all its hopes, may almost be said to have perished in the flames which consumed Cranmer.

Authorities: “History of England,” Hume, Chambers, Froude.



*Charles V.
 from an engraving*

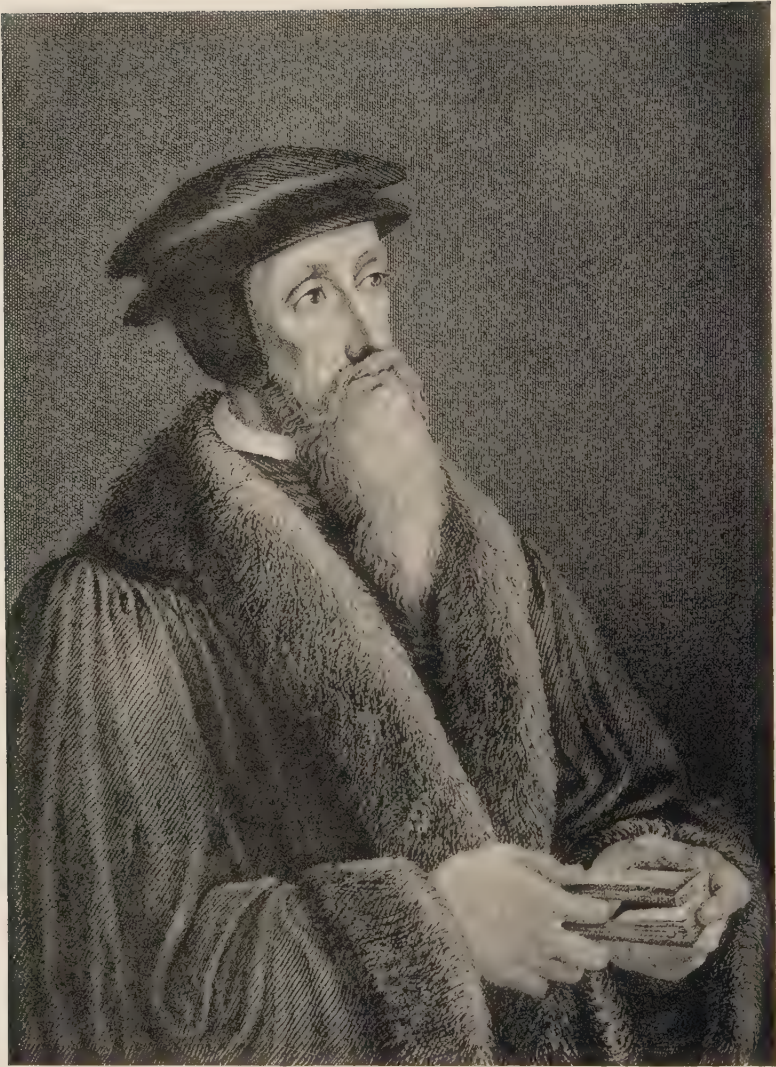
Death of the Emperor Charles the Fifth.

Born 1500. Died 1558.

FOR the first ten months after his arrival at Juste the health of Charles V of Spain, under the influence of a temperate climate, the quiet of monastic life, and more than all, probably, his exemption from the cares of State, had generally improved. His attacks of gout had been less frequent and less severe than before, but in the spring of 1558 his old malady returned with renewed violence. "I was not in a condition," he writes to his son Philip, "to listen to a single sermon during Lent." About the middle of August symptoms of an alarming kind supervened, intimating that his strong constitution was giving way. He still continued to indulge his appetite for the most dangerous dishes. It is true the physician stood by his side as prompt as Sancho Panza's doctor in his island domain to remonstrate against his master's proceedings: but unhappily he was not armed with the authority of that functionary, and an eel-pie or a well spiced capon offered too great a fascination for Charles to heed the warnings of his physician. During the month of August he conceived the extraordinary idea of rehearsing his own funeral. The chapel was accordingly hung with black; the monks in their conventual dresses and all the Emperor's household clad in deep mourning, gathered round a huge catafalque which was raised in the centre of the chapel. The service for the burial of the dead was performed and prayers were made for the departed spirit, while the sorrowful attendants were melted to tears as the image of their master's death was presented to their minds. Charles, muffled in a dark mantle and bearing a lighted candle in his hand, mingled with his household, the spectator of his own obsequies, and the doleful ceremony was concluded by his placing the taper in the hands of the officiating priest in sign of his surrendering his soul to the Almighty. On the 30th of August he was affected by an indisposition which on the following day was attended with most alarming symptoms. On the evening of the 31st Charles ordered a portrait of the Empress his wife to be brought to him. Long he gazed on its beautiful features "as if," says the chronicler, "he were imploring her to prepare a place for him in the celestial mansions to which she had gone." At length, rousing from his reverie, he turned to the doctor and complained that he was ill. His pulse showed him to be in a high fever and the physician bled him but without any good effect. It soon became evident that the end was approaching. Charles received the intelligence not merely with composure but with cheerfulness. It was what he had long desired he said. His first care was to complete some few arrangements respecting his affairs. In a codicil to his will he conjured his son Philip earnestly to follow up and bring to justice every heretic in his dominions and to cherish the Holy Inquisition. "So," he concludes, "shall you have my blessing and

the Lord shall prosper all your undertakings." Such were the last words of the dying monarch to his son. On the 21st of September, about two hours after midnight, the Emperor, who had remained long without speaking, exclaimed "Now it is time!" The holy taper was placed lighted in his right hand as he sat up leaning on the shoulder of his faithful servant Quixada. With his left he endeavoured to clasp a silver crucifix. Charles fixed his gaze long and earnestly on the sacred symbol which had comforted the Empress, his wife, in her dying hour. To him it was the memento of earthly love as well as of heavenly. The archbishop was repeating the psalm *De profundis* "Out of the depths I cry unto thee O Lord!" when the dying man, making a feeble effort to embrace the crucifix, exclaimed in tones so audible as to be heard in the adjoining room, "Ay, Jesus!" and sinking back on the pillow, expired without a struggle.

Authority: Prescott's "History of the Reign of Philip the Second."



CALVIN.

The Death of Jean Calvin (Cauvin). Born at Noyon in Picardy, France, on the 10th July 1509. Died at Geneva 27th May 1564.

CALVIN was sober and austere in his manners, but of a sad and inflexible character. His dominating passion was the love of power, and the desire to impose his opinions upon others. "I have no great difficulty," he wrote to a friend, "in combating my vices, although they are numberless. What I find hardest is to subdue my impatience, and that ferocious beast I have not yet been able to conquer." He was pastor of the Church of Geneva and sought no higher title. His annual salary was one hundred and fifty francs, with a certain quantity of wheat and wine; more than this he would never receive. When he died he was barely fifty-five years of age. Of a feeble constitution, he was tormented all his life by various maladies. Headache and fever were habitual evils, not to speak of attacks of gout and at last the great pains of the "gravel." In 1540 he married a widow by whom he had one only son, who died young. He lost his wife in 1549 and never married again. In 1560 he had come to the end of his strength; his work was finished, although his intellectual and moral powers were as full as ever they were. Thought and will failed him not, the body only was exhausted. On the 6th February 1564 he preached his last sermon, but was interrupted in the pulpit by a hæmorrhage that forbade any further public functions: still he worked in his study, and when his friends remonstrated, said: "Do you wish then that the Lord should come and find me not watching?" On the 10th March 1564, the Town Council of Geneva ordered public prayers to be said "for the health of Mons. Calvin, the pastor and father of the Church of Geneva, who has been long indisposed, and is even in danger of death." On the 27th of March he caused himself to be carried to the Council House, and, with the support of two friends, he walked into the hall: there, having bared his head, he returned thanks to the Council for the favours he had received from them, especially for the attention they had showed him during his illness. After this effort, he returned with difficulty to his own house. On the 2nd of April, he received the last sacrament from the hands of his friend and disciple Théodore de Bèze. On the 28th of April all his fellow ministers from the country round came to bid him farewell. He received them with affectionate gravity and said to them: "It might seem to you that I am not very ill, but I have never felt so weak as I do now, and on the slightest movement a faintness overcomes me. I fear I shall find it hard to die, and that I may lose my power of speech while I yet retain my senses: but in spite of this I much desired to speak with you all." Then he went on to recall the scenes of his stormy religious and political career and what he had done and undergone for the Reformed Church. "Take courage," he concluded, "for God will maintain and guard this

church. Live, I beg of you, in sincerity, loving-kindness, and unity of faith. Beware of change: not that I desire out of ambition to preserve my work unaltered, but that change is dangerous and sometimes hurtful." Then one by one they took his hand and bade him farewell; many of them with tears. Day and night the people thronged his door for news of their beloved Pastor. A few days before his death he made his will. In the first place he blessed God for having called him to know the Gospel and make it known. He gave to the College of Geneva ten crowns, and the like sum to "poor strangers" in the town. The rest of his property, the produce of the sale of his books and furniture, with two hundred and twenty-five crowns, he left to his nephews and nieces, "that being all the property that God has given me." His brother Antoine was left joint executor with his old friend and fellow countryman, Laurent de Normandie.

"On the 27th May 1564," writes Théodore de Bèze, "he seemed strong and at ease, but this was but a last effort of nature, for by eight o'clock in the evening, suddenly the apparent signs of death became manifest, and in a short time he quietly gave up the ghost, without any struggle, and in the full possession of his sense and judgment up to the moment of departure. Indeed he seemed rather to fall asleep, and we may well say that in this man, it hath pleased God to show us both how to live well and how to die well."

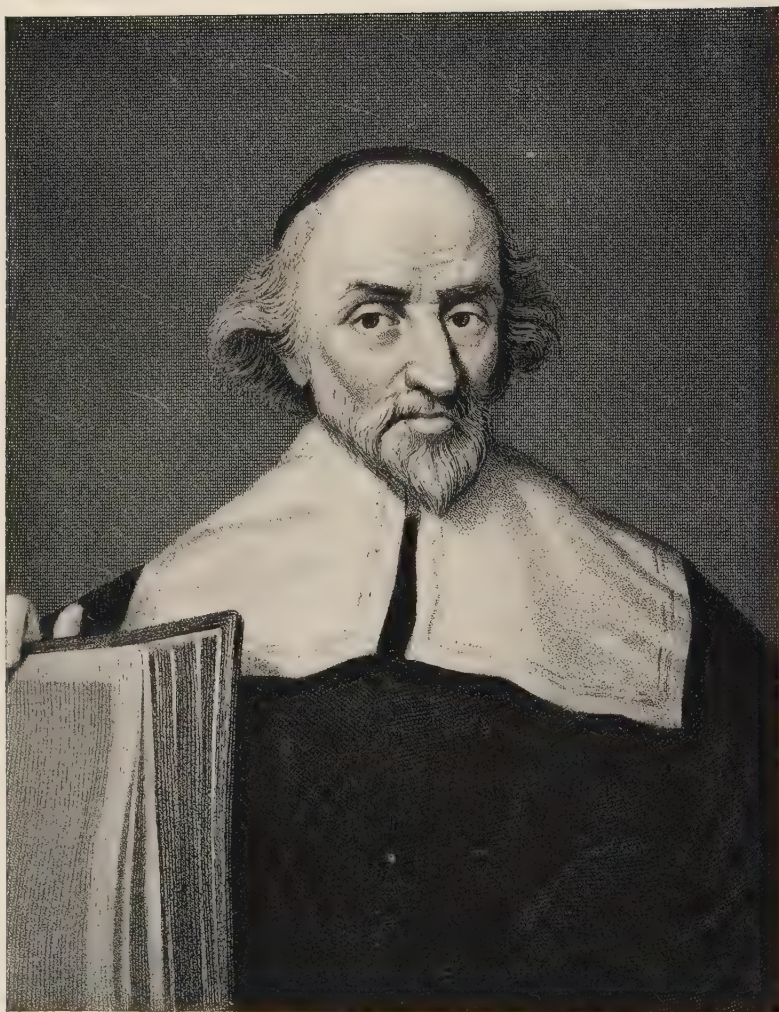
His body was placed in a simple wooden coffin and carried, according to his directions, without pomp or ceremony to the public cemetery of Geneva for interment, where such rites were performed as were customary in the Reformed Church. No stone marks the spot where he rests. In the Consistorial Register, his name is entered on the 27th May 1564, and beside it "Went to God, Saturday 27th." He had no other epitaph.

Pope Pius IV on hearing of Calvin's death said: "What gave that heretic so much power was that money had no value for him. If I had servants such as he was, I should be master of the world."

Calvin was of middling stature, and of a pale and dark complexion; his eyes, which were clear sighted and penetrating, preserved their brilliancy to the last. His memory was prodigious, and his judgment exact. He was very abstemious, taking often but one meal a day, and sometimes abstaining from food altogether, for as much as thirty-six hours. For him the spirit was all, the body naught. Sincere in his faith, pure in his motives, austere in his life, and of immovable resolution, he was one of those men who are worthy of remembrance even at the distance of centuries.

His favourite text was: "To obey is better than sacrifice." Religion was to him the comprehension of the relationship between God and man, outwardly manifested by obedience to the duties set forth in the New Testament. He lived "*ad maiorem Dei gloriam*."

Authorities: Lives by Dyer, Bungener, and Guizot; *Biographie Universelle*, etc.



JOHN KNOX.

From an engraving by W. Holl.

The Death of John Knox. Born 1505.

Died 24th November 1572.

MONDAY, the 24th day of November 1572, was the last day that John Knox spent on earth. That morning he could not be persuaded to stay in bed, but though unable to stand alone, rose between nine and ten o'clock and put on his stockings and doublet. Being conducted to a chair, he sat about half an hour, and then was put to bed again. In the course of the day it became evident that his end was approaching. A friend asked him if he was in pain. "It is no painful pain," he said, "but such a pain I trust as will soon put an end to the battle. I must leave my wife and children to you," he continued, "to whom you must be a husband and father in my place." After this he fell into a slumber, but at length awakened and said: "I have formerly during my frail life sustained many contests, and many assaults of Satan, but at present he hath assailed me most fearfully, by endeavouring to persuade me that I have merited heaven and eternal life by the faithful discharge of my ministry; but blessed be God, who has enabled me to beat down and to quench the fiery dart; wherefore I give thanks to my God, through Jesus Christ, who has been pleased to give me the victory, and I am persuaded that the tempter shall not again attack me, but within a short time I shall, without any great pain of body or anguish of mind, exchange this mortal and miserable life for a blessed immortality through Jesus Christ." He now lay quiet for some hours, his lips being moistened from time to time with a little weak ale. About eleven o'clock he gave a deep sigh, and said: "Now it is come." His friend Bannatyne immediately drew near, and desired him to think upon the comfortable promises of our Saviour Jesus Christ, which he had so often declared to others, and perceiving that he was speechless, besought him to give them a sign that he heard what was said, and that he died in peace. Upon this Knox lifted up one of his hands, pointed upwards with his finger, and sighing twice, expired without a struggle. He died 24th November 1572, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, three months after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, not so much oppressed with years as worn out and exhausted by his extraordinary labours of body and anxieties of mind. Few men were ever exposed to more dangers or underwent greater hardship. From the time he embraced the Reformed religion, till he breathed his last, seldom did he enjoy a respite from trouble. He lived for years as an outlaw, in apprehension of those who sought to take his life; banished from his own country, he wandered in exile. He was condemned for heresy, and thrice accused of high treason; a price was set on his head, and assassins were hired to kill him; yet he escaped all these perils, and finished his course with honour. No wonder that he was weary of the world, and anxious to depart. He was buried in the churchyard of St. Giles in Edinburgh, and the

newly-elected Regent, the Earl of Morton, said at his grave: "Here lies one who never feared the face of man."

Carlyle says of him: "He resembles an old Hebrew prophet, the same inflexibility, intolerance, rigid adherence to God's truth; stern rebuke in the name of God, to all who forsake the truth. An old Hebrew prophet, in the guise of an Edinburgh minister of the sixteenth century; but an honest-hearted, brotherly man; brother to the high, brother also to the low, sincere in his sympathy for both. He had his pipe of Bordeaux too, we find, in that old Edinburgh house of his. A cheery social man, with faces that loved him. He has the power of holding his peace in many things that do not vitally concern him, but the thing which does vitally concern him, that thing he will speak of, and in a tone that the whole world shall be made to hear. Honour to him! His works have not died. The letter of his work dies as of all men's, but the spirit of it never."

Authorities: Dictionary of National Biography; Carlyle; and McCrie, "Life of John Knox."



ST. THERESA.

From Cardenera of Salano's "Iconografía Española."

The Death of Saint Teresa as related by her companion, the lay sister Anna. Born at Avila, a city in Old Castile, Spain, on 28th March 1515. Died at Alva in the same province on 4th October 1582.

ST. TERESA was on a journey to her native city to attend the ceremony of the taking of the veil by her niece. When on the road she became very ill, and her companion, Sister Anna, speaks as follows: "The same night, being the Vigil of St. Matthew, we reached Alva. She was then so spent and sick, that she was persuaded to go to bed. Yet the next morning she got up and went to church to hear Mass, where likewise she received the blessed Sacrament. After which she passed some days, being sometimes better and sometimes worse of her distemper, until the Feast of St. Michael the Archangel, on which day she took to her bed, and never rose out of it any more. Three days before her decease, she spent a whole night in earnest prayer and devout supplication unto God. On the Vigil of St. Frances, 3rd October 1582, at five in the evening, she asked for the most sacred Viaticum of the body of our Lord, being by that time so weak and spent that she could not stir herself in her bed, nor turn from one side to the other; but by the help of her sisters, and while they were bringing the Blessed Sacrament, joining her hands together, she said to the religious women who were about her: 'I beseech you, for the Lord's sake, my most dear daughters and ladies, to observe the ordinances and constitutions of our Rule very exactly and entirely; and likewise I beg of you not to regard the ill example which this negligent nun hath given you; but whatever I have herein offended, I desire you would forgive me for it.' As soon as the sacred pledge of our redemption came in sight, though before she was exceedingly exhausted with her illness, and so oppressed with her pains that she could not move at all out of her place, she sprang up without any one's help, and with her face shining with unusual beauty, looking much younger than formerly it was wont, and with a venerable kind of majesty, closing her hands, she began out of the abundance of her heart to utter certain high sweet expressions: 'O my Lord,' she said, 'the desired hour I have so often wished for has come. It is now time, Lord, for me to depart, and happy and prosperous may the journey prove. Thy will be done. The hour is come at last, wherein I shall pass out of this exile, and my soul shall enjoy in Thy company that which she hath exceedingly longed for.' At nine o'clock in the evening she received extreme unction, joining with the nuns in the penitential psalms and the Litany. The next day, at seven in the morning, she turned herself on one side, just in the posture that the blessed Magdalene is represented by painters, and holding a crucifix in her hands so fast that she let it not go till the nuns took it away when she was to be interred, she lay

thus for fourteen hours in silence. Towards morning I went to take some food; while I was away, our mother looked restlessly about, until I was called back. When she saw that I had returned, she put her arms about me with so much love, and, caressing me tenderly, laid her head in my arms, and thus I held her and was embraced by her until she expired. I seemed rather to die than she; for she so burned with love for her Lord that she desired nothing but the hour in which the chains of the body being broken, she might enjoy His presence for ever. She surrendered her spirit into the hands of her Creator in the sixty-eighth year of her life, on 4th October 1582. Her end was so quiet and calm, that they who had seen her often in prayer would have thought her now also intent on the same heavenly exercise. Her sisters watched by the earthly tabernacle, which had been the temple of the Holy Spirit, until ten o'clock next day. Her face, which had been lined and furrowed by age, became smooth and without wrinkles, more beautiful than in life. All the clergy, nobles, and people of Alva thronged to her burial. She was laid in her habit on a bier covered with a pall of cloth of gold, and placed in a vault between the inner and the outer chapel of the Convent of Alva."

Authorities : Lives by Mrs. Cunningham-Graham and H. Whyte; Acta Sanct. 52.



WILLIAM OF NASSAU, PRINCE OF ORANGE.
From an old engraving.

The Deaths of William the Silent, Prince of Orange (born 1533; died 1584), and of his assassin, Bal- thazar Gerard.

ON Tuesday the 10th July 1584, at about half-past twelve, Prince William of Orange, with his wife on his arm, and followed by the ladies and gentlemen of his family, was going to the dining-room. He was dressed on that day, according to his usual fashion, very plainly, wearing a wide-leaved loosely-shaped hat of dark felt, with a silken cord round the crown; a high ruff encircled his neck, while a loose surcoat of gray frieze cloth, over a tawny leather doublet, with wide slashed underclothes, completed his costume. Balthazar Gerard presented himself at the doorway and asked for a passport. The Princess, struck by the man's pale and agitated countenance, anxiously questioned her husband concerning the stranger. The Prince of Orange carelessly observed that it was merely a person who came for a passport, ordering at the same time that his secretary should prepare one. His wife, still anxious, observed in an undertone that she "had never seen so villainous a countenance." Orange, however, not at all impressed by Gerard's appearance, conducted himself at table with his usual cheerfulness, conversing with the Burgomaster of Leewarden, the only guest present at the family dinner, concerning the religious and political aspects of Friesland. At two o'clock the company rose from the table. The Prince led the way, intending to pass to his private apartments above. The dining-room, which was on the ground floor, opened on to a little square vestibule, which communicated through an arched passage-way with the main entrance into the courtyard. This vestibule was also at the foot of the wooden staircase leading to the next floor, and was scarcely six feet in width. Upon its left side, approaching the stairway, was an obscure arch, sunk deep into the wall, and completely in the shadow of the door. Behind this arch a portal opened into the narrow lane at the side of the house. The stairs themselves were lighted by a large window halfway up the flight. The Prince came from the dining-room, and began leisurely to ascend the stairs. He had only reached the second stair when a man emerged from the sunken arch and, standing close to him, discharged a pistol into his body. Three balls pierced him, one of which, passing quite through him, struck the wall beyond. The Prince exclaimed: "O my God! have mercy on my soul. O my God! have mercy on my poor people." These were the last words he spoke, save that when his sister asked him if he commended his soul to Jesus Christ, he faintly answered "Yes." He was placed on the stairs for an instant, when he immediately began to swoon. He was afterwards carried to a couch in the dining-room, where in a few minutes he breathed his last in the arms of his wife. The fury of the people against the wretch who had destroyed the Father of the country was uncontrollable, and

William the Silent was no longer alive to intercede, as he had done before, in behalf of those who assailed his life. On being interrogated by the magistrates, Gerard manifested neither despair nor contrition, but rather a quiet exultation in the deed he had done. He said: "Like David, I have slain Goliath of Gath." He deliberately wrote a detailed confession of his crime, and of the motives and manner of its commission, taking care, however, not to implicate the Prince of Parma in the transaction. After sustaining day after day the most horrible tortures, during the intervals of repose from the rack he conversed with ease, and even with eloquence, answering all questions addressed to him with apparent sincerity. His constancy in suffering so astounded his judges, that they believed him to be supported by witchcraft. "Ecce homo!" he exclaimed from time to time, with insane blasphemy, as he raised his blood-streaming head from the bench, and avowed that he would repeat his crime, if possible, were he to die a thousand deaths in consequence. He thanked his judges for the food he received in prison, and promised to recompense them for the favour: on being asked how that was possible, he replied that he would serve as their advocate in Paradise. The sentence pronounced against the assassin was terrible; a crime indeed against the memory of the great man whom it professed to avenge. It was decreed that the right hand of Gerard should be burnt off with a red hot iron; that his flesh should be torn from his bones with pincers in six different places; that he should be quartered and disembowelled alive; that his heart should be torn from his bosom, and flung in his face; and that finally his head should be cut off. Not even his atrocious crime, with its endless consequences, nor the natural frenzy of indignation which it had excited, could justify this savage decree, to rebuke which the murdered hero might almost have risen from the sleep of death. The sentence was literally executed on the 14th of July, the criminal supporting its horrors with the same astonishing fortitude. So calm were his nerves, crippled and half-roasted as he was when he mounted the scaffold, that when one of the executioners was slightly injured in the ear by the flying from its handle of the hammer with which he was breaking the fatal pistol in pieces, as a preliminary to the execution (a circumstance which produced a general laugh in the crowd), a smile was observed upon Gerard's face in sympathy with the general hilarity. His lips were seen to move up to the moment when his heart was thrown in his face. "Then," said an onlooker, "he gave up the ghost."

Authority: Motley's "Dutch Republic."



MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

The Death of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots. Born 1542. Died 1587.

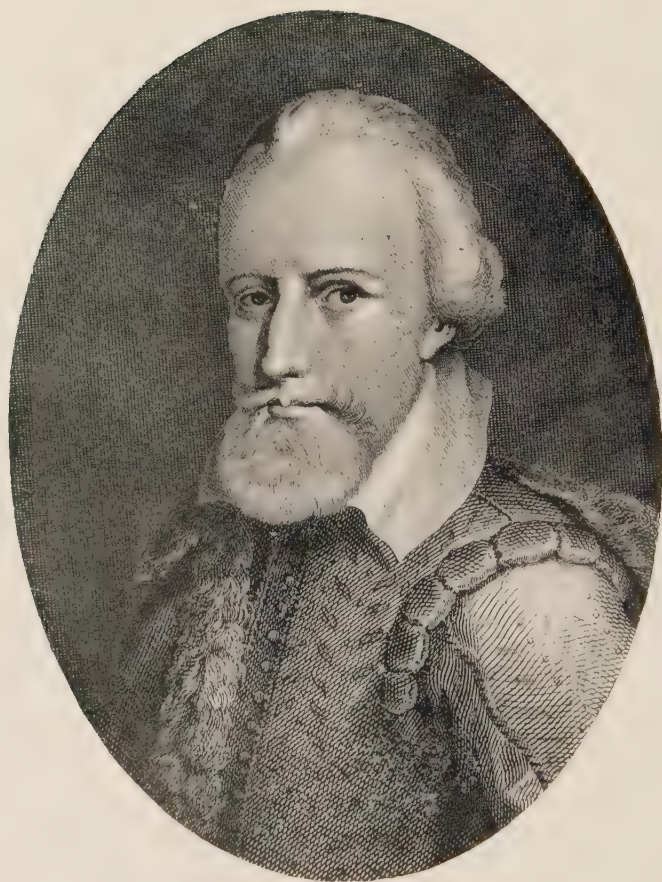
QUEEN MARY'S last night was a busy one: as she said herself, there was much to be done and the time was short. A few lines to the King of France, her brother-in-law, were dated two hours after midnight. They were to insist for the last time that she was innocent of any conspiracy, that she was dying for her religion and for having asserted her right to the Crown, and to beg that out of the sum which he owed her, the wages of her servants might be paid and masses said for her soul. After this she slept for three or four hours, and then rose and with the most elaborate care prepared to encounter the end. At eight in the morning the Provost-Marshal knocked at her door; a few minutes later it was opened, and he was confronted with the tall majestic figure of Mary Stuart. She wore a robe of black satin; her jacket was of the same material, slashed and trimmed with velvet. Her hair was arranged with a coif, and over her head she wore a white veil of delicate lawn. A crucifix of gold hung from her neck, and in her hand she held another of ivory; and thus, with the Sheriff walking before her, she passed to the chamber of presence, where the Earls of Shrewsbury, Kent, and others were waiting to receive her. She asked for her chaplain: he was not present. Her ladies, who had attempted to follow her, had been kept back also; missing them, she asked the reason of their absence, and said she wished them to see her die. Kent said he feared they might scream or faint, or attempt perhaps to dip their handkerchiefs in her blood. She undertook that they should be quiet and obedient. "The Queen," she said, "would never deny her so slight a request." It was indeed impossible to refuse. She was allowed to take six of her own people with her and selected them herself. "Allons donc," she then said, "Let us go," and leaning on the arm of an officer of the guard and attended by the Earls, she descended the great staircase to the hall of Fotheringay Castle. About three hundred knights and gentlemen of the county had been admitted to witness the execution. At the upper end of the hall stood the scaffold, twelve feet square and two feet and a half high. It was covered with black cloth, and the Sheriff's guard was ranged on its four sides to keep off the crowd. The Queen of Scots as she swept in seemed as if coming to take a part in some solemn pageant. Not a muscle of her face could be seen to quiver; she ascended the scaffold with perfect composure, looked round her smiling, and sat down. The warrant was read aloud, but in all that assembly Mary Stuart appeared the person least interested in the words which were consigning her to death. "Madam," said Lord Shrewsbury, "you hear what we are commanded to do?" "You will do your duty," she answered, and rose as if to kneel and pray. The Dean of Peterborough, Dr. Fletcher, approached her. "Madam," he began with a low obeisance. "Mr. Dean," she said, "I am a Catholic and shall die a Catholic. Your prayers will avail me little," and she turned her back on

him and knelt for her own devotions. When she knelt, he commenced an extempore prayer, and as his voice resounded in the hall, she raised her own, reciting in powerful, deep-chested tones one of the Penitential Psalms in Latin, introducing English sentences at intervals so that the audience might know what she was saying, and praying with especial distinctness for her holy father the Pope. From time to time, with conspicuous vehemence, she struck the crucifix on her bosom, and then, as the Dean gave up the struggle, she left her Latin and prayed loud and clear in English: "Even as Thy arms, O Jesus, were spread upon the cross, so receive me into Thy mercy and forgive my sins." With these words she arose: the executioners stepped forward and in the usual form begged her forgiveness. "I forgive you," she said, "for now I hope you shall end all my troubles." Her ladies were then allowed to come on to the scaffold to assist her. She laid her crucifix on her chair. The chief executioner at once took it as a perquisite, but was ordered instantly to lay it down by the Earl of Shrewsbury. The lawn veil was lifted off carefully by one of her women so as not to disturb her hair. The black robe was then removed; below it was a petticoat of crimson velvet. The black jacket followed, and under the jacket was a body of crimson satin. One of her ladies handed her a pair of crimson sleeves, and thus she stood on the black scaffold, blood-red from head to feet. Her women, whose firmness had hitherto borne the trial, now began to give way. "Ne criez pas," she said, "j'ai promis pour vous." Then she knelt on the cushion, and one of her ladies bound a kerchief over her eyes. "Adieu!" she said, smiling, "Adieu! au revoir." They stepped back and she was left alone; then she felt for the block and, laying down her head, said: "In manus Domine tuas, commendo animam meam." The hard wood seemed to hurt her, for she placed her hands under her neck. The executioners gently removed them lest they should deaden the blow, and one of them holding her slightly, the other raised the axe and struck. The scene had been too trying even for the practised headsmen of the Tower. His arm wandered: the blow fell on the knot of the handkerchief and scarcely broke the skin. She neither spoke nor moved. He struck again: this time effectively. The head hung by a shred of skin, which he divided without withdrawing the axe; and at once a metamorphosis was witnessed, strange as was ever wrought by wand of fabled enchanter. The coif fell off and with it the false plaits of hair. The illusion vanished. The high lady who had knelt before the block was in the maturity of grace and loveliness. The executioner, when he raised the head as usual to show it to the crowd, exposed the features of a grizzled, wrinkled, care-worn old woman.

"So perish all the Queen's enemies," cried the Dean of Peterborough: a loud Amen rose from the spectators in the hall. "Such end," said the Earl of Kent standing over the body, "Such end be to the Queen's and Gospel's enemies."

This was the last scene of the life of Mary Stuart, in which tragedy and melodrama were so strangely commingled.

Authority: Froude's History.



SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE.

1541-1591.

From an engraving.

The Death of Sir Richard Grenville, of Bideford.

Born 1541. Died 1591.

IN August 1591 Sir Richard Grenville commanded the "Revenge" in Lord Thomas Howard's squadron, when they fell in with a Spanish fleet of 53 sail off Flores in the Azores. Eleven out of the twelve English ships obeyed the signal of the Admiral to cut their cables and escape as best they could. The twelfth, the "Revenge," was unable to do so, as some 90 of her crew of 190 were sick on shore. Sir Richard Grenville, who commanded the "Revenge," was in no haste to fly. He first got all his sick men on board and then weighed anchor in due form. The Spanish fleet were now fast approaching, but as Raleigh says in his beautiful narrative: "Sir Richard utterly refused to turn from the enemy, alleging that he would rather choose to die than to dishonour himself, his country, and her Majesty's ship, persuading his company that he would pass through their two squadrons in spite of them, and enforce those of Seville to give him way: which he performed on diverse of the foremost, who, as the mariners term it, sprang their luff and fell under the lee of the 'Revenge.' But the other course had been the better; and might right well have been answered in so great an impossibility of prevailing; notwithstanding, out of the greatness of his mind he could not be persuaded." The wind was light; and the "San Philip," a great Spanish vessel of 1,500 tons, came up to windward of him, and taking the wind out of his sails ran aboard him. The narrative goes on: After the "Revenge" was entangled with the "San Philip" four others boarded her. The fight thus beginning at three o'clock in the afternoon continued very terrible all that evening. But the great "San Philip," having received the discharge of the guns in the lower tier of the "Revenge," shifted herself with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment. The Spanish ships were filled with soldiers, in some 200 besides the mariners, in some 500, in others 800. In ours there were none at all, besides the mariners, but the servants of the commander and some few voluntary gentlemen only. After many interchanged volleys of great ordnance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the "Revenge," and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitude of their armed soldiers and musketeers; but were still repulsed again and again, and at all times beaten back into their own ships or into the sea. In the beginning of the fight the "George Noble" of London, which had come to Grenville's assistance, having received some shot through her by the Armadas, fell under the lee of the "Revenge" and asked Sir Richard what he would command him; but being one of the victuallers and of small force, Sir Richard bade him save himself and leave him to his fortune. All that night the fight continued. Fifteen Spanish ships were beaten off in turn; two were sunk, two disabled, and 1,500 of their men slain or drowned; but the "Revenge" was by this time a helpless

wreck: her powder spent, forty out of her hundred sound men killed, and a great many of the rest hurt. Sir Richard, being himself badly wounded, seeing it was past hope, commanded the master gunner to split and sink the ship that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards; but he was overborne by the survivors of his crew, and the "Revenge" was surrendered to the enemy on honourable terms. The Spanish Admiral sent his own boat to bring Sir Richard aboard his own vessel, but Sir Richard, whose life was fast ebbing away, replied that he might do with his body what he list, for that he esteemed it not; and as he was carried out of the ship he swooned, and, reviving again, desired the company to pray for him. In a few hours Sir Richard, feeling his end approaching, showed not any sign of faintness, but spake these words in Spanish: "Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do that hath fought for his country, queen, religion, and honour. Whereby my soul most joyfully departeth out of this body, and shall always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier that hath done his duty as he was bound to do." When he had finished these words, he gave up the ghost with great and stout courage, and no man could perceive any sign of heaviness in him. Such was the fight at Flores in that August of 1591, without its equal in such of the annals of mankind as history has preserved to us—to the glory, as I think, of Sir Richard Grenville, and to the everlasting shame of Sir Thomas Howard.

Authority: Froude.



MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE.

From an engraving by Gautherot and Weber.

The Death of Michel de Montaigne (the Wise Master).
Born 1533. Died 1592.

THE thought of Death runs like a thread through all the writings of Montaigne; he played with it, dallied with it, collected instances of remarkable deaths, and even when he himself met with an accident, he used his experience curiously as an approach to what he called "the Master Day." Thus he speaks: "I fortun'd one day for recreation sake to go forth and take the air about a league from my house. I was mounted on a very easy-going nag, but one not very sure footed. On my returning home one of my men, a strong sturdy fellow, mounted upon a young horse with a desperate hard mouth, wishing to outgo his fellows, set spurs to his horse and came right into the path where I was riding along, and, like a Colossus, riding over me and my nag he overthrew us both, making us fall with our heels upwards, so that my beast lay astonied in one place and I, in a trance, ten or twelve paces wide of him; my face all torn and bruised, my sword a good way from me, and my girdle broken: there I lay with no more sense in me than a stock or a stone. Those that were with me, after they had assayed all possible means to bring me to myself again, supposing me dead took me in their arms and with much ado were carrying me home to my house, which was about a league thence. After about two hours space I began to stir and breathe, and was immediately set on my feet, when bending forward I presently cast up as much pure blood as a bucket would hold, whereby I began to recover a little life. When I began to see, it was with so dim and so troubled a sight that I could hardly discern anything. I perceived myself all bloody. The first conceit I had was that I had been shot in the head. I closed my eyes and took a kind of pleasure to linger, and languishingly to let myself go from myself. It was an imagination not only exempted from displeasure, but rather commixed with that pleasant sweetness which they feel that suffer themselves to fall into a sense-entrancing sleep. I believe it is the same state they find themselves in whom, in the agony of death, we see to droop and faint through weakness, and I am of opinion that we plain and moan them without cause; for it was ever my belief that those whom we see so overwhelmed at the approach of their end, have their soul and body buried and asleep. And now, lying as in a trance, I laboured with my nails to open my doublet (for I was unarmed) for there are several motions in us that proceed not from our free will. When I came near my house, where the tidings of my fall were already come, and those of my household met me with outcries such as are used at like times, I did not only answer some words to what was demanded of me, but some tell me I did command my men to give my wife a horse, perceiving her to be over-tired, the way being very hilly and rugged. It seemed as if this consideration proceeded from a vigilant soul, yet was I clean distracted from

it as in a cloud, being only moved by the sense of the eyes and ears, but not from myself. All which notwithstanding, I knew neither whence I came, nor whither I went, and in the meantime my state was very pleasant and easeful. I felt no manner of care either for myself or for others. I saw my own house and knew it not, but when I was laid on my bed I felt great ease and rest. Many remedies were offered me, but I took none, supposing verily that I had received a deadly hurt in the head, and to say the truth, it had been a very happy death:—but when two or three hours afterwards I began to come to life again, I presently found myself full of aches and pains all my body over. This discourse of so slight and vain an accident is but frivolous, were it not for the instructions I have drawn from thence for my own use; indeed, for a man to acquaint himself with death, I find no better way than to approach unto it. Lo! here at the last cast all our lives and actions must be touched and tried. It is the Master Day that judgeth all others. I have seen divers by their deaths who gave reputation to all their forepassed lives, and in my time I have seen three of the most execrable people that ever I knew in all abominations of life, dying very orderly and quietly, and in every circumstance composed even to perfection.”

On the 10th September 1592 the Master was suddenly seized at Montaigne with a quinsy, which from the first threatened to be fatal. For three whole days he lay, perfectly conscious, but unable to utter a word. The proper arrangement of his worldly affairs occupied him a good deal. He had already made his will, but now got up from bed in his shirt, put on his morning gown, opened his cabinet, sent for his servants and others to whom he had left legacies, and paid them in ready cash, foreseeing the difficulties which his heirs would raise. At last, feeling his end approaching, he begged his wife, writing on a slip of paper, to send for certain gentlemen, his friends and neighbours, that he might take leave of them; when they had arrived, and just as the priest was elevating the Host, “this poor gentleman,” says Pasquier, “leaped forward as well as he was able, on his bed, with his hands clasped, and in this last act, gave up his soul to God.” The date of his death was the 13th September 1592, and his exact age was fifty-nine years, six months and three days. His body lies buried in the Chapel of the Feuillans at Bordeaux. The tomb is still in good preservation.

In the eighteenth chapter of John Florio’s translation of “The Essays of Montaigne,” in the first book, which is entitled, “That we should not judge of our happiness until after our death,” it is written: “When I judge of other men’s lives, I ever respect how they have behaved themselves in their end; and my chiefest study is, I may well demeane myself at my last gaspe, that is to say, quietly and constantly.”

Authorities: B. St. John; Montaigne’s “Essays,” tr. J. Florio, ed. W. E. Henley; Biographie Universelle.



QUEEN ELISABETH.

From an engraving by Berolini of the picture by J. D. Schlenen.

The Death of Elizabeth Tudor, Queen of England.

Born 7th September 1533. Died 24th March 1603.

LORD BACON said of Queen Elizabeth: "Some of the graver sort may perhaps aggravate her levities in loving to be admired and courted; nay, to have love poems made on her, and continuing this humour longer than was decent for her years," and so it was in the decline of her life, when saddened by the death of her favourite Leicester, that the young Earl of Essex, of a character congenial to her own, became a candidate for her favour. In the waning of her womanhood, her passion for him was to be the Nemesis following her lifelong levity and misprision of Love. It was indeed the immediate cause of her death. Happier would it have been for the Queen and her ill-fated favourite, had they listened to Bacon's warning voice. Essex paid the forfeiture of his unrestrained temper by the stroke of the axe: but Elizabeth suffered the lingering torture of a broken heart. Her ardent and unappeasable affection for this young man brought her constant misery, but his pride and presumption at last hardened her heart. Her two ruling passions were personal vanity and love of dominion: both these were outraged by Essex, who proclaimed that "he would serve no one with base obsequiousness," and that "he was thrust down into private life by an old woman no less crooked in mind than she was in body." This was repeated to the Queen, who then at last realized that she had not been loved for herself. The Earl of Essex carried his rash imprudence to such a point at last as to raise the standard of rebellion against his sovereign, and he was arrested and condemned to death. The dangerous position of her favourite caused a renewal in the Queen's heart of all the tender sentiments of old times. She experienced the most real agitation, the most painful irresolution. Resentment and love, pride and compassion, the care of her own safety, her affection for the offender, all raised a fearful combat in her mind. She was perhaps more worthy of pity than Essex himself. She signed the death-sentence, she countermanded it, but what finally closed her mind to pity was the resolute manner in which the Earl refused to ask for mercy from her. On a previous occasion she had given him a ring which she begged him always to wear as a mark of her affection, assuring him that whatever offence he might commit and no matter how angry she might be with him, if he sent her the ring she would pardon him. Now Essex, after his condemnation to death, had confided the ring to the Countess of Nottingham to carry to Elizabeth: the Earl of Nottingham prevented his wife from doing this, and Essex was executed in the Tower on the 25th February 1601: but the Queen loved him still and mourned his loss. The same year the Ambassador of France, in a letter to his master Henri IV, reported that he had had a strange conversation with the Queen of England about the late Earl of Essex, and that her Majesty, after railing at her dead favourite, had opened a casket and shown the very

head of Essex which had been embalmed and preserved by her orders. Two years afterwards, when the Countess of Nottingham on her death-bed avowed the fact that her husband had forced her to keep back the ring which had been sent by her hands to the Queen from Essex, as a token of his repentance and the pledge of her clemency, Elizabeth was not mistress of her emotion. "God may pardon you," she said to the dying Countess, "but I never will." From that moment she seemed to have received a fatal blow. In the beginning of June 1602, the French Ambassador reported another conversation with the Queen in which, after owning herself to be weary of life, with sighs and tears in her eyes she touched upon the subject of the death of the Earl of Essex, and said that having been apprehensive from the impetuosity of his temper and his ambition that he would plunge himself into destruction by some ill design, she had advised him two years before to content himself by pleasing her on all occasions, and not to show rude and insolent contempt for her as he had done, but to take care not to touch her sceptre lest she should be obliged to punish him according to the law of England, and not according to her own wishes which had always been mild and favourable to him; but that her advices, however salutary and affectionate, could not prevent his ruin. The Ambassador reported later that the Queen's health grew worse, and that she appeared in a manner insensible to all around her, holding her finger continually in her mouth with her eyes open and fixed upon the ground, where she sat upon cushions without rising or resting herself, being greatly emaciated by her long watching and fasting. In his last letter on the subject he says that the Queen draws to her end and had been given up by the doctors. She had at last been persuaded to go to bed, but it was evident she had not long to live. The Council, being assembled, sent the Lord Keeper, the Lord High Admiral, and the Secretary to know her will as regards her successor. She answered in a faint voice that, as she had held a royal sceptre, so she desired no other than a royal successor. Cecil begged her to explain her wishes more particularly, and she then indicated the King of Scots as her heir. Being then advised by the Archbishop of Canterbury to fix her thoughts on God, she replied that she did so nor did her mind in the least wander from Him. After that she seemed to grow a little better and asked for some broth, but soon after lost her power of speech and from that time refused all nourishment, lying on her side motionless, without speaking or looking at any one, until she fell into a lethargy which continued for some hours, when she expired gently, without a struggle, in the seventieth year of her age and forty-fifth of her reign, on 24th March 1603 at Richmond, Surrey.

Authorities: Froude's "History"; "Life of Bacon" by Montagu; Biographie Universelle.



SIR WALTER RALEIGH.
From an engraving by W. Sharp.

The Death of Sir Walter Raleigh. Born 1552.

Died 29th October 1618.

IN 1603, in the time of King James the First, Sir Walter Raleigh had been charged, along with other English noblemen and gentlemen, with carrying on a treasonable correspondence with the Court of Spain, having for its end the subversion of the monarchy and the deposition of the King; and on wholly insufficient evidence, by a base subserviency on the part of the jury, and owing also to the enmity of Robert Cecil, he had been found guilty of high treason and had been committed to the Tower. Here he made use of his enforced leisure to compose and write his celebrated "History of the World." After some twelve years of close imprisonment he was released in 1616, at the instance of Villiers, for whose intercession he had to pay what was to him a relatively large sum of money. Thankful at regaining his freedom, and anxious to re-establish himself, if possible by success, in the King's good graces, he undertook an expedition to Guiana, where his men, tempted by the hope of finding gold, broke from his control and destroyed a Spanish settlement, although Raleigh had been warned to avoid hostilities, our nation being at that time nominally at peace with Spain. Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, whose brother had been killed in resisting Raleigh's men, demanded justice from King James. The King, in order to retain a power over Sir Walter Raleigh, had not granted him a pardon, so that he was still under sentence from his previous condemnation; and on his return to England in July 1618 he was arrested, and, after a brief enquiry, hardly to be called a trial, James signed the warrant for his execution on the former sentence. John Aubrey, in his "Lives of Eminent Men," says of Sir Walter Raleigh: "In his speeche on the scaffold I heard it said that he spake not one worde of Christ, but of the great and incomprehensible God with much zeale and adoration, so that it is concluded that he was an a-Christ and not an atheist. He tooke a pipe of tobacco a little while before he went to the scaffold, which some formall persones were scandalized at, but I thinke it was well and properly done to settle his spirits."

Raleigh's behaviour on the scaffold was perfectly calm and collected, and after addressing the people briefly in his own justification, he turned to the block and meditatively took the axe from the executioner, trying its edge with his thumb; then turning to the sheriff, who was standing by, he said: "This is a sharp medicine, Sir, but methinks it is one that will cure all diseases." Then he submitted himself to the stroke of death with perfect composure. His body was buried privately under the high altar at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, and near him lies the body of James Harrington, the author of "Oceana." John Aubrey describes Raleigh as follows: "He was a tall handsome bold man, but his fault was that he was most damnably proud. Notwithstanding his so great mastership in style

and his converse with the most learned and polite persons, yet he spoke broad Devonshire to his dying day. His voice was small. He was scandalized with atheisme. He was a bold man, and would venture on discourse which was unpleasant to the churchmen." The night before his execution he wrote the following lines:

“ Even such is Time, that takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
Who, in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days:
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God will raise me up I trust.”

Authorities: P. F. Tytler; E. Edwards, “History of England”; J. Aubrey.

The Death of Jacob Böhme (Shoemaker and Mystic).
Born 1575, at Old Seidenberg, a village near
Görlitz. Died 21st November 1624.

WHILE Jacob Böhme was staying in Silesia, at the house of one of his noble friends, to whose estate he had journeyed in order to spend a few weeks there, he fell into a burning fever from which developed a mortal gastric disease. He had a presentiment of his approaching end, and at his own request was carried back to Görlitz, where he was attended by Dr. Kober. After an illness of about a fortnight he asked for the sacrament, which the new clergyman would only administer on condition that Böhme subscribed the Lutheran Confession of Faith, a demand with which Böhme was able in all sincerity to comply. He awaited death with composure. On Sunday 21st November 1624, shortly after midnight, he called his son Tobias, and asked him if he did not hear that sweet harmonious music. As Tobias heard nothing, his father begged him to set wide the door that he might better hear it. He then asked what was the hour, and being told that it had just struck two, he said: "My time is not yet; three hours hence is my time." After a silence he exclaimed: "O Thou strong God of Sabaoth, deliver me according to thy Will!" and immediately afterwards: "Thou crucified Lord Jesus Christ, have mercy on me and take me to Thyself into Thy Kingdom." A little later he gave instructions where some of his manuscripts would be found, and expressed the hope that the noble friend he had visited in Silesia would provide for his widow, but also assured her that she would speedily follow him; as indeed took place, for she died of the plague in the following year. At six in the morning he suddenly bade them farewell with a smile, saying: "Now I go hence to Paradise." Whereupon he yielded up his spirit.

His bodily appearance was mean; he was small of stature, had a low forehead but prominent temples, a rather aquiline nose, a scanty beard, gray eyes sparkling into blue, and a feeble but genial voice. He was modest in his bearing, unassuming in conversation, lowly in conduct, patient in suffering, and gentle-hearted.

Authorities: Frankenburg; and "Life of Jacob Böhme" by Martensen.



JOHANNES DÖNNE.
From an engraving by W. Sketton.

The Death of Dr. John Donne, Poet and Divine.
Born 1573. Died 1631.

IT is observed that a desire of glory or commendation is rooted in the very nature of man; and that those of the severest and most mortified lives, though they may become so humble as to banish self-flattery, yet have they not been able to kill this desire of glory, but that, like our radical heat, it will both live and die with us; and many think it should do so; and we want not sacred examples to justify the desire of having our memory out-live our lives. This I mention because Dr. Donne yielded at this time to have a monument made for him.

A monument being resolved on, Dr. Donne sent for a carver to make for him in wood the figure of an urn, and to bring with it a board of the just height of his body. These being had, then a choice painter was got to draw his picture. Several charcoal fires being first made in his large study, he brought with him into that place his winding sheet, and having put off his clothes, had this sheet put on him, and so tied with knots at his head and feet, and his hands so placed, as dead bodies are usually shrouded and put into their coffin. Upon the urn he then stood, with his eyes shut, and with so much of the sheet turned aside as might show his lean, pale, and death-like face. In this posture he was drawn, and when the picture was fully finished he caused it to be set by his bedside, where it continued till his death. His dearest friend and executor, Dr. Henry King, then chief Residentiary of St. Paul's, caused him to be thus carved in one entire piece of white marble, as it now stands in that church. Upon the Monday, after the drawing of this picture, he took his last leave of his beloved study; and, being sensible of his hourly decay, retired himself to his bed-chamber; and that week sent at several times for his most considerable friends, of whom he took a solemn and deliberate farewell, and then dismissed them, as good Jacob did his sons, with a spiritual benediction. The Sunday following he appointed his servants, that if there were any business yet undone that concerned him or themselves, it should be prepared against Saturday next; for after that day he would not mix his thoughts with anything that concerned this world. Nor did he ever; but, as Job, so he "waited for the appointed day of his dissolution."

He did much contemplate (especially after he entered into his sacred calling) the mercies of Almighty God, the immortality of the soul, and the joys of Heaven: and would often say in a kind of sacred ecstasy: "Blessed be God that He is God, only and divinely like himself."

Authority: Izaak Walton.



GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, KING OF SWEDEN.

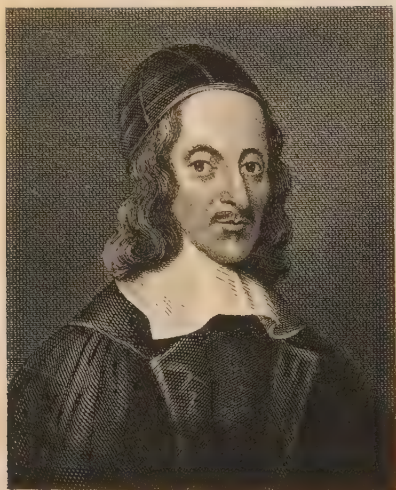
The Death of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden. Born 1594. Died 6th November 1632, at the Battle of Lützen.

AT last the dreaded morning dawned; but a thick fog which lay brooding over the field delayed the attack till noon. Kneeling in front of his lines, the King offered up his devotions; the whole army at the same moment, dropping on their knees, uplifted a morning hymn. The King then mounted his horse, dressed in a buff jerkin (for his wound hindered him from putting on armour), and rode through the ranks, rousing the courage of his troops to a cheerful confidence. "God with us" was the battle word of the Swedes; that of the Imperialists was "Jesus, Maria." About eleven o'clock the fog began to lift and Wallenstein's lines became visible. At the same time, too, were seen the flames of Lützen which the Duke had ordered to be set on fire in order that he might not be outflanked on that side. At length the trumpets sounded and the battle was joined. The right wing, led by the King in person, fell upon the left wing of the Friedlanders: the first onset of the heavy Finland Cuirassiers scattered the light mounted Poles and Croats, and their flight spread disorder over the rest of the enemy's cavalry. At this moment tidings reached the King that his infantry were losing ground, and that his left, exposed to a tremendous fire from the windmills behind Lützen, could no longer keep their place. With quick decision he committed to Van Horn the task of pursuing the routed left wing of the enemy, and he himself at the head of Steinbock's regiment hastened to restore the confusion on his own left. With impetuosity he pushed on ahead, and none but a few horsemen, among whom was Franz Albert, Duke of Sachsen-Lauenburg, could keep up with him. He galloped straight to the place where his own infantry were sorely pressed, and a sergeant on the Imperial side seeing him, ordered one of his musketeers to fire on him, saying: "Aim at that man there, he must be a man of some consequence." The soldier fired and the King's arm was shattered by the ball. At that instant his cavalry came up and a cry arose: "The King bleeds! the King is shot!" which spread dismay among the ranks. "It is nothing," said the King, "follow me," but finding his strength was failing he desired the Duke of Lauenburg in French to take him quietly out of the tumult. The Duke turned the King's horse to the right, making a circuit to conceal the accident from the desponding infantry, but as they rode along a second bullet struck the King in the back. "I have got enough, brother," said he in a dying voice, "haste and save thyself." With these words he fell from his horse and breathed out his life. His horse flying on without a rider announced to the Swedish cavalry the fall of their King, and with wild yells they rushed to the spot to snatch his sacred body from the enemy. A deadly fight ensued around the corpse, which was soon buried beneath a mound of slain men and horses. The dreadful tidings spread quickly over the Swedish

army, but did not deaden the courage of those hardy North men. With grim fury the Upland, Småland, Finnish, and Gothland regiments dashed on the enemy and drove them from the field. But how dear a victory, how sad a triumph! After long searching they found the royal corpse not far from the great stone which had stood for centuries between Lützen and the Messeburg Canal, which stone has since borne the name of Schwedenstein—the stone of the Swede. Defaced with wounds and blood, trodden under the hoofs of horses, stripped of his ornaments, the King's body was drawn from out the heap of bodies and brought to Weissenfels, and there delivered to the lamentations of his troops and the last embraces of his Queen. Individual grief was drowned in universal sorrow. Astounded by this overwhelming stroke, the generals in blank despondency stood round his bier, and none yet ventured to conceive the full extent of their loss.

On his return to Saxony in 1632, shortly before the battle of Lützen, the people had received him with such extraordinary acclamations, that he said to his chaplain: "I fear lest God should punish me for the madness of the people. Would not one think that they look upon me as a divinity? He who is called 'a jealous God' might well bring it home to them that I am but a weak mortal." His presentiment did not deceive him.

Authority: Schiller, translated by Carlyle.



*George Herbert.
from an engraving.*

The Death of Mr. George Herbert, Poet and Divine.
Born 1593. Died 1633.

THE Sunday before his death, he rose suddenly from his couch, called for one of his instruments, took it into his hand and said:

“My God, my God,
My music shall find Thee, and ev’ry string
Shall have his attribute to sing.”

And having tuned the instrument he played and sang:

“The Sundays of man’s life,
Threaded together on time’s string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King;
On Sunday heaven’s gate stands ope,
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.”

Thus he sang on earth such hymns and anthems as the angels. Thus he continued meditating, praying, and rejoicing till the day of his death, and on that day said to Mr. Woodnot: “My dear friend, I am sorry I have nothing to present to my merciful God but sin and misery; but the first is pardoned, and a few hours will now put a period to the latter, for I shall suddenly go hence and be no more seen.” After this discourse he became more restless, and his soul seemed to be weary of her earthly tabernacle; and this uneasiness became so visible that his wife and Mr. Woodnot, standing constantly about his bed, beheld him with sorrow. As they stood thus beholding him, his wife observed him to breathe faintly and with much trouble, and observed him fall into a sudden agony; which so surprised her that she fell into a passion, and required of him to know how he did. To which he made answer that “he had passed a conflict with his last enemy and had overcome him by the merits of his master Jesus.” After which he looked up, and seeing his wife and nieces weeping to an extremity he charged them, “if they loved him, to withdraw into the next room and there pray for him; for nothing but their lamentations could make his death uncomfortable.” To which request their sighs and tears would not suffer them to make any reply; but they yielded him a sad obedience, leaving only with him Mr. Woodnot and Mr. Bostock. Immediately after they had left him, he said to Mr. Bostock: “Pray, Sir, open that door, then look into that cabinet in which you may easily find my last will, and give it into my hand.” Which being done, Mr. Herbert delivered it into the hand of Mr. Woodnot and said: “My old friend, I here deliver to you my last will, in which you will find that I have made you my sole executor for the good of my wife and nieces; and I desire you to show kindness to

them, as they shall need it. I do not desire you to be just, for I know you will be so for your own sake; but I charge you, by the religion of our friendship, to be careful of them." And having obtained Mr. Woodnot's promise to be so, he said: "I am now ready to die." After which he said: "Lord, forsake me not now my strength faileth me; but grant me mercy for the merits of my Jesus. And now, Lord—Lord, now receive my soul." And with these words he breathed forth his divine soul, without any apparent disturbance, Mr. Woodnot and Mr. Bostock attending his last breath and closing his eyes.

"Your heads must come
To the cold tomb:
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust."

Authority: Izaak Walton.



CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

The Death of Armand Jean du Plessis, Cardinal, Duc de Richelieu. Born 1585. Died 1642.

THE conspiracy of Cinq Mars was the last episode of importance in the life of Richelieu. The excitement of the struggle renewed for a moment his fading powers, but with its subsidence the process of decline became more rapid than ever. Unable to leave his litter, he was carried slowly from Lyons to Paris, travelling whenever it was possible by water. Everywhere he was received with the respect due to royalty. In some towns the gates were too narrow to admit the spacious litter, and the wall was promptly demolished to make room for its entry. At Fontainebleau the King, Louis XIII, came to meet him, and tried to atone for past coldness by the warmth of his greeting. On 4th November 1642 he reached the Palais Cardinal in Paris, which he was never to quit alive. The death struggles of the man who had so long controlled the destinies of France absorbed the attention of the Court and the City. On 2nd December prayers were offered up in the churches for the restoration of the Cardinal to health. On the same day King Louis again visited the minister whom he had supported so faithfully and loved so little. The Cardinal bade his Master adieu, and asked that in memory of his services the interests of his family might be cared for, recommending the King to appoint Mazarin as his successor. On 29th November he began to spit blood, and had great difficulty in breathing. The doctors tried to relieve him by copious blood letting, but, as might have been expected, this only aggravated his sufferings. He awaited the end, however, with courage and composure, his intellect and resolution being unaffected by the approach of death. Growing rapidly worse he asked his physician how long he had to live. The answer was that it was impossible to say, but that doubtless God would prolong a life so necessary to France. "Tell me frankly," said the Cardinal, "not as a physician but as a friend." "You will be dead or cured in twenty-four hours," was the reply. "That is what I call talking," rejoined Richelieu, "I understand you." A little after midnight he received the Sacrament, and at three in the morning, extreme unction. "Do you pardon all your enemies?" asked the priest. "I have had none, save those of the State," answered the dying man. He met his end calmly and with confidence. The chamber in which he lay was thronged with people, for in those days a great man was not allowed to die in peace and privacy. "His assurance appals me," said a Bishop, as he noted the perfect confidence and calmness with which the Cardinal approached death. He lingered a day longer. Feeling his end approaching he turned to his niece, the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, whom he had loved best in the world, and said: "I beg you to retire. Do not allow yourself to suffer the pain of seeing me die." She left the room accordingly, and in a few minutes he was no more. He died on 4th December 1642, in the fifty-eighth year of his age, in the great palace he

had built for himself, and surrounded by the power and splendour for which he had toiled so long and so assiduously. Save to his family and his dependents his death caused no sorrow. "The Iron Cardinal was no more."

Authorities : Hanotaux ; J. B. Perkins ; Michelet ; R. Lodge.



EDWARD, LORD HERBERT, OF CHERBURY.

Ob. 1648.

*From an engraving by W. Holl of the original in the collection of the
Rt. Honble. Lord Viscount Clive.*

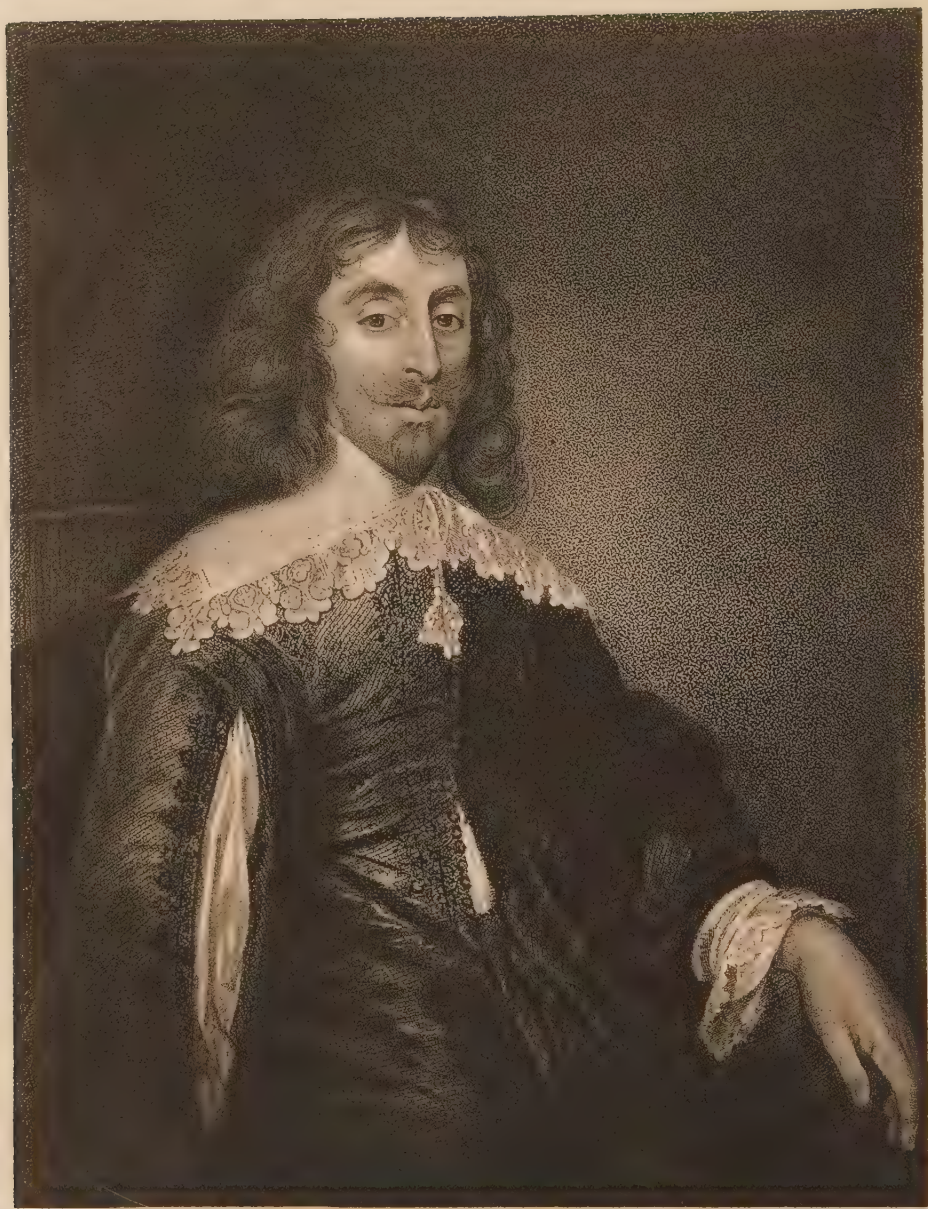
The Death of Edward Herbert, Lord Herbert of
Cherbury. Born 1582. Died 1648.

LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY was the opponent of Hobbes, protesting against the materialism of his day. He taught the existence in men of a faculty above sense and human understanding, to which they are subordinate and from which all our knowledge is derived. He boldly asserted the supremacy in all things of this spiritual faculty, especially its right and capacity to judge of all claims to revelation. John Aubrey, in his "Lives of Eminent Men," thus describes the death of Lord Herbert of Cherbury:—

Lord Primate Usher of Ireland was sent for by Lord Herbert when on his death-bed, as he would have received the Sacrament: he said indifferently of it, that if there was good in anything, 'twas in that, and if it did no good, 'twould do no hurt. The Primate refused him, for which he was blamed by many. Lord Herbert dyed in his house in Queen Street in the Parish of St. Giles, London, very serenely. He asked what was o'clock, and then said he, "an hour hence I shall depart." He then turned his head to the other side and expired. In his will he left orders to have his white horse, which he loved, to be well fed and carefully looked after as long as it should live. I have seen him several times with Sir John Danvers; he was a black man. In Brecknockshire, about three miles from Brecknock, is a village called Penkelly, [Anglice: Hazelwood] where is a little castle. It is an ancient seat of the Herberts. Mr. Herbert of this place, came by the mother's side of Wigan. The Lord Cherbury's ancestor came by the second venter, who was a miller's daughter. The greatest part of the estate was settled on the issue by the second venter, viz.: Montgomery Castle and Aberystwith. Upon this match with the miller's daughter are to this day recited or sung by the Welsh these verses, to this sense in English:

"O God! Woe is me miserable!
My father was a miller
And my mother a milleresse,
And I am now a ladie!"

Authority: Aubrey's "Lives of Eminent Men."



*Arthur, Lord Capel.
from an engraving.*

The Death of Arthur, Lord Capel. Born 1610.
Died 1649.

ARTHUR, LORD CAPEL brought before a High Court of Justice (as it was called), having offered brave arguments from the law of the land, the government of the nation, the nullity of their Court, the benefit of his Peerage, and the law that governed the world, meaning that he was promised quarter for his life; heard his sentence with a noble spirit, telling the judges that they needed not to have used such formalities in order to murder him. On March 9th, the day appointed for his execution, he wrote to his Lady wife "That, as she had always hearkened to his advice, so she would then for his sake, and for his dear children's sake, especially to moderate her sorrows and apprehensions for him." "I beseech thee," he wrote, "take care of thy health, sorrow not unusually but preserve thyself for the benefit of our dear children, to whom the occasion of my death will be as much honour as my death itself is now sadness." He kept himself in a very cheerful and well composed temper of mind, till his parting with his dear Lady, "which indeed was the saddest spectacle (writes a reverend man) that ever I beheld." Yet even then he did not forget to comfort and counsel her, particularly in blessing the young Lord, his son, whom he commanded not to revenge his death though it should be in his power, adding to this a legacy out of David's Psalms: "Lord, lead me in a plain path," for "Boy," said he, "I would have you to hate dissimulation and be a plain honest man." (Such indeed all the family were observed to be; for it is told that one day a Lord's man coming to his door at Buckfastley, Devon, desired Sir Arthur to hold his horse until he had waited on Sir Arthur Capel, which he did till the servants came out and discovered the error.) This being over, which he said was the hardest part of his life in this world, he dealt seriously with a Reverend Minister about his heart and his sins, reflecting much upon his cowardly complaisance and fear of a prevailing party in voting my Lord of Strafford's death; he then addressed himself to the blessed Sacrament, and after that he desired the Reverend person that administered to pray for him that he might behave himself as might be most for God's glory, for the endearing of his dead master's memory, and that he might avoid saying or doing anything that might savour of vanity or sullenness. Whence ascending the scaffold in the Palace Yard, Westminster, and forbidding all effeminate tears about him, he very Christianly forgave his enemies and the executioner; very resolutely declared his faith, dying as he said in the blessed profession of the Church of England and his hope, protesting that he loved good works well, for which he had been suspected of being a Papist. He very courageously owned his late Master's cause and person, whom he declared there (after a consideration he had, being a very excellent scholar), of all the Images of Princes that ever were, that he was the most virtuous and sufficient Prince

known in the world; he very heartily prayed for the restoration of his then Sovereign, that his people might be obedient and enjoy peace and prosperity, and solemnly desired the people's earnest but secret prayer that God Almighty would quench this issue of blood, adding "This will not do the business, but God Almighty will find some way to do it." He then encouraged the executioner to strike boldly, with noble expressions and a generous reward, and having ordered his body to be delivered to his servant, unstripped, he died with one blow, doing his Majesty much service in his life and more in his heroic death.

From "Memoirs of the Lives and Deaths of Noble, Reverend and Excellent Persons who suffered for the Protestant Religion in the late internecine Wars." By Dr. Lloyd, A.M., sometime of Oriel College, Oxon Printed in 1668, London.



*Charles the First.
from an engraving by W. Sharp, after Vanduyck*

The Death of King Charles I. Born 1600. Died 1649.

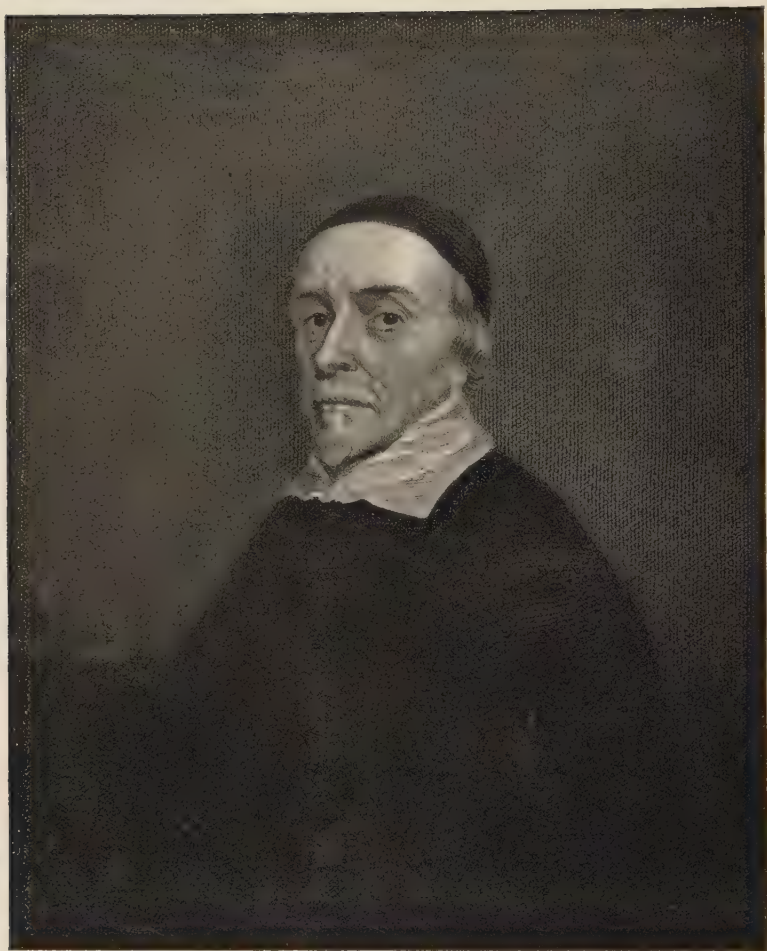
ON the fatal day, 30th January 1649, King Charles came cheerfully from St. James's to Whitehall, often calling on his slow guards that kept not pace with him to move faster, and with extraordinary alacrity ascended the stairs leading to the Long Gallery and so to the Cabinet chamber, whence, his supplications being ended, he went through the Banqueting House to the adjoining scaffold, showing no fear of death. He thought it to as little purpose to harangue the soldiers as to compliment a mastiff or a tiger, and the people were kept at such a distance that they might see but not hear: he therefore spoke shortly to those who stood near him. Dr. Juxon, who accompanied him on the scaffold, said: "Will your Majesty, for the world's satisfaction, say somewhat on the matter of Religion?" The King: "I thank you heartily, my Lord, for that I had almost forgotten it. In truth, Sirs, my conscience in Religion I think is very well known to all the world, and I declare before you all that I die a Christian, according to the profession of the Church of England, as I found it left me by my Father; and this honest man," pointing to Bishop Juxon, "will witness it." Then turning to Colonel Hacker he said: "Take care they do not put me to pain." Then one of the gentlemen coming near the axe, the King said: "Take heed of the axe. Hurt not the axe that may hurt me," meaning that they should not blunt the edge of the axe. Then speaking to the executioner he said: "I shall say but very short prayers and when I thrust out my hands——." Then the King asked Bishop Juxon for his nightcap, and having put it on said to the executioner: "Does my hair trouble you?" who desired him to put it all under his cap, which the King did accordingly by the help of the executioner and the Bishop. Then the King, turning to Dr. Juxon, said: "I have a good cause and a gracious God on my side." And the Bishop answered: "You go from a temporal to an eternal crown: a good exchange." The King then said to the executioner: "Is my hair well?" He then took off his cloak and "George," and giving his "George" to Dr. Juxon said: "Remember." Then the King put off his doublet, and being in his waistcoat put his cloak on again, and looking on the block said to the executioner: "You must set it fast." "It is fast," was the reply. The King: "When I put out my hands this way, stretching them out, then——." After that, having said two or three words as he stood to himself, with hands and eyes lifted up, he stooped down and laid his neck upon the block, and the executioner putting his hair under the cap the King thought he was going to strike, and cried out: "Stay for the sign." Executioner: "Yes, I will, an it please your Majesty." Then the King, after making some private ejaculations at the block as before a desk of prayer, submitted his sacred head to the one stroke of the axe which severed it from the body. The Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Hertford, the Earl of Southampton, and the Lord Bishop of London obtained an order to bury

the corpse, which four of the King's servants, Herbert, Mildmay, Preston, and Joyner, had carried to Windsor in a mourning coach; which they did in St. George's Chapel in a vault with Henry the Eighth and Jane Seymour his wife, whose coffins those were supposed to be that were found there, the officers of the garrison carrying the bier and the four Lords bearing up the corners of the velvet pall, about three in the afternoon, silently and sorrowfully and without any other solemnity than sighs and tears, the Governor refusing the use of the Common Prayer. Thus they committed the great King to the grave with the velvet pall over the coffin, upon which was fastened an inscription in lead, of these words "King Charles 1648."

“That thence the Royal actor borne
The tragic scaffold might adorn,
While round the armed bands
Did clap their bloody hands.
He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene;
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try;
Nor call'd the Gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right;
But bow'd his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.”

Andrew Marvell.

From the "Memoirs of the Life and Death of King Charles I," by Dr. Lloyd of Oriel College, Oxon, 1668. Also Wood's "Athenae Oxonienses," vol. ii, p. 703.



W. HARVEY, M.D.

From an engraving by E. Scriven of the original picture by C. Jansen, in the possession of the Royal Society.

The Death of Dr. William Harvey, distinguished Physician and Discoverer of the Circulation of the Blood. Born 1st April 1578, at Folkestone, Kent. Died 3rd June 1657.

WILLIAM HARVEY lies buried in a vault at Hempstead in Essex which his brother Eliab Harvey built. He is lapped in lead and on his breast in great letters is written: "Doctor William Harvey." I was at his funeral and helped to carry him into the vault. He died worth twenty thousand pounds, which he left to his brother Eliab. In his will he left his old friend Master Thomas Hobbes ten pounds as a token of his love. He was wont to say that "man was but a mischievous baboon." He was not tall in stature but short, round faced and of an olivaster-like wainscot complexion: he had small eyes, round, very black but full of spirit; his hair was as black as a raven, but quite white twenty years before he died. I have heard him say, that after his book "On the Circulation of the Blood" came out, he fell mightily in his practice, and it was believed by the vulgar that he was crack-brained. All the physicians were against his opinion and envied him; with much ado at last, in about twenty or thirty years' time, his opinions were received in all the Universities of the world; and, as Master Hobbes says in his book "De Corpore," he is the only man, perhaps, that ever lived to see his own doctrine established in his lifetime. He was much and often troubled with the gout, and his way of cure was thus: he would sit with his legs bare, if it were frosty, on the leads of his house, putting his feet in a pail of water until he was almost dead with cold, then he would hastily betake him to his stove and lo! the gout was gone! He was hot-headed, and his thoughts working would oft-times keep sleep from him; and he told me that then his way was to rise out of his bed and walk about the chamber in his shirt till he was pretty cool, and then returning to his bed he would sleep comfortably. It is now fit and just that I should endeavour to undeceive the world in a scandal that I find strongly runs of him, which I have met amongst some learned young men, viz.: that he made away with himself and put himself out of his pain by opium; not but that, had he laboured under great pains, he had been ready enough to have done so, for I do not deny that it was according to his principles, upon certain occasions, to prevent pain; but the manner of his dying was really and *bonâ fide* thus. On the morning of his death, about ten o'clock, he tried to speak and found he had a dead palsy in his tongue; then he knew what was to become of him, he felt there was then no hope of his recovery; so presently he sends for his young nephews to come up to him, and gives to one of them his watch (a minute-watch with which he made experiments); to another, some other remembrance; then he signed to Sambroke his apothecary, to let him bleed in the tongue, which did little or no good, and so he ended his days. The palsy did give him an easy passport.

Authority: John Aubrey's "Lives of Eminent Men."



OLIVER CROMWELL.

From the engraving by G. Scott of the picture by Harding.

The Death of Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of England. Born 25th April 1599. Died 3rd September 1658.

IN the year 1658 the difficulties against which Cromwell had contended for more than seven years, with manful faith and heroic persistency, were about to come to an end, for him at least. Already in this year Death had been busy in his home. Rich, who a few months before had married his daughter Frances, died in February. In June the youngest son of his dear daughter Elizabeth Claypole died; and the poor mother, borne down by grief and a cruel malady besides, succumbed two months later, in August, at Hampton Court. At the bedside of this best loved daughter Cromwell watched with ceaseless devotion, regardless alike of public calls and of his own increasing ailments. After her death he was consumed by melancholy. An attack of gout followed by fever and ague shook his iron constitution. The fever never left him. George Fox, the mystic, who met him riding near Hampton Court, surrounded by his Guards, wrote: "Before I came to him, as he rode at the head of his Life Guards, I felt a waft of death go forth against him."

A few days later the Protector left Hampton Court for Whitehall, where he remained until the end. We are told that "he had great discoveries of the Lord to him in his sickness, and some assurances of being restored and made further serviceable." He called one day for the Bible and made his Groom of the Chamber read the fourth chapter of the Epistle to the Philippians, where the words occur: "in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." Then he said: "This scripture did once save my life when my eldest son died, which went as a dagger to my heart; indeed it did."

When the great warrior knew that his end was at hand, he faced it with confident resignation. Chaplains and godly persons attended in the adjoining room to read the Bible or pray with him. To one of them he put the question: "Tell me, is it possible to fall from grace?" "No, it is not possible," answered the minister. "Then," said the dying man, "I am safe, for I know that I was once in grace." In broken murmurs of prayer he besought the favour of Heaven for the people of England. "Thou hast made me," he prayed, "though very unworthy, a mean instrument to do some good, and many have set too high a value on me, though others would be glad of my death. Pardon such as desire to trample on the dust of a poor worm, for they are Thy people too."

On Monday, 30th August, a wild storm raged over land and sea, and, while Cromwell was slowly sinking, the day broke upon houses shattered, mighty trees torn up by the roots, foundered ships and drowning men. All the night of the 2nd September he was very restless, and there being something to drink offered him, he was desired to take the same and endeavour to

sleep, to which he answered: "It is not my design to drink or to sleep. My design is to make what haste I can to be gone and depart hence."

Friday the 3rd of September was the anniversary of two of his most famous victories, Dunbar and Worcester; now he lay in the stupor of helpless death; the conqueror had met a greater conqueror than himself, and about four o'clock in the afternoon his days came to their end.

Worthy Mr. John Maidstone, Cofferer and Gentleman-in-Waiting to the Lord Protector, describes him thus: "A body well-compact and strong, his stature under six feet, his head so shaped you might see it a storehouse and vast treasury of natural parts; his temper exceeding fiery, but the flame of it kept down for the most part; naturally compassionate, though God had given him a heart in which was left little room for fear. A larger soul hath seldom dwelt in a house of clay."

Authorities: Carlyle; Chambers' "History of England," etc.



PRINCESS HENRIETTE OF ENGLAND, DUCHESS OF ORLEANS AND
SISTER OF CHARLES II.

The Death of the Princess Henrietta of England,
daughter of Charles I and Duchess of Orléans.
Born 1644. Died 1670.

THE heat was very great in the summer of 1670, and on the 27th June Madame bathed in the Seine contrary to the advice of her Doctor, M. Yvelin. Afterwards she felt very unwell and complained of sharp pains in her side. On the 28th her ladies noticed that she looked very ill and that she stopped now and then to take breath, complaining of the pain in her side. A glass of iced chicory water was handed to her by one of her ladies, but hardly had she drunk the water than she cried out: "Ah! what a pain! What shall I do! I must be poisoned!" Her ladies hastened to her assistance; they unlaced her clothes and put her to bed, but still she complained of terrible pains, saying that she had been poisoned, and asking that the chicory water might be examined. Mme. Desbordes, her oldest and most attached servant, said that she herself had mixed the chicory water, and taking the bottle from the shelf drank a cupful in Madame's presence. She had now been ill more than three hours and showed no sign of improvement. M. Yvelin and the King's doctor, M. Vallot, held a consultation together and agreed that there could be no danger. At this moment the King and Queen arrived. The news of Madame's illness had reached Versailles, and Louis XIV had ordered his carriage at once to go to his sister-in-law. "You see the state I am in," she said as the King entered the room. Louis spoke tenderly to her and tried to cheer her with hopes of recovery, but she shook her head and said she was dying. Never before had the halls of St. Cloud witnessed so strange a scene; the doors crowded with courtiers, with princes and princesses, ministers and ladies of rank, all waiting anxiously for the latest news. In the darkened chamber within, the King, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, was clasping Madame in a last farewell. "Kiss me, sire," she said, "for the last time. You are losing a good servant, who feared the loss of your affection more than death itself."

Bossuet, Bishop of Condom, had been sent for; and in the meanwhile M. Feuillet, a Jansenist Canon of St. Cloud, was in attendance, and as he entered the room the King and Queen retired. "You see, M. Feuillet," said Madame, "the state to which I am reduced." "A good state, Madame," replied the austere priest. "You will now confess that there is a God in heaven whom you have never really known." "It is true," said Madame sadly, "till now, my God, I have never known Thee." Even the stern Jansenist priest was moved by her gentleness and humility. "God gave her," he wrote afterwards, "sentiments which surprised me, and made her speak in language altogether unlike that of the world to which she belonged." The Curé of St. Cloud now arrived bringing the Host with him. Madame received the viaticum with the greatest devotion. After that she wished to see

her husband, Monsieur d'Orléans, who had left the room, but who now came back weeping bitterly and embraced her for the last time. Almost immediately Bossuet arrived. "L'espérance, Madame, l'espérance," were his first words, as he flung himself on his knees and placed the crucifix in her hands. "I put my whole trust in His mercy," she replied, joining her hands together. "You see, Madame," said Bossuet after praying with her, "you see what this life is. Thank God who calls you to Himself." "You die, Madame," he continued, "in the Catholic Apostolic and Roman Faith?" "I have lived in that faith and I die in it," she answered in a clear voice. "Madame," said the great Bishop, "you believe in God, you hope in God, you love God?" "With all my heart," she murmured, and never spoke again. The crucifix dropped from her hands, and as Bossuet uttered the last prayer, "In manus tuas," she died. It was three o'clock on the morning of the 30th June. "Thus," writes the Bishop of Valence, "this great and royal-hearted princess passed away, without having shown even the least sign of trouble or weakness in this awful surprise." "I pray that God may receive her in His mercy," added the Jansenist priest Feuillet, "and all of you who read these words pray for her also."

It is now the generally accepted medical opinion that the Princess died of peritonitis, brought on by bathing in the River Seine.

Authorities: Martin's "History of France"; and Julia Cartwright, "Life."



CHARLES II.
From the engraving by G. Sherwin.

The Death of King Charles the Second.

Born 1630. Died 1685.

AT the beginning of the year 1685 the King's usual gaiety forsook him, and he became morose, gloomy, and dejected: this arose probably from his declining health. On Monday, the 2nd February, after passing a restless night, his countenance was observed to be pale and ghastly. Dr. King, an eminent physician, who was in waiting that day, observed to the Earl of Peterborough, that his Majesty was in a strange humour, for he did not speak a word of sense. On entering the King's chamber they found him stretched on the floor as if dead. The doctor resolved to bleed him at all hazards, which restored consciousness. For Dr. King's prompt action, the Council ordered that he should receive a reward of £1,000, but this was never paid. At the news of the King's illness, crowds thronged the churches, praying that God would raise him up again to be a father to his people. The bishops round his bed fell on their knees and implored his blessing, and Charles, with outstretched hands, solemnly blessed them. But while his subjects were praying, and his bishops seeking a blessing, the one anxiety of the King was to die reconciled to the Catholic Church. When his chamber was cleared, a priest named Huddleston, who had saved his life after the battle of Worcester, received his confession, and administered the last sacraments. Charles died as he had lived, brave, witty, and cynical, even in the presence of death. Tortured as he was with pain, he begged his courtiers to forgive him for being "such an unconscionable time a-dying." One mistress, the Duchess of Portsmouth, hung weeping over his bed. His last thought was for another mistress, Nell Gwynn. "Do not," he whispered to his brother James, ere he sank into the last fatal stupor, "do not let poor Nelly starve." Charles was perfectly sensible the night before his death, and spoke on all things with great calmness. At six o'clock on the morning of 6th February, he asked what hour it was, and said: "Open the curtains, that I may once more see daylight." He was then suffering great pain, and at seven o'clock the doctors bled him, which seemed to give him some relief; but this did not continue. His pains returned, and he began to speak with great difficulty, struggling for breath. At ten o'clock he sank into a stupor, and he died half an hour before twelve, without any struggle, in the fifty-fifth year of his age.

The picture of the fourteen bewildered physicians, and their endless prescriptions, gives a graphic picture of the medical ignorance of that time.

As Macaulay says, they tortured the King as if he had been an Indian tied to the stake. No fewer than ten revolting mixtures were ordered the first day of his illness, in addition to bleeding him profusely, applying the actual cautery, and putting blisters on his shaven head.

Sneezing powders, Goa stone, bezoar stone, and spirit of human skull, were among the ingredients prescribed.

It is clear now that the convulsions which began and ended the King's illness were uræmic, and his disease has been correctly diagnosed as "granular kidney, with consequent uræmia or blood poisoning."

John Evelyn went to kiss hands on the accession of James II, and writes thus: "The face of the whole court was exceedingly changed into a more solemn and moral behaviour, the new King affecting neither profaneness nor buffoonery. I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming and all dissoluteness, and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening), which this day se'nnight I was witness of; the King sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, Mazarine, etc.; a French boy singing love songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least £2,000 in gold before them; upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflections with astonishment. Six days after was all in the dust."

Authorities: Chambers' "History of England"; Evelyn's "Diary"; and R. Crawford's "Last Days of Charles II."



AURUNGZEBE.

The Death of the Emperor Aurungzebe, third son of Shah Jehan. Born 1618. Died 1707.

WE have a picture of the Emperor Aurungzebe when, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, his court was visited by the Italian traveller Gemelli. He says: "Soon after, the King came in, leaning on a staff, forked at the top; abundance of courtiers and servants went before him. He had on a white vest, a turban of white muslin, tied with a gold web, on which an emerald of vast bigness appeared amidst four smaller ones. A silk sash was round his waist in which, on the left side, was stuck an Indian dagger. His shoes were after the Moorish fashion, and his legs naked without hose. Two servants kept away the flies from him with long white horse-tails on silver sticks, while another held a green silk umbrella over his head to shield him from the sun. The King was of low stature, slender and bowed by age, with a large nose. The snowy whiteness of his beard was the more apparent by contrast with his olive-coloured skin. He took his seat on a sort of throne, and his servants then handed to him his sword and shield, which he then laid down on his left hand."

When Aurungzebe reached the advanced age of ninety years, having reigned fifty years, his death hour approached. "Carry this creature," he thus gave directions, "Carry this creature of dust quickly to the first burial-place, and consign him to the earth without any useless coffin." His funeral expenses he ordered to be paid out of money that he had himself earned by transcribing the Koran: a red stone, three yards in length, and two in width, was to be laid over his body; this stone was to be hollowed out on its upper surface to form a receptacle for flowers and odoriferous herbs that might be placed upon his tomb. One of his great nobles has left on record the following account of the Emperor's death. "My attachment to his Majesty," he writes, "was so great, that observing his life to be drawing to a close, I did not wish to quit the presence. The Emperor called me to him, and said: 'Separation must now take place between us, and our meeting again is uncertain. Forgive, then, whatever wittingly or unwittingly I may have done against thee, and pronounce the words "I forgive" three times with sincerity of heart. As thou hast served me long, I also forgive thee whatever knowingly or otherwise thou mayest have done against me.' Upon hearing these words the sobs became like a knot in my throat, and I had no power to speak. At last, after his Majesty had repeatedly pressed me, I made shift to pronounce the words 'I forgive' three times, interrupted as I was by my tears. The Emperor also wept, and having blessed me, he ordered me to retire." To his youngest and best beloved son, Kam-buksh, he wrote: "My son, thou nearest to my heart, now I depart as a stranger, lamenting my own insignificance. What profit has my life been to me? I carry with me the fruit of my own sins and imperfections. Surprising are the ways of the Most

High! I came into the world alone, and alone I depart. Be cautious, my son, that none of the faithful are slain, lest their miseries fall upon my head. The agonies of death come fast upon me. I am going. Whatever good or evil I have done, it was for you. No one has seen the departure of his own soul, but I know that mine is departing." One who knew Aurungzebe well wrote of him: "Of all the sovereigns of the house of Timour, none have been so distinguished for devotion to God, for justice and austerity of life. In courage, endurance, and sound judgment he was unrivalled, but from reverence of the law he did not punish, and without punishment the administration of the country cannot be maintained." He was the last of the Mogul Emperors of Hindustan who can be called great.

Authority: Holden.



LOUIS XIV.

From an engraving by S. F. Ravenot after the picture by S. Ciacinte.

The Death of King Louis the Fourteenth of France
(le Grand Monarque). Born 1638. Died at Versailles
1st September 1715.

ON Saturday evening the 24th of August, the King supped in his dressing-gown. It was noticed that he could only swallow liquids and was troubled if looked at. He had several black marks on his leg, which had given him much pain.

On Sunday the 25th of August no more mystery was made of His Majesty's dangerous condition; nevertheless it was expressly commanded that nothing should be changed in the order of the day, it being the fête of St. Louis; that is to say, the drums and hautbois assembled beneath the royal windows were to play as soon as he awoke, and the twenty-four violins would play in the ante-chamber during the King's dinner. Madame de Maintenon sent for the ladies of the Court, and the musicians came at seven o'clock in the evening; but the King fell asleep during the conversation, and when he awoke his brain was confused, which frightened them all, and the doctors were sent for. The musicians, who had first prepared their books and instruments, were dismissed, and the ladies also. The King made confession to Père Tellier and received the Holy Sacrament.

On Monday the 26th of August the King sent for the Cardinals and protested to them that he died in the faith, and that it was for them to answer to God for whatsoever he had done by their advice. This was a frightful thunderbolt for the Cardinals, but their calm was superior to all trial. They praised him and said he had done well, and that he might be at ease as to the result. After the Cardinals had left the room, the King addressed those of his courtiers who were privileged to enter in these words: "Gentlemen, I ask your pardon for the bad example I have given you. I have much to thank you for the manner in which you have served me. I ask for my grandson the same fidelity you have shown to me. I feel that I am moved, and that I move you also. I ask your pardon. Adieu, gentlemen! I hope you will sometimes remember me." Sometime after the King requested Mme. de Ventadour to bring the little Dauphin to him. He made the child approach and then said to him: "My child, you are going to be a great King. Do not imitate me in the taste I have had for building, or in that I have had for war. Try to live at peace with your neighbours; try to comfort your people, which I unhappily have not done. Never forget your obligation to Madame de Ventadour. Madame (addressing her), let me embrace him: (and while embracing him) my dear child, I give you my blessing with my whole heart."

On Tuesday the 27th of August the King said to Madame de Maintenon that it was hard to die, but for himself, being at the point of death, he did not find it so difficult. The night was agitated. The King was seen at all

moments striking his breast and repeating the prayers to which he was accustomed.

On Wednesday the 28th of August he paid a compliment to Madame de Maintenon which pleased her but little. He said that what consoled him in quitting her was that considering her age they must soon meet again. To this she replied not one word.

On Thursday the 29th of August the King's brain appeared confused, and he said that he felt very ill. The gangrene was found to be in the foot and knee. He perceived with much pain that Madame de Maintenon was no longer with him: she had in fact gone off on the previous evening not intending to return. He asked for her several times; her departure could not be hidden. The King sent for her to St. Cyr, and she came back in the afternoon.

Friday August the 30th was a bad day, preceded by an equally bad night. The King continually lost his reason. About five o'clock in the evening Madame de Maintenon left him, gave away her furniture to the domestics, and went to St. Cyr for good and all.

On Saturday the 31st of August things went from bad to worse. The gangrene had spread from the knee and reached the thigh. Towards eleven o'clock prayers for the dying were said. This restored the King to himself. He repeated, several times, "*Nunc et in horâ mortis*" and then "*O my God! come to my aid. Hasten to succour me.*" These were his last words. All the night he lay, without consciousness, in a long struggle that finished on Sunday the 1st of September 1715, at a quarter past eight in the morning. Three days before, he had completed his seventy-seventh year and the seventy-second of his reign. He had survived all his sons and grandsons except the King of Spain and the Dauphin. Europe never had seen so long a reign, nor France so old a King.

Authority: "*Memoirs of the Duc de Saint Simon.*"



JEANNE MARIE BOUVIERES (MADAME GUYON).

The Death of Jeanne Bouvières de la Motte Guyon.
Born 13th April 1648. Died 9th June 1717. (A
Quietist and follower of Molinos.)

IN the beginning of the month of March, 1717, Madame Guyon had a severe attack of illness from which she never recovered. During her sickness she conversed with her friends and wrote a few letters, but she had no doubt, as she wrote to her brother, that the time of her departure was at hand. She went on to say: "For a considerable time past I have had it on my mind to tell you this, and if you can come and see me before my last hour arrives, I shall receive you with joy." Her labours indeed were over; that hour to which she had long looked forward, God's hour, was rapidly approaching. Already most of those with whom she had associated, as friends or enemies, had departed. Fénelon, Beauvilliers, the great Bossuet, all had been called hence. At last the summons came to her also, and she received it without surprise or repugnance, passing away in perfect resignation and peace. She had given her soul to God: no clouds obscured her vision, no doubts perplexed the fulness of her hope and joy. She died at half past eleven o'clock on the night of 9th June 1717, aged sixty-nine years. Her will, written shortly before her death, is as follows: "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, this is my last Will and Testament which I request my executors to see executed. It is to Thee, O Lord God, that I owe all things, and it is to Thee that I now surrender up all that I am. Do with me, O my God, whatsoever Thou pleasest. To Thee in an act of irrevocable donation I give up both my body and my soul to be disposed of according to Thy will. Thou knowest that there is nothing either in heaven or on earth that I desire but Thee alone. Within Thy hands, O God, I leave my soul, not relying for my salvation on any good that is in me, but relying solely on Thy mercies and the merits and sufferings of my Lord Jesus." Then followed directions for her burial and for the disposal of her worldly property. She was buried in the Church of the Cordeliers at Blois, and a monument was erected there by her executors to her memory.

Madame Guyon professed to be guided through life entirely by "divine impulses," thereby implying a complete renunciation of self, the silence of the soul, and the annihilation of all earthly cares and emotions—a condition which has since obtained the name of "Quietism," which was, however, only a return to the doctrines of the Gnostics of the third century. She was characterized by an extreme sweetness of language and manners, by a tender and affectionate piety, and an exaggerated desire for a perfection unattainable by humanity.

Authorities: "Life" by T. C. Upham; and *Biographie Universelle*.



SIR ISAAC NEWTON.
From an engraving.

The Death of Sir Isaac Newton. Born at Woolsthorpe, Lincolnshire, on the 25th of December 1642. Died at Kensington, London, on 20th March 1727.

IN the year 1722, when Sir Isaac Newton had reached the eightieth year of his age, he was inconvenienced by an attack of the stone, a disease which at that time was considered incurable. By means of strict regimen, however, he regained for a time a measure of health, but in August 1724, the bad symptoms returned, and again by an effort of nature, which took the form of a sharp attack of gout, he was able to throw off his trouble; but the inevitable inconveniences of his condition compelled him to resign his office as Master of the Mint in 1725. He still remained President of the Royal Society; and on Tuesday, 28th February 1727, he went to London from Kensington, where his house was situated, and presided for the last time at a meeting of the Royal Society. He was greatly fatigued by this effort, and suffered in consequence from a violent return of his old malady: violent paroxysms of pain ensued with only short intermissions, but although the sweat stood on his brow with agony, he uttered no sound of complaint, and during the short intervals of relief from pain, he smiled and conversed cheerfully with those around him. At six p.m. on the 18th March 1727 he became unconscious, and remained in that condition till Monday the 20th of March, when, between one and two a.m., he expired, in the eighty-fifth year of his age, full of years and of honours. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, near the entrance to the Choir, on the left hand. The pall was borne by the Lord High Chancellor, two Dukes, and four Earls, all Fellows of the Royal Society. In personal appearance Sir Isaac Newton was of a comely and gracious aspect, with a bright and piercing glance full of penetrating sagacity: he was not above the middle height, and in the latter part of his life was inclined to corpulence. His hair was thick and bright like silver, although on ceremonial occasions he wore a wig, as was then the fashion. He never had to use spectacles, nor lost a tooth to the day of his death. In the Library at Trinity College, Cambridge, is preserved a cast taken from his face after death, and with it a long curled lock of his silver white hair. He was a posthumous child and so small at birth that the nurse said: "he might have been put in a quart jug." Oliver Cromwell died during the great storm of 3rd September 1658, and it is recorded that, as the great Lord Protector lay in the agony of death, Isaac Newton, at that time a boy of sixteen, living at his natal house of Woolsthorpe, went out into the storm and endeavoured to measure the force of the wind by leaping, first with and then against the mighty current of air. Pope's well-known epitaph is inscribed on a marble tablet in the room at Woolsthorpe where he was born:

“Nature and nature’s laws lay hid in night.
God said, Let Newton be—and all was light.”

Sir Isaac Newton was a great advocate of religious toleration, and always expressed his abhorrence of any form of religious persecution. No true estimate of this great man’s life and character can be formed without reading the closing lines of his great work, “*Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica*,” presented to the Royal Society 28th April 1686, where he enumerates the qualities and attributes of God, the Maker of the Universe. They are as follows: “This intricate network of phenomena cannot have arisen save by the will and governance of an all-wise omnipotent Being, who rules all things, not as an immanent spirit but as Governor of the Universe, and Him we call God Almighty. He is a Being eternal, infinite and wholly perfect. Such an one however perfect, but without Lordship or Governance, is not and cannot be the Lord God Almighty. Him we apprehend solely by his properties and attributes, and these we discern from what we know and see, namely, the wise and excellent structure of this world and the final causes of things. Him we marvel at as being perfect; Him we venerate and worship as being Lord!”

Authorities: Dictionary of National Biography; Brewster; and De Morgan.



QUEEN CAROLINE OF ANSPACH. WIFE OF GEORGE II.

The Death of Queen Caroline, wife of George II.

Born 1683. Died 20th November 1737.

THE Queen's health had long been delicate from an internal disorder which she had kept secret so as not to annoy her husband—for the King hated sickness and never would admit that he was incapacitated by ill-health. No matter how ailing the Queen might be, he never excused her attendance at a Court ceremonial. As long as it was possible she resisted bravely the pain and inconvenience of disease, but a time came when she had to yield. She was put to bed and given snake root with Sir Walter Raleigh's cordial, and was bled freely, but these remedies afforded little relief. "I have an ill," she said, "which nobody knows of." It was then discovered that her Majesty was suffering from a rupture which she had carefully concealed from her husband, knowing his dislike to all physical imperfections. An operation was performed, but mortification set in and there was soon no hope of saving her life. She was quite calm and aware that her end was approaching. She declared, however, that she should not die before Wednesday, as all the remarkable occurrences of her life had happened on that day: she had been born on Wednesday, married on a Wednesday, crowned on a Wednesday, and she believed that she would die also on that day. Still, in spite of this conviction, she thought it prudent to take farewell of her family while she retained her senses. After a few words of advice to her children the Queen turned to her husband, took a ruby ring off her finger and placed it upon his. "This is the last thing I have to give you," she said, "naked I came to you and naked I go from you. All that I possessed came from you, and to you whatever I have I return. My will you will find a very short one. I give all I have to you. Do not weep," she added, "you know you can marry again." "Non, non," replied the King, "*j'aurai des maîtresses, j'aurai des maîtresses.*" "Mais, mon Dieu!" answered the fond but easy wife, "*cela n'empêche pas!*" During the whole of the Queen's illness, the conduct of the King exhibited that extraordinary mixture of affection and harshness which was so characteristic of the man. He wept profusely, declaring that he was losing the best wife, the best mother, the best friend, and the best woman that ever was born. Then he would enter the sick room, and snub and quarrel with the very woman whose praises he had been sounding in the ante-chamber. If the poor Queen turned uneasily in her bed, he rapped out: "How the devil should you sleep when you never lie still a moment? You want rest, and the doctors tell you that nothing is so good for you, and yet you are always moving about!" The Archbishop of Canterbury came and prayed with the dying woman morning and evening, but as she declined either to see or to forgive her eldest son, he could not administer the last Sacrament. About ten o'clock on Sunday night the end came. The King was sleeping on the floor at the foot of the Queen's bed; the Princess Emily on a couch in the

corner of the room. Suddenly the death rattle sounded in the Queen's throat. Everybody in the room hastened to the bed. "I have now got an asthma," said the Queen softly. "Open the window." Then after a pause she added, "Pray!" The Princess Emily began to read the prayer for the dying, but before she had repeated ten words the Queen expired. The Princess Caroline held a looking-glass to her mother's lips, and finding no dimness of breathing upon it cried out, "'Tis over!"

Authority: "Memoirs of John, Lord Hervey."



FREDERICK WILLIAM, KING OF PRUSSIA.
FATHER OF FREDERICK THE GREAT, AND HUSBAND OF SOPHIA DOROTHEA,
DAUGHTER OF GEORGE I.
From an engraving by B. Picart.

The Death of Frederick William, first King of Prussia,
and Father of Frederick the Great. Born 25th
August 1688. Died 31st May 1740.

AT his hunting seat, Wusterhausen, there is game in abundance, but little hunting for the King. He sits drearily within doors, listening to the rustle of the falling leaves this autumn. In the beginning of November he returned to Berlin, was worse there and again better. One night he attended an evening party that General Schulenberg was giving, and returned home chilled and shivering. It was the last evening party he ever attended. He is indeed now very ill: tosses about all day in and out of bed, suffering much. His old Generals sit round his bed smoking, his wife and children much about him, and so the weary hours roll on. He is worse at night, sleeps badly, and on his restless mind *ennui* sits heavily. He tries to paint or do a little carpentering: often at night the sound of his mallet is audible on the Palace Esplanade, and the Berlin townsfolk pause to listen with thoughts of a sympathetic nature. Ah! Your Majesty, pale Death knocks with impartial rap at the huts of poor men and the Palaces of Kings. The chief clergyman, the Rev. Herr Roloff, gives spiritual counsel now and then, for it is the King's private thought that death itself is in this business.

With the bright spring weather he seemed to revive, and towards the end of April determined to go to Potsdam. It was hoped that the crisis of the illness was over, but he himself knew otherwise. It was on the 27th of April that he went. "Farewell, then, Berlin," said the King, "for I am to die at Potsdam." He sends for chief preacher Roloff to Potsdam, and in his demeanour at this time we see him strong in simplicity and veracity. He wishes to know what the chances are for him in the other world. He had never, he said, taken or coveted what was not his; he had kept true to his marriage vow; he believed the Bible, went to church and tried to follow God's commandments. To all this Roloff, a courageous pious man, answers with discreet words and shakings of the head; the poor King must repent and forgive his enemies. "Your Majesty is bound to forgive all men or how can you ask to be forgiven?" "Well, well, I will, I do; Sophie [to his wife] write to your brother, after I am dead [King George II of England], that I forgave him and died in peace with him." "Better her Majesty should write at once," suggests Roloff. "No, no," said the King. "After I am dead, that will be safer." At parting he said to Roloff: "You do not spare me: but it is right, you do your duty like an honest Christian man." On Thursday, the 26th May, an express goes to the Crown Prince that he must come quickly if he would see his Father again alive. At the sight of his son Friedrich Wilhelm threw out his arms; the son, kneeling, sank upon his breast and they embraced with tears. That same day he dictated to one of his ministers the instructions for his funeral. He was to be buried in his uniform, the Potsdam Grenadiers

to be his escort; all to be done with military decorum, three volleys to be fired over his grave, "and take care they be well fired." His coffin, which he has had ready beside him a good while, is a stout good piece of carpentry with leather straps and other improvements. This he views with satisfaction. "I shall sleep right well there," he says. His condition was now uncertain, restless. He was heard murmuring prayers, and more than once said in deep tone: "Lord, enter not into judgment with Thy servant, for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified." In a German hymn which was sung to him are these words: "Naked I came into the world, and naked I shall go." "No," said he with vivacity, "not quite naked, I shall have my uniform on." To the doctor he said: "Feel my pulse and tell me how long this will last." "Alas! not long," was the reply. "Say not alas! How do you know?" "The pulse is gone." "Impossible!" said the King, lifting his arm. "How could I move my fingers thus if the pulse were stopped?"—then "Herr Jesu, to Thee I live; Herr Jesu, to Thee I die." These were the last words of Friedrich Wilhelm. He fainted, and the faint deepened into death. He rested from his labours, 31st May 1740.

Authority: Carlyle's "Frederick the Great."



GEORGE II.

From an engraving by Ravenet.

The Death of King George II, 25th October 1760.

SATURDAY 25th October 1760, George II suddenly died. He was in his seventy-seventh year: feeble, but not feebler than usual. On the Monday of that week he had reviewed some of his troops from a tent in Hyde Park, and on Thursday he had stood in the portico at Kensington Palace to see his Coldstream Guards march past on their way to Portsmouth for foreign service. He was always full of zeal in military matters. On the Saturday he was on foot by sunrise; took his usual morning cup of chocolate; inquired about the wind; and said he would take a walk in the gardens as the weather was so mild; he inquired particularly as to the arrival of the mail. It was now between seven and eight, and his body-servant withdrew from the room carrying away the chocolate apparatus. As he closed the door he heard a sound as of something falling in the room he had just quitted; thinking that perhaps a billet of wood had fallen from the fireplace, he hurried back and found it was the King himself, who had slipped from his seat to the ground as if in attempting to ring the bell. The King said faintly: "Call the Princess Amelia," and thereupon instantly died.

"What dost thou fear? To-day is thy life:
 To-day I know and yesterday, and the days that were,
 But for to-morrow mine eyes are sightless.
 For I have seen Doom in the dark, like a blind camel;
 Those it struck died, and those it missed lived to grow old."
 From the Arabic of "Zuheyrr."

Authorities: Histories of England.



THE HONBLE. EMANL. SWEDENBORG.
From an engraving by Battersby.

The Death of Emanuel Swedenborg. Born 1688.
Died 1772.

IN August 1771 Swedenborg came from Amsterdam to London, and took up his abode with one Shearsmith, a wig-maker, at 26 Great Bath Street, Coldbath Fields. Towards the end of the year, a stroke of apoplexy deprived him of speech, and he lay in a lethargic condition for more than three weeks, taking no sustenance but a little tea and cold water. At the end of that time he recovered his speech, and his health seemed re-established as he was able to eat and drink as usual. He had no medical advice during his illness. From the time of this seizure until his death he was visited by very few friends, and appeared unwilling to see any one. In February 1772 the Rev. John Wesley received the following letter from him:

“February 18th 1772. Sir, I have been informed in the world of Spirits, that you have a strong desire to converse with me. I shall be happy to see you if you will favour me with a visit. Your humble servant, Emanuel Swedenborg.” Wesley acknowledged that he had a great desire to see Swedenborg, but that he had mentioned this to no one. He replied saying that he was starting on a journey, but would call on his return to London. Swedenborg replied saying that it would then be too late as he was to join the world of spirits on the 29th of March. The result was that these two celebrated men never met.

A Mr. Bergstrom calling on Swedenborg about this time, Swedenborg told him that since it had pleased God to deprive him of the use of an arm, his body was good for nothing but to be put underground. A Swedish clergyman also came to see him, and, offering to administer the Sacrament, asked Swedenborg whether he would recant the doctrines he had advanced, since he had now nothing to expect from this world. On hearing these words, Swedenborg raised himself half upright in his bed, and, placing his sound hand on his breast, said with emphasis: “As true as you see me before you now, so true is everything that I have written. I could have said much more had it been permitted. When you enter Eternity you will find all things as I have described them.” Then with deep devotion and with folded hands, confessing his own unworthiness, he received the last Sacrament. He had told the people of the house what day he should die. Shearsmith, his landlord, said: “He seemed as pleased to depart as if he were going to a merry-making.” His faculties were clear to the last. On Sunday, 29th March 1772, hearing the clock strike, he asked what time it was, and being told that it was five o'clock he said: “It is well. I thank you. God bless you,” and then in a little moment after he gave up the ghost. He was buried in the Swedish church at Ratcliffe Highway. His remains were later exhumed and taken to Sweden.

He was about five feet nine inches in height; rather thin, and of a dark

complexion. His eyes of a brownish gray. His appearance was dignified and venerable. He wore a full-bottomed wig, with lace ruffles at his wrists, and carried a gold-headed cane. His habits were very frugal and he abstained from animal food. The writings of Swedenborg, which fill sixty octavos of five hundred pages each, show no symptoms of mental aberration; the last, finished a few months before his death, being singularly clear, logical, and free from undue enthusiasm. He was always regarded as a pious and learned man; he was never married; and his habits and mode of life were remarkable for their simplicity.

Authorities: Lives by J. G. Wilkinson and W. White; Chambers's Biographical Dictionary; and Biographie Universelle.



LOUIS XV.

The Death of Louis XV of France. Born 1710.
Died 10th May 1774.

IT is the fourth evening of May, year of Grace 1774. Such a whispering in the *Œil de Bœuf*! Is he dying then? Louis sends for his Abbé Moudon in the course of next night; is confessed by him, some say for the space of seventeen minutes, and demands the sacraments of his own accord. Nay, already in the afternoon, behold, is not this your Sorceress Dubarry, with the handkerchief at her eyes, mounting into d'Aiguillon's chariot? rolling off in his Duchess's consolatory arms. She is gone, and her place knows her no more. Vanish, false Sorceress, into space! Thou unclean, yet unmalignant not unpitiable thing. Louis, meanwhile, is in considerable impatience for his sacraments, sends more than once to the window to see whether they are not coming. Towards six in the morning they arrive. Cardinal Grand Almoner Roche Aymon is here in pontificals, with his pyxes and his tools; he approaches the royal pillow, elevates his wafer; mutters, or seems to mutter, somewhat—and so has Louis made the *amende honorable* to God. Grand Almoner Roche Aymon accordingly has no sooner seen his pyxes and gear repacked, than he is stepping majestically forth again as if the work were done! But King's Confessor, Abbé Moudon, starts forward, twitches him by the sleeve, whispers in his ear. Whereupon the poor Cardinal has to turn round and declare audibly: "That his Majesty repents of any subjects of scandal he may have given, and purposes, by the strength of Heaven assisting him, to avoid the like for the future."

Alas! the chapel organs may keep going; the shrine of Sainte Geneviève be let down and pulled up again—without effect. In the evening the whole Court, with Dauphin and Dauphiness, assist at the chapel; priests are hoarse with chanting their Prayers of Forty hours, and the heaving bellows blow. Almost frightful! for the very heaven blackens, battering rain torrents dash, with thunder almost drowning the organ's voice, and electric fire-flashes make the very flambeaux on the altar pale. So it has lasted for the better part of a fortnight; all the world was getting impatient *que cela finisse*; that poor Louis would have done with it. It is now the 10th May 1774. He will soon have done now.

This tenth May day falls into the loathsome sick bed; but dull, unnoticed, there Life, like a spent steed, is panting towards the goal. In their remote apartments Dauphin and Dauphiness stand road-ready; all grooms and equerries booted and spurred, waiting for some signal to escape the house of pestilence. And hark! across the *Œil de Bœuf*, what sound is that, sound terrible and absolutely like thunder? It is the rush of the whole Court, rushing as in wager to salute the new sovereigns. Hail to your Majesties! The Dauphin and Dauphiness are King and Queen. Overpowered with many emotions, they two fall on their knees together, and,

with streaming tears, exclaim: "O God, guide us, protect us; we are too young to reign."

But thus has the Horologe of Time struck, and an old Era passed away. The Louis that was lies forsaken, a mass of abhorred clay; abandoned to some poor persons and priests of the Chapelle Ardente, who make haste to put him in two lead coffins, pouring in abundant spirits of wine. The new Louis, with his Court, is rolling towards Choisy, through the summer afternoon; the royal tears still flow, but a word mispronounced by Monseigneur d'Artois sets them all laughing, and they weep no more.

Light mortals, how ye walk your light life-minuet, over bottomless abysses, divided from you by a film.

Authority: Carlyle's "French Revolution."



RAJAH NUNCOOMAR AND HIS WIFE.

The Death of Maharajah Nanda Kumar (Nuncomar). Temp. Warren Hastings, 1775.

THE following is the account of the execution written by Alexander Mackrabie, the sheriff whose distasteful duty it was to see it carried out:

“Hearing that some persons had supposed Maharajah Nuncomar would make an address to the people at his execution, I have committed to writing the following minutes of what passed both on that occasion, and also upon my paying him a visit in prison the preceding evening, while both are fresh in my remembrance. Friday evening, 4th August. Upon my entering his apartments in the jail, he arose and saluted me in his usual manner. After we were both seated, he spoke with great ease and such seeming unconcern, that I really doubted whether he was sensible of his approaching fate. I therefore bid the interpreter inform him that I was come to show him this last mark of respect, and to assure him that every attention should be given the next morning which could afford him comfort on so melancholy an occasion; that I was deeply concerned that the duties of my office made me of necessity a party to it, but that I would attend to the last to see that every desire that he had should be gratified; that his own palanquin and his own servants should attend him; and that such of his friends, who, I understood, were to be present, should be protected. He replied that he was obliged to me for this visit; that he thanked me for all my favours, and entreated me to continue it to his family; that fate was not to be resisted; and put his finger to his forehead—‘God’s will’ must be done. He desired that I would present his respects and compliments to the General, Colonel Monson, and Mr. Francis, and pray for their protection of Rajah Gourdess; that they would please to look upon him now as the head of the Brahmins. His composure was wonderful; not a sigh escaped him; nor the smallest alteration of voice or countenance, though I understood he had not many hours before taken a solemn leave of his son-in-law, Roy Radhika. I found myself so much second to him in firmness, that I could stay no longer. Going downstairs, the jailor informed me that since the departure of his friends he had been writing notes, and looking at accounts in his usual way. I began now to apprehend that he had taken his resolution, and fully expected that he would be found dead in the morning; but on Saturday the 5th, at seven, I was informed that everything was in readiness at the jail for the execution. I came there about half an hour past seven. The howlings and lamentations of the poor wretched people who were taking their last leave of him are not to be described. I have hardly recovered the first shock while I write this about three hours afterwards. As soon as he heard I was arrived, he came down into the yard, and joined me in the jailor’s apartment. There was no lingering about him, no affected delay. He came cheerfully into the room,

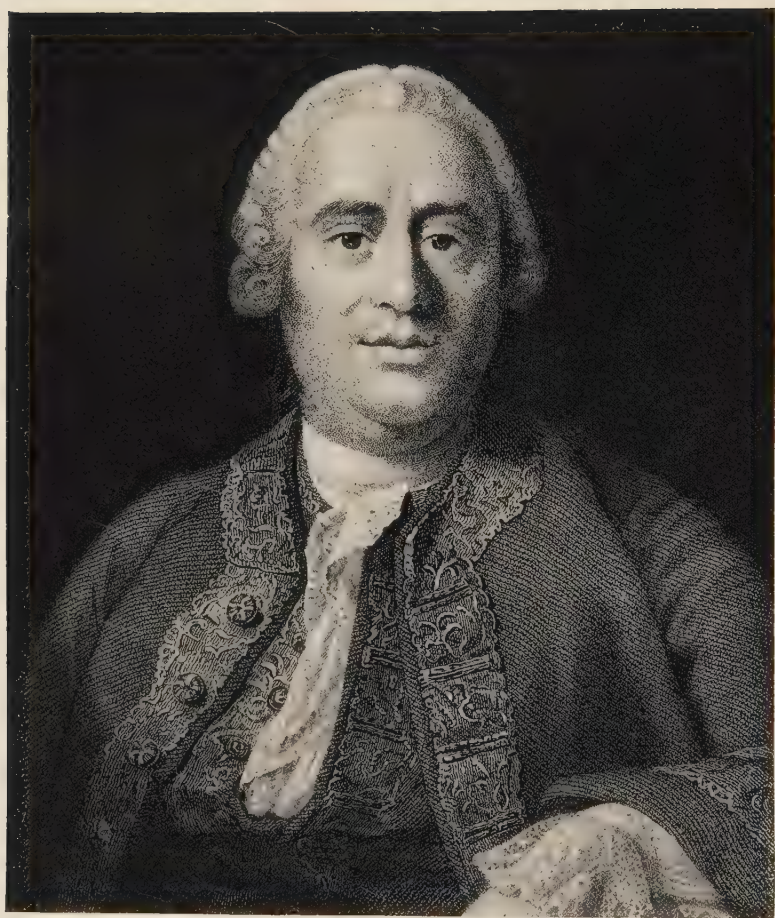
made the usual salaam, but would not sit till I took a chair near him. Seeing somebody look at a watch, he got up and said he was ready, and immediately turning to three Brahmins, who were to attend and take care of his body, he embraced them all closely, but without the least mark of melancholy or depression on his part, while they were in agonies of grief and despair. I then looked at my own watch, told him the hour I had mentioned was not arrived, that it wanted above a quarter to eight, but that I should wait his own time, and that I would not rise from my seat without a motion from him. Upon its being recommended to him that at the place of execution he would give some signal when he had done with the world, he said he would speak. We sat about an hour longer, during which he addressed himself more than once to me; mentioned Rajah Gourdess, the General, Colonel Monson, and Mr. Francis, but without any seeming anxiety; the rest of the time, I believe, he passed in prayer, his lips and tongue moving, and his beads hanging upon his hand. He then looked to me and arose, spoke to some of the servants of the jail, telling them that anything he might have omitted Rajah Gourdess would take care of, then walked cheerfully to the gate and seated himself in his palanquin, looking around him with perfect unconcern. As the Deputy-Sheriff and I followed, we could make no observation upon his deportment till we all arrived at the place of execution. The crowd there was very great, but not the least appearance of a riot.

“The Rajah sat in his palanquin upon the bearers’ shoulders, and looked around at first with some attention. I did not observe the smallest discomposure in his countenance or manner at the sight of the gallows, or any of the ceremonies passing about it. He asked for the Brahmins, who were not come, and showed some earnestness as if he apprehended the execution might take place before their arrival. I took that opportunity of assuring him I would wait his own time; it was early in the day, and there was no hurry. The Brahmins soon after appearing, I offered to remove the officers, thinking that he might have something to say in private; but he made a motion not to do it, and said he had only a few words to remind them of what he had said concerning Rajah Gourdess, and the care of his Zenana. He spoke to me and desired that the men might be taken care of, as they were to take charge of his body, which he desired repeatedly might not be touched by any of the bystanders; but he seemed not the least alarmed or discomposed at the crowd round him. There was some delay in the necessary preparations, and from the awkwardness of the people. He was in no way desirous of protracting the business, but repeatedly told me he was ready. Upon my asking him if he had any more friends he wished to see, he answered he had many, but this was not a place, nor an occasion to look for them. I then caused him to be asked about the signal he would make, which could not be done by speaking on account of the noise of the crowd. He said he would make a motion with his hand, and when it was represented

to him that it would be necessary for his hands to be tied, I recommended him making a motion with his foot, and he said he would. Nothing now remained except the last painful ceremony. I ordered his palanquin to be brought close under the gallows, but he chose to walk, which he did more erect than I have generally seen him. At the foot of the steps which led to the stage, he put his hands behind him to be tied with a handkerchief, looking round at the same time with the greatest unconcern. Some difficulties arising about the cloth which should be tied over his face, he told the people that it must be done by one of us. I presented to him a subaltern sepoy officer, who was a Brahmin, and came forward with a handkerchief in his hand, but the Rajah pointed to a servant of his own, who was lying prostrate at his feet, and beckoned him to do it. He had some weakness in his feet, which, added to the confinement of his hands, made him mount the steps with difficulty; but he showed not the least reluctance, scrambling rather forward to get up. He then stood erect on the stage, while I examined his countenance as steadfastly as I could till the cloth covered it, to see if I could observe the smallest symptom of fear or alarm, but there was not a trace of it. My own spirits sank, and I stepped into my palanquin, but before I was seated he had given the signal, and the stage was removed. I could observe, when I was a little recovered, that his arms lay back in the same position in which I saw them first tied; nor could I see any contortion on that side of his mouth and face which was visible. In a word, his steadiness, composure, and resolution throughout the whole of this melancholy transaction were equal to any examples of fortitude I have ever read or heard of. The body was taken down after hanging the usual time, and delivered to the Brahmins for burning."

NOTE.—The writer, Mr. Alexander Mackrabie, died on 29th November 1776. See entry in the journal of his brother-in-law, Mr. Philip Francis ("Echoes," p. 163).

Authorities: Busted's "Echoes from Old Calcutta," and Stephen's "Story of Nuncomar."



DAVID HUME.

From an engraving by W. Holt after a picture by Allan Ramsay.

The Death of David Hume. Born 26th April 1711.
Died 25th August 1776.

WRITING in April 1776, giving an account of his life's work, David Hume recorded as follows:

"In the spring of 1775 I was struck with a disorder of the bowels [diarrhoea] which at first gave me no alarm, but has since, as I apprehend it, become mortal and incurable. I now reckon upon a speedy dissolution. I have suffered very little pain from my disorder and what is more strange have, notwithstanding the great decline in my person, never suffered a moment's abatement of my spirits; insomuch that were I to name the period of my life which I should most choose to pass over again, I might be tempted to point to this latter period. I possess the same ardour as ever in study, and the same gaiety in company. I consider besides, that a man of 65 by dying, cuts off only a few years of infirmities, and though I see many symptoms of my literary reputation's breaking out at last with additional lustre, I know that I could have but few years to enjoy it. It is difficult to be more detached from life than I am at present."

Almost the last letter he wrote touches the same theme: "Edinburgh 12 Aug. 1776. Dear Sir, Please to mark with your pen the following correction in the second volume of my philosophical pieces (page 245, lines 1 and 2). Erazze these words 'that there is such a sentiment in human nature as benevolence.' This, dear Sir, is the last correction I shall probably trouble you with, for Dr. Black has promised me that all shall be over with me in a very little time. This Promise he makes by his power of Prediction, not that of Prescription; and indeed I consider it as good news, for of late within these few weeks my Infirmities have so multiplyed that Life has become rather a Burthen to me. Adieu then my good old Friend. David Hume."

Mr. Hume expired about four o'clock in the afternoon of Monday, 25th August 1776. The near approach of his death became apparent in the night of Friday, when his disease became excessive and soon weakened him so much that he could not rise from his bed. Some time before the Doctor said that he was much better. "Doctor," said he, "as I believe you would not choose to tell anything but the truth, you had better say that I am dying as fast as my enemies (if I have any) could wish, and as easily and cheerfully as my best friends could desire."

He continued to the last perfectly sensible and free from much pain or feelings of distress. He never dropped the smallest expression of impatience, but when he had occasion to speak to the people about him, always did so with affection and tenderness. When he became very weak it cost him an effort to speak, and he died in such a happy composure of mind that nothing could exceed it.

David Hume looked upon Life as a booth in Vanity Fair, with all the

foolish crowdings and elbowings, for which indeed it was not worth while to quarrel, as the whole would break up and be at liberty so soon. He died with a factitious sort of gaiety, taking leave lightly of that which he held to be a deception and a lie. He was by principle and habit a Stoic, and his influence has been widely spread among the civilized nations of Europe. A methodic, clear-minded man, with a certain rugged humour showing through his earnestness.

Authority: Hume's "Essays," edited by T. H. Green and T. H. Grose. London, Longmans, 1882.



J. J. ROUSSEAU.

From an engraving by J. Le Scune.

The Death of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Born 1712.
Died 1778, aged sixty-six.

C E fut en le voyant dans cet état de dépérissement, que M. de Girardin lui offrit une retraite dans sa charmante habitation d'Ermenonville. Son médecin le pressa d'accepter cette offre. Il partit pour aller visiter la demeure qu'on lui destinait, avec le dessin de revenir faire ses derniers arrangements à Paris. Mais tout ce qu'il vit à Ermenonville lui plut tellement, qu'il écrivit aussitôt à Thérèse de venir l'y rejoindre. Il avait choisi pour s'y loger l'un des pavillons qui sont séparés du château par des fossés remplis d'eau. Il entreprit aussitôt l'herbier complet du parc; et dans ses excursions, il se faisait accompagner par le fils aîné de M. de Girardin qui n'avait alors que dix ans. Telle était la vie paisible qu'il menait dans cet agréable séjour depuis le 20 Mai, jour de son arrivée, lorsque le 2 Juillet, il se plaignit de quelques douleurs; elles se dissipèrent promptement. Il soupa et passa la nuit fort tranquillement. Le lendemain, il se leva de bonne heure, se promena dans le parc, suivant son usage, et revint déjeuner. Il prit son café; sa femme et sa servante en prirent en même temps que lui. Il se sentait si bien qu'il voulut s'habiller pour aller faire une visite au château. Au moment où il se disposait à sortir, il fut saisi d'un grand froid, et se plaignit d'un violent mal de tête. Sa femme lui faisait prendre quelques calmants; tout-à-coup il tomba le visage contre terre, et il expira sans prononcer une seule parole, le 3 Juillet, 1778. Rousseau avait alors soixante-six ans et quelques jours: il n'avait habité Ermenonville que six semaines. Ces détails sont extraits de la relation de M. Lebègue de Presle, son médecin. Elle diffère, en quelques points, de celle que rédigea son indigne veuve vingt ans après, pour contredire certains faits publiés par Corancez. Le respect dû à la vérité veut que l'on compare toutes ces versions, afin d'apprécier à leur juste valeur les bruits qui ont attribué la fin de cet homme célèbre à un suicide. L'opinion qu'il mourut empoisonné, a perdu la plupart de ses partisans: il n'en est pas de même de la circonstance du coup de pistolet. Ceux qui croient que c'est avec cette arme que Rousseau mit un terme à son existence, s'appuient sur un trou sanglant, ouvert, disent-ils, dans la partie antérieure du front. Cette blessure aurait pu provenir de la chute violente qui fit Jean-Jacques en expirant. Thérèse dit, en effet, qu'elle fut couverte de son sang; tout en ayant soin d'ajouter qu'il ne périt pas plus d'un coup de pistolet que de poison. "Mais," réplique Corancez, "le trou à la tête était si profond que M. Houdon, qui a moulé la figure de Rousseau après sa mort, m'a dit à moi qu'il avait été embarrassé pour remplir le vide." Nous tenons nous-mêmes de M. Houdon, que nous avons eu soin de consulter, que si une blessure récente frappa ses regards, elle ne lui donna nullement lieu de penser qu'elle provînt d'un coup de pistolet. Le masque moulé sur la tête de Rousseau par cet habile artiste, existe encore entre ses mains. Il ne porte d'autre marque qu'une cicatrice

légère, qui résultait probablement de la chute de Jean-Jacques lors de sa dernière défaillance. En un mot M. Houdon qui, non content de voir par lui-même, a pris des renseignements de toutes les personnes témoins de la fin du philosophe de Genève, rejette avec une entière conviction toute idée de suicide. C'est ce qu'on a déjà pu voir dans une lettre de ce statuaire publiée par Petitian, l'un des éditeurs de Rousseau. Le docteur de Presle que nous avons cité plus haut et qui présida à l'ouverture et à l'inspection du corps, faites en présence de dix personnes, a écrit ces propres mots: "Je suis assuré, par l'examen le plus scrupuleux de toutes les circonstances qui ont précédé, accompagné et suivi la mort de Rousseau, qu'elle a été naturelle et non provoquée. L'ouverture de la tête (où il n'est pas question de trou) et l'examen des parties renfermées dans le crâne, nous ont fait voir une quantité très considérable (plus de huit onces) de sérosité, épanchée entre la substance du cerveau et les membranes qui la couvrent. Ne peut-on pas attribuer la mort de Rousseau à la pression de cette sérosité, à son infiltration dans les enveloppes ou la substance de tout le système nerveux?" On s'appuie beaucoup du sentiment de Corancez pour établir la réalité du suicide: mais cet ami de Jean-Jacques ne dit-il pas lui-même dans sa relation qu'il refusa de voir le corps et que M. de Girardin se montra étonné et choqué, lorsqu'il l'entendit parler de mort violente? Nous ne pouvons, au moins, passer sous silence l'opinion d'un écrivain qui a consacré ses travaux sur la personne et les ouvrages de Rousseau. "Nous croyons," dit M. de Musset-Pathay, "que pour accélérer le moment fatal Jean-Jacques employa les deux moyens; c'est-à-dire qu'il prit du poison, et que pour abréger la lenteur des effets et la durée des souffrances, il les termina par un coup de pistolet." Rousseau fut enterré le jour même de sa mort dans l'île des Peupliers à Ermenonville. Le 11 octobre, 1794, ses cendres en furent enlevées, pour être déposées au Panthéon.

From the *Biographie Universelle*, Paris, Michaud, 1825.



MARIA THERESA, EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA AND QUEEN OF HUNGARY.
From an engraving.

The Death of Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria.

Born 1717. Died 29th November 1780.

THE noble Kaiserin Maria Theresa died in Vienna on the 29th of November 1780, after a short illness. Her end was beautiful and exemplary, even as her course through life had been. She caught cold, and this rapidly developed into inflammation of the lungs. At the point of death she was sitting upright in her chair, it being impossible for her to breathe otherwise, when she leaned her head back a little as if going to sleep. One of her women hastened to arrange the pillows which supported her head, and, stooping down, whispered: "Will your Majesty sleep a little?" "No," answered the dying Empress, "I could indeed sleep, but I must not give way. Death is too near, and he must not steal upon me unawares. These fifteen years I have been making ready for him and now I will meet him awake."

Fifteen years before, her beloved husband had been snatched from her suddenly, and ever since then she had worn widow's weeds and had looked upon herself as having done with the world. He had died on the 18th of the month, and the 18th of every month following had been for her a day of solitary prayer. On the 18th of every August, that being her husband's death-day, she had descended into the vaults of the Stephan's Kirche and prayed beside his tomb there. On the last occasion something had broken or given way in the apparatus by which she descended, and she had regarded this as an omen of her coming end—an omen now fulfilled. She died with a smile on her face. Across the dark river she thought she saw the spirit of her husband, awaiting her with outstretched arms.

Authorities: T. Carlyle; J. F. Bright.



DIDEROT,
From an engraving by Ryder.

The Death of Denis Diderot. Born at Langres in
Champagne, 15th October 1713. Died in Paris
30th July 1784.

IN 1773 Diderot undertook a journey to St. Petersburg to thank the Empress Catherine for the many benefits she had heaped upon him. He had hoped to return to France by way of Berlin, but Frederick the Great offered him no inducement or welcome. That monarch indeed was no appreciator of Diderot's undoubted talents. In a letter to Mons. d'Alembert he wrote: "On dit qu'à Pétersbourg on trouve Diderot raisonneur ennuyeux. Il rabâche sans cesse les mêmes choses. Ce que je sais, c'est que je ne saurais soutenir la lecture de ses livres, tout intrepide lecteur que je suis. Il y règne un ton suffisant et une arrogance qui révolte l'instinct de ma liberté."

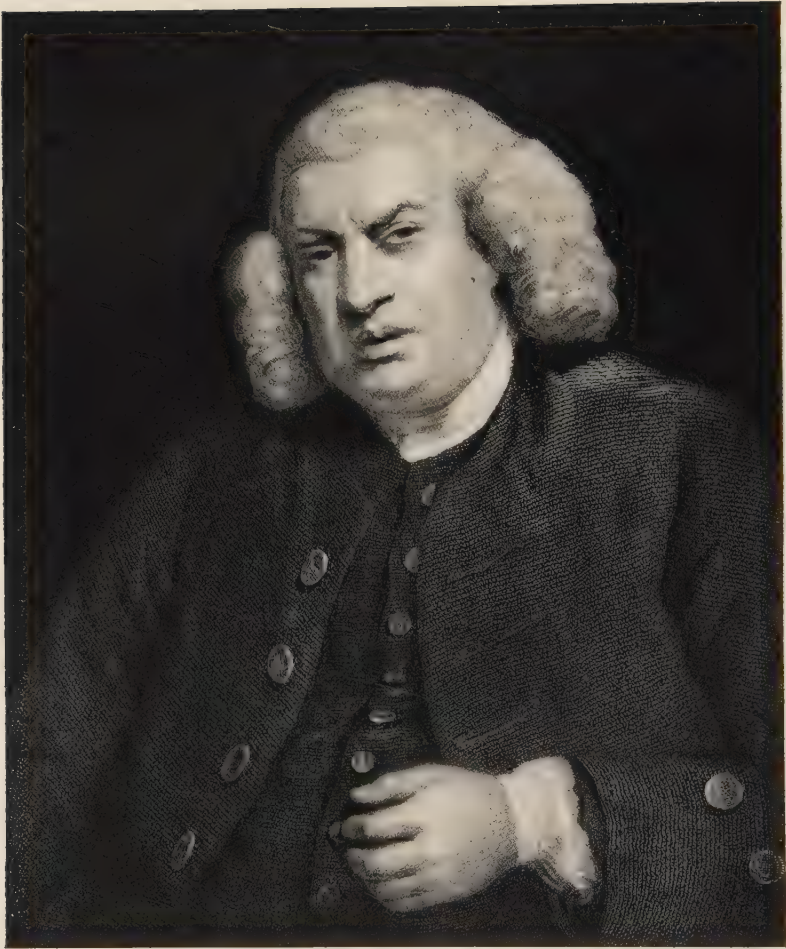
Diderot was indeed a professed atheist, and loved to sustain his opinions with vehement enthusiasm, with an intellectual arrogance that could not but revolt a great thinker like Frederick. In September 1774 he returned home, and on the eve of his journey thither wrote: "I shall gain my fireside, never to quit it again for the rest of my life." He returned to Paris not over-pleased with his journey, and his health began to give way. His infirmities increased and he soon retired from society, seeing only a few of his more intimate friends: the company of his wife and daughter, with his beloved books, formed his last resource. His wife was a good woman, and he had not interfered with her religion or in the education of his daughter. Voltaire, writing to a friend, said: "I am not pleased with Diderot, I hear that he allows his daughter to read the Bible and has had her educated on principles which he himself detests."

In the spring of 1784 Diderot felt himself to be very ill; dropsy set in, and he lingered in much suffering through the summer. The parish priest visited him hoping for the semblance of a conversion, and in their conversations, finding they had a common ground of morality, ventured to hint that some written retraction of his published views might be for the public benefit. "I daresay it would," replied Diderot, "but confess, M. le Curé, that I should be telling an impudent falsehood"; and no retraction was ever made. On the evening of the 30th July 1784, he was at table with his wife and daughter, and at the close of the meal took an apricot as "dessert." His wife remonstrated, but he answered: "Mais quel diable de mal veux tu que cela me fasse?" and he ate the fruit. Then he rested his elbow on the table and put his head on his hand. Madame Diderot again spoke to him, and, getting no answer, rose and went to him. He was dead. So fell the curtain on this strange man of genius. His own words form the best commentary on his death. He wrote: "We fix our gaze on the ruins of a palace or a temple. All perishes, passes away. It is only time that endures. I walk between

two eternities. To whatever side I turn my eyes, the objects that surround me tell of an end and teach me resignation. What is my ephemeral existence compared with that of the crumbling rock or the decaying forest? and yet I cannot bear to die. Shall I repine that this feeble tissue of flesh and fibre is subject to the universal law, that executes itself inexorably on the very bronze itself?"

Diderot had always maintained that an examination of the organs after death was a useful practice, and the operation took place in his own case, nothing remarkable being revealed. He was buried in the vaults of the church of Saint Roche in Paris. His end had come so suddenly that the priests escaped the necessity of denying him the funeral rites of the church.

Authorities: *Biographie Universelle*; Diderot's Works; John Morley's "Diderot."



DOCTOR SAMUEL JOHNSON.

From an engraving by W. Holt of a picture by Sir J. Reynolds.

The Death of Samuel Johnson. Born 1709. Died
13th December 1784.

WE now have to behold Samuel Johnson preparing himself for that doom from which no man is exempt. Death had always been to him an object of terror, so that, though by no means happy in his existence, he still clung to life with an eagerness at which many have wondered. "I would give one of my legs," said Dr. Johnson, "for a year more of life: I mean comfortable life, not such as that from which I now suffer." At any time when he was ill he was much pleased to be told he looked better. His views as to futurity were rational. "You know," he said, "I never thought confidence with respect to futurity any part of the character of a brave, wise, or good man. Bravery has no place where it can avail nothing." On another occasion, when discussing the immortality of the soul, a friend said to him: "Surely you will accept the evidence of revealed religion." "I want more evidence," said Johnson.

His friend Boswell asked him: "Is not the fear of death natural to man?" Johnson replied: "So much so, Sir, that the whole of life is but the keeping away the thoughts of it." He then, in a low and earnest tone, talked of his meditating on the awful hour of his own dissolution, and in what manner he should conduct himself on that occasion. "I know not," said he, "whether I should wish to have a friend by me, or have it all between God and myself."

In a letter to Mrs. Thrale dated 16th June 1783 he wrote: "I perceived that I had suffered a paralytic stroke and that my speech was taken from me. I had no pain, and so little dejection in this dreadful state that I wondered at my own apathy, and considered that perhaps death itself, when it should come, would excite less horror than seems now to attend it."

Again, writing to Dr. Taylor on 12th April 1784 he wrote: "— O my friend! the approach of death is very dreadful. I am afraid to think on that which I know I cannot avoid. It is vain to look round and round for that help which cannot be had. Yet we hope and hope, and fancy that he who has lived to-day may live to-morrow."

Amid the clouds of melancholy which hung over the dying man, Johnson's character shone out on various occasions. When his physician, Dr. Warren, hoped that he was better, he answered: "No, Sir. You cannot conceive with what acceleration I advance towards death." A pillow having been placed to support him, he said: "That will do—all that a pillow can do." On opening a note that his servant brought, he remarked: "An odd thought strikes me. We shall receive no letters in the grave." He requested three things from his old friend Sir Joshua Reynolds. 1st, To forgive him the £30 which he had borrowed from him. 2nd, To read the Bible, and 3rd, Never to use his pencil on Sunday. Sir Joshua readily promised these things. "Give

me," he said to the Doctor, "a direct answer. Tell me plainly, can I recover?" The Doctor answered that nothing short of a miracle could restore him to health. "Then," said Johnson, "I will take no more physic—not even opiates; for I have prayed that I may render up my soul to God, unclouded." He was perfectly composed, steady in hope and resigned to death. He made his will on the 9th of December, and, having settled his worldly affairs, he uttered this prayer: "Almighty and most merciful Father, I am now, as to human eyes, about to commemorate for the last time the death of Thy Son Jesus Christ our Saviour and Redeemer. Grant, O Lord, that my whole hope and confidence may be in His merits and in Thy mercy. Enforce and accept my imperfect repentance; make this commemoration available to the confirmation of my faith, the establishment of my hope, and the enlargement of my charity: and make the death of Thy Son Jesus Christ effectual to my redemption. Have mercy upon me and pardon the multitude of my offences. Bless my friends. Have mercy upon all men. Support me by Thy Holy Spirit in the days of weakness and at the hour of death, and receive me into everlasting happiness for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen." Having uttered this prayer he received the Holy Sacrament.

At the interval of each hour they assisted him to sit up in his bed and moved his legs, which were in much pain. The only sustenance he now took was cider and water. He said that his mind was prepared, but that death was a long time a-coming. At six o'clock on the morning of the 13th of December he asked the time and said he felt that he had but a short time to live. His difficulty of breathing increased till about seven o'clock in the evening, when those in the room noticed that the sound of breathing had ceased, and, going to the bed, found him dead. Life to him was a prison to be endured with heroic constancy. He realized that the highest task of manhood was to live like a man, and like a man he died, with awe-struck yet resolute and piously expectant heart, taking leave of a Reality to enter a Reality still higher.

Carlyle says of him: Few men on record have had a more merciful, tenderly affectionate nature than old Samuel. He was called the Bear and did indeed often look and roar like one, being forced to it in his own defence; yet within that shaggy exterior of his there beat a heart warm as a mother's, soft as a little child's. Nay generally his very roaring was but the anger of affection; the rage of a bear if you will, but of a bear bereaved of her whelps. Touch his religion; glance at the Church of England or the divine right; and he was upon you. These things were his symbols of all that was good and precious for men; his very ark of the covenant; whoso laid his hand on them tore asunder his heart of hearts.

Authorities: Boswell; Birrell; Carlyle; Dictionary of National Biography.



J. FLETCHER.

From an engraving by W. J. White.

The Death of Mr. Fletcher of Madeley, Methodist Preacher. Born 1729. Died 1785.

VOLUMES have been filled by sectarians of every description with accounts of the behaviour and triumphant hopes of the dying, all resembling each other, but the circumstances of Mr. Fletcher's death were as peculiar as those of his life. He had taken cold, and a considerable degree of fever had been induced, but no persuasion could prevail on him to stay from church on Sunday, nor even to permit that any part of the service should be performed for him. It was the will of the Lord, he said, that he should go, and he assured his wife and his friends that God would strengthen him to go through the duties of the day. Before he had proceeded far in the service he grew pale, and faltered in his speech, and could scarcely keep himself from fainting. The congregation were greatly affected and alarmed, and Mrs. Fletcher, pressing through the crowd, earnestly entreated him not to persevere in what was so evidently beyond his strength. He recovered, however, when the windows were opened, exerted himself against the mortal illness that he felt, went through the service and preached with remarkable earnestness and with not less effect, for his parishioners plainly saw that the hand of death was upon him. After the sermon he walked to the communion table, saying: "I throw myself under the wings of the Cherubim at the Mercy Seat." The people were deeply affected while they beheld him offering up the last languid remains of a life spent in their service. Groans were heard and tears fell on every side. In going through this last part of his duty he was exhausted again and again, but his spiritual vigour triumphed over his bodily weakness. After several times sinking on the sacramental table, he still resumed his sacred work and cheerfully distributed with his dying hands the love memorials of his dying Lord. In the course of this concluding office, which he performed by means of the most astonishing exertions, he gave out several hymns and delivered affectionate exhortations to his people; and now, having struggled through a service of nearly four hours' duration, he was supported, with blessings in his mouth, from the altar to his chamber, where he lay for some time in a swoon and from whence he never walked into the world again. Mr. Fletcher's nearest and dearest friends sympathized entirely with him in his devotional feelings, and seem never to have entertained a thought that his exertions and actions might have proved the direct cause of his death. "I besought the Lord," says Mrs. Fletcher, "if it were His good pleasure to spare my husband to me a little longer: but my prayer seemed to have no wings." On the Sunday following he died, and that day also was distinguished by circumstances not less remarkable. Prayers for his recovery were offered in the church, and it is impossible to convey an idea of the universal sorrow. The whole village wore an air of consternation and sadness. Hasty messengers passed to and fro with anxious inquiries and confused

reports, and the members of every family sat together in silence that day awaiting with trembling expectation the issue of every hour. After the evening service several of the poor, who came from a distance and who were usually entertained under his roof, lingered about the house and expressed a wish that they might see their expiring pastor. Their desire was granted: the door of his chamber was set open, directly opposite to which he was sitting upright in his bed with the curtains undrawn, unaltered in his usual venerable appearance, and they passed along the gallery one by one pausing at the door to look upon him for the last time. A few hours after this extraordinary scene he breathed his last without a struggle or a groan, in perfect peace, and in the fullness of faith and of hope. Such was the death of Jean Guillaume de la Flechère, or, as he may be more properly designated in this his adopted country, Fletcher of Madeley—a man of whom Methodism may well be proud as the most able of its defenders, and whom the Church of England may hold in honourable remembrance as one of the most pious and excellent of her sons.

Authority: Southey's "Life of Wesley."



FREDERICK THE GREAT.
From an engraving.

The Death of Friedrich II of Prussia, called Frederick the Great. Born 1712. Died 1786.

TUESDAY 15th August 1786. Contrary to all wont, the King did not awaken till eleven o'clock. On first looking up he seemed in a confused state, but soon recovered himself; called in his Generals and his Secretaries, who had been in waiting so long, and gave with his old precision the orders wanted; one to Rohdich, Commandant of Potsdam, about a review of the troops there next day: order minutely perfect in knowledge of the ground, in foresight of what and how the evolutions were to be: which was accordingly performed on the morrow. The Cabinet work he went through with the like possession of himself, giving, on every point, his three clerks their directions in a weak voice yet with the old power of spirit. On Wednesday morning General Adjutants, Secretaries, Commandant were there at their old hours, but word came out: "Secretaries are to wait." King is in a kind of a sleep, of stertorous, ominous character, as if it were the death sleep; seems not to recollect himself when he does at intervals open his eyes. After some time, on a ray of consciousness, the King bethought him of Rohdich the Commandant; tried to give Rohdich the parole as usual; tried twice, perhaps three times, but found he could not speak: and with a glance of sorrow, which seemed to say "It is impossible then!" turned his head and sank back into the corner of his chair. Rohdich burst into tears; the King again lay slumberous; the rattle of death beginning soon after and lasting at intervals through the day. Towards evening the feverishness abated and the King fell into a soft sleep, but on awakening complained of cold, repeatedly of cold, demanding wrapper after wrapper. On examining his feet and legs one of the doctors made signs that they were in fact cold nearly to the knee. "What said he of the feet?" murmured the King. "Much the same as before," answered some attendant. The King shook his head incredulous. He drank once, grasping the goblet with both hands, a draught of fennel water, his usual drink, and seemed relieved by it. Towards nine in the evening there came on a continual short cough; for the most part he was unconscious, never more than half conscious. As the wall clock above his head struck eleven he asked the time. "Eleven," answered they. "At four," he murmured, "I will rise." One of his dogs sat on a stool near him, and about midnight he noticed that it was shivering with cold. "Throw a quilt over it," he said. Afterwards, in a severe choking fit, getting rid at last of the phlegm, he said: "*La montagne est passée, nous irons mieux.*" This was his last conscious utterance. The attendants were in the outer room. With him only Strützki his Kammerhussar, a faithful, ingenuous man. Strützki, to save the King from sinking down in his chair, at last took the King on his knee, kneeling on the ground on his other knee for the purpose—King's right arm round Strützki's neck, Strützki's left arm round the King's back and support-

ing his other shoulder; in which posture the faithful servant sat motionless for above two hours till the end came. Within doors all is silence, except the breathing; around the dark earth silent, above the silent stars. At twenty minutes past two the breathing paused—wavered, ceased. Friedrich's life-battle is fought out; instead of suffering and sore labour here is now rest; on Thursday morning the 17th August 1786, at the dark hour just named. On the 31st May last, this King had reigned 46 years; he had lived 74 years 6 months and 24 days. By his own express will there was no embalming of the body. Two regimental surgeons washed the corpse and decently prepared it for interment. At eight the same evening Friedrich's body, dressed in the uniform of the First Battalion of Guards and laid in its coffin, was borne to Potsdam in a hearse drawn by eight horses, twelve non-commissioned officers of the Guards escorting. All Potsdam was in the streets; the soldiers of their own accord formed rank and followed the hearse; many a rugged face unable to restrain tears; for the rest universal silence as of midnight; nothing audible among the people, but here and there a sob and the murmur: "Ach! der gute König!" All next day the body lay in state in the Palace, thousands crowding from Berlin to see the King's face for the last time. Wasted, worn, but beautiful in death, with the thin gray hair parted into locks and slightly powdered. At eight in the evening of the 18th he was borne to the garrison church of Potsdam, and laid beside his father in the vault behind the pulpit there, where the two coffins are still to be seen. Friedrich well knew himself to be dying, but expected perhaps that the end would be a little further off. There is a stoic simplicity about him, finding nothing strange in this end of all things for him. From old times Life had been infinitely contemptible to him. In Death he had neither fear nor hope. Atheism truly he never could abide; to him, as to most thinking beings, it was flatly inconceivable that intellect and moral emotion could have been put into him by an Entity that had no such qualities; but there his Theism seems to have stopped. Instinctively he believed that Right alone has any strength in this World. Hope for himself in Divine Justice or Divine Providence he had not practically any: that the unfathomable Demiurgus should concern himself with such a set of paltry ill-conditioned animals as himself and mankind in general was, in the main, incredible to him. A sad creed this of King Friedrich's! He had to do his duty, without fee or reward, and to his last hour concerned himself with doing that which was to him all the Law and the Prophets. His death was stern and lonely, and he too was a man of deep affections, and of more sensibility than most other men; but so his whole life had been stern and lonely, such was the severe law laid upon him. Here follows the last letter he ever wrote:

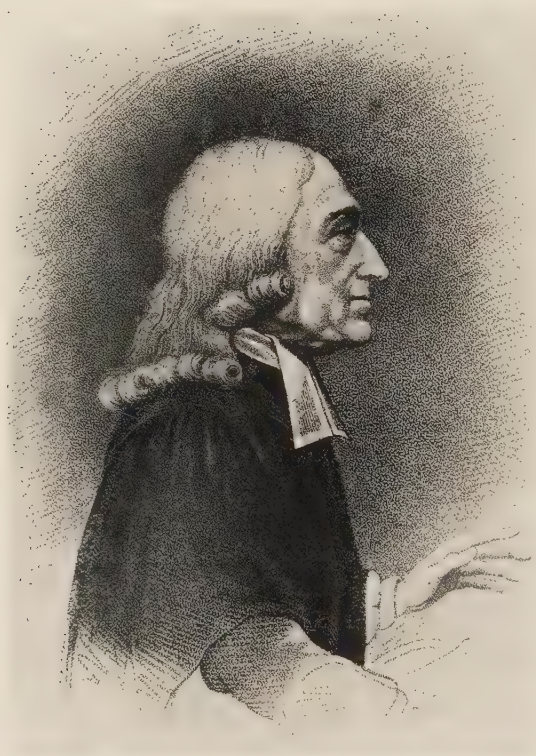
To the Duchess Dowager of Brunswick, dated "Sans Souci," 10th August 1786.

"My adorable Sister, The Hanover Doctor has wished to make himself

important with you, my good sister, but the truth is he has been of no use to me. The old must give place to the young that each generation may find room clear for it; and Life, if we examine strictly what its course is, consists in seeing one's fellow creatures die and be born. In the meanwhile I have felt myself a little easier for the last day or two. My heart remains inviolably attached to you, my good Sister. With the highest consideration, I am your faithful Brother and Servant,

“FRIEDRICH.”

Authority: Carlyle's “Frederick the Great.”



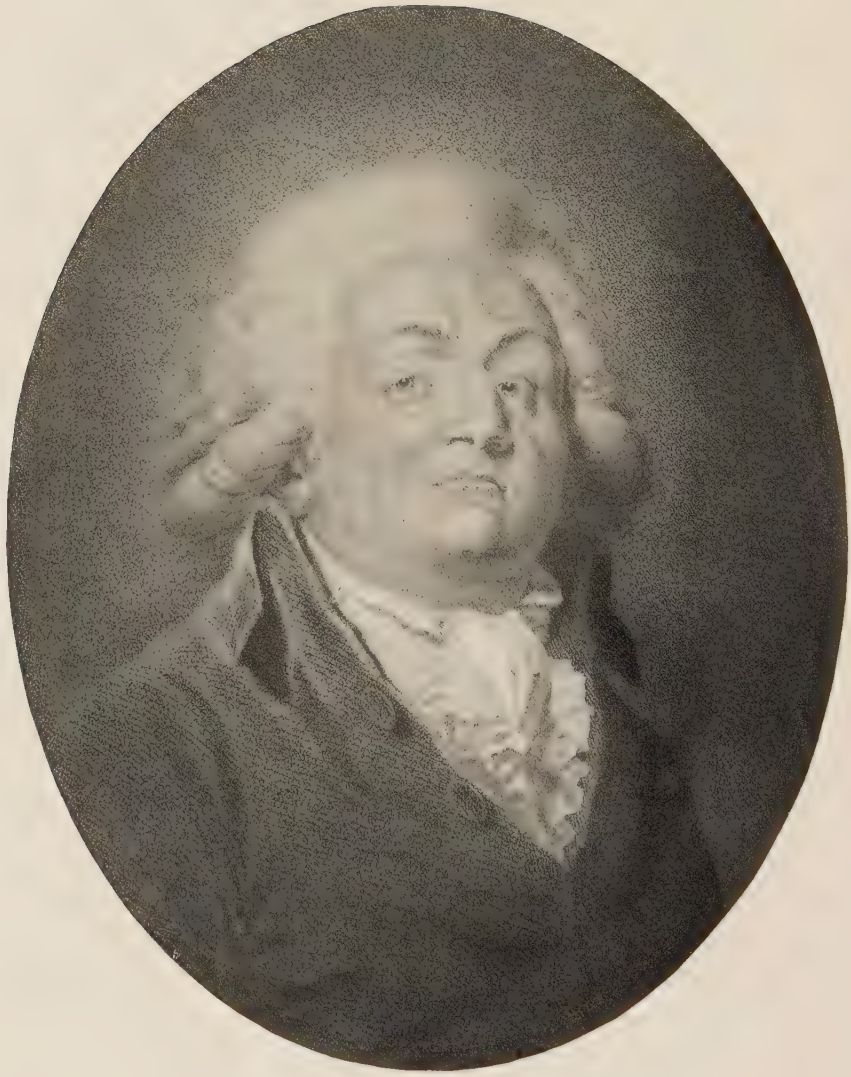
JOHN WESLEY, A.M.
From an engraving by R. Page.

The Death of John Wesley. Born 1703. Died 2nd March 1791, aged eighty-seven years and nine months.

UPON his eighty-sixth birthday Wesley wrote as follows: "I now find I grow old. My sight is decayed so that I cannot read small print unless in a strong light. My strength is diminished so that I walk much slower than I did some years since. My memory of names, whether of persons or places, is so bad that I have to stop a little to recollect them. What I should be afraid of is, if I took thought for the morrow, that my body should weigh down my mind, and create either stubbornness by the decrease of my understanding or peevishness by the increase of bodily infirmities, but Thou shalt answer for me, O Lord my God." His strength diminished so much, that he found it difficult to preach more than twice a day, and for many weeks he abstained from his five o'clock morning service because a slow fever stole away his strength. Finding himself a little better he resumed the practice and hoped to hold on a little longer, but at the beginning of the year 1790 he writes: "I am become indeed an old man. Mine eyes are dim, my right hand shakes much, my mouth is hot and dry every morning. I have a lingering fever almost every day, and my movements are weak and slow. However, blessed be God! I do not slack my labours; I can preach and write still." In the middle of the same year he closed his cash account-book with the following words written in a tremulous hand: "For upwards of 76 years I have kept my accounts exactly; I will not attempt it any longer, being satisfied with the continual conviction that I save all I can and give all I can, that is, all I have." His strength was now quite gone and no glasses would help his sight—"but I feel no pain," he says, "from head to foot, only it seems nature is exhausted, and humanly speaking will sink more and more till the weary springs of life stand still at last." On the 1st February 1791, he wrote his last letter to America. It shows how anxious he was that his followers should consider themselves as one united body. "See," said he, "that you never give way to one thought of separating from your brethren in Europe. Lose no opportunity of declaring to all men that the Methodists are one people in all the world and that it is their full determination so to continue." He expressed also a sense that his hour was almost come. "Those that desire to write," said he, "or say any thing to me have no time to lose, for Time has shaken me by the hand and Death is not far behind." On the 17th of that month he took cold after preaching at Lambeth; for some days he struggled against increasing fever and continued to preach till the Wednesday following, when he delivered his last sermon. From that time he became daily weaker and more lethargic, and on the 2nd March he died in peace, being in the eighty-eighth year of his age and the sixty-fifth of his ministry. During his illness he said: "Let me be buried in nothing but what is woollen, and let my corpse be carried in my coffin to the chapel. I particu-

larly desire," said he, "that there may be no hearse, no coach, no escutcheon, no pomp, except the tears of those who loved me, and are following me to Abraham's bosom, and I solemnly adjure my executors in the name of God punctually to observe this." At the desire of many of his friends his body was carried into the chapel the day preceding the interment, and there lay, as it were, in state—dressed in his clerical habit with gown, cassock, and band; his clerical cap on his head and the Bible in his hand. The face was placid and wore a serene and heavenly smile. The crowds who flocked to see him were so great that it was thought prudent, for fear of accidents, to accelerate the interment and perform it between five and six in the morning. The change of time, however, could not be kept entirely secret, and several hundred people attended at that unusual hour. Mr. Richardson, who performed the service, had been one of his itinerant preachers for thirty years. When he came to that part of the service "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to take unto himself the soul of our dear brother," his voice faltered and he substituted the word father, and the feeling with which he did this was such that the congregation, who were shedding silent tears, burst forth at once in loud weeping.

Authority: Southey's "Life of Wesley."



MIRABEAU.

The Death of Mirabeau. Honoré Gabriel Riquetti, Comte de Mirabeau. Born 1749. Died 2nd April 1791.

THE fierce wear and tear of such an existence had wasted out the giant oaken strength of Mirabeau. "If I had not lived with him," says Dumont, "I never should have known what a man can make of one day; what things may be placed within the interval of twelve hours. A day for this man was more than a week or a month is for others: the mass of things he guided on together was prodigious; from the scheming to the executing not a moment lost." "Monsieur le Comte," said his secretary to him once, "what you require is impossible." "Impossible," answered he, starting from his chair, "Ne me dites jamais ce bête de mot." In January last you might see him as President of the Assembly; "his neck wrapped in linen cloths at the evening session": there was sick heat of the blood, alternate darkening and flashing in the eyesight; he had to apply leeches after the morning labour, and preside bandaged. "At parting he embraced me," says Dumont, "with an emotion I had never seen in him: 'I am dying, my friend; dying as by slow fire; we shall not perhaps meet again. When I am gone, they will know what the value of me was. The miseries I have held back will burst from all sides on France.'" And so, on the last day of March 1791, endless anxious multitudes beset the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, incessantly inquiring; within doors there, in that house numbered in our time forty-two, the over-wearied giant has fallen down, to die. The King sends publicly twice a day to inquire. The people spontaneously keep silence, mute, heart-stricken; to all it seems as if a great calamity were nigh. On Saturday, the 2nd of April, Mirabeau feels that the last of the days has risen for him; that on this day he has to depart and be no more. At times comes a beam of light from him on the world he is quitting. "I carry in my heart the death dirge of the French Monarchy; the dead remains of it will now be the spoil of the factious." He gazes forth on the young spring, which for him will never be summer: the sun has risen, and he says: "Si ce n'est pas là Dieu, c'est du moins son cousin germain." Death has mastered the outworks; the power of speech is gone, the citadel of the heart still holding out. The moribund giant passionately, by signs, demands paper and pen; writes his passionate demand for opium to end these agonies. The sorrowful doctor shakes his head. "Dormir," writes the dying man, pointing at the word. So dies a gigantic Heathen and Titan; stumbling blindly, undismayed, down to his rest. At half-past eight in the morning Dr. Petit, standing at the foot of the bed, says: "Il ne souffre plus." His suffering and working are now ended.

Mirabeau ranks among the great men of the eighteenth century. Burly, bull-necked, strong in body as in mind, built like his old father the Marquis;

"l'ami des peuples"—"à fond gaillard." A blustering, noisy, pushing-forward, unresting man. His characteristic veracity, power of insight, clearness of vision made his words worth remembering. Of raging passions, but capable of the tenderest, noble affection. Full of wit, wild laughter, energy, directness, and sincerity.

Authority: Carlyle's "French Revolution."



WOLFGANG AMADENS MOZART.

The Death of Mozart. Wolfgang Amadeus Chrysostom

Mozart was born in Salzburg 27th January 1756,
and died in Vienna 5th December 1791.

WRITING to his father not long before he died he spoke touchingly of death. He wrote: "As Death, strictly speaking, is the true end and aim of our lives, I have made myself well acquainted with this true best friend of mankind, so that his image no longer terrifies, but calms and consoles me, and I thank God for giving me the opportunity of learning to look upon death as the key which unlocks the gate of true bliss. I never lie down to rest without thinking that, young as I am, before the dawn of another day I may be no more; and yet nobody who knows me would call me morose or discontented. For this blessing I thank my Creator every day, and wish from my heart that I could share it with my fellow men."

In July 1791 he had undertaken to compose a Requiem for an unknown client, the price being fixed at one hundred ducats, but his work on this was interrupted by his having to go to Prague to direct the music necessary on the coronation of Leopold II. On his return to Vienna in September he felt very unwell. One beautiful day he and his wife, Constance, had driven to the Prater, and were sitting alone together, when he began to speak of death, and, with tears in his eyes, said to his wife: "I feel sure I am writing this Requiem for myself. My end is drawing near; I almost think I have been poisoned." Not long after this his hands and feet began to swell, and partial paralysis set in accompanied by violent sickness. During his confinement to his bed his consciousness never left him: he was tranquil and resigned, not manifesting the smallest impatience. The Requiem still continued to occupy his thoughts, and he had the score brought to him in bed, and tried it over with some friends, he himself taking the alto part, but when they reached the first bass of the *Lagrimoso* it suddenly came over him that he would never finish it, and bursting into tears he put the score away. To his sister-in-law, who came to see him in the evening, he said: "I have the flavour of death on my tongue. I taste death! who will support my dear Constance if you do not stay with her?" Even in his latest fancies he was busy with the Requiem. To his friend Süssmayer, who came to bid him farewell, he said: "Did I not tell you I was writing my own Requiem?" and as he lay with his eyes closed he would blow out his cheeks to imitate the trumpets and drums. Towards midnight of 4th December 1791 he raised himself on his pillows, opening his eyes wide and gazing fixedly as if he saw something; then he turned his face to the wall and seemed to fall asleep. By one o'clock on the morning of 5th December 1791, his spirit had fled. The next day the body was removed to St. Stephen's Church, and at three o'clock in the afternoon the benediction was pronounced over his coffin. The

bier was then carried for interment to the churchyard of St. Mark's. A violent storm raged so fiercely that all the mourners turned back, and not a friend stood by when Mozart's body was lowered into the grave. No stone marks his resting-place. When the widow visited the churchyard she found a fresh grave-digger had been appointed, who was unable to show her the grave she sought. All her inquiries were fruitless, so that to this day the last resting-place of the great musician is unknown. The city of Vienna, in 1859, erected a monument to his memory on the probable spot, as the site of the grave had been forgotten.

Authorities: Jahn's "Life"; Groves' Dictionary; Nohl, Correspondence.



LOUIS XVI.

The Death of Louis XVI of France. Born 1754.
Died 1793.

DEPUIS l'aube du jour, les abords de l'échafaud, le pont Louis XIV, les terrasses des Tuileries, les parapets du fleuve, les toits des maisons de la rue Royale, les branches même dépouillées des arbres des Champs Elysées, étaient chargés d'une innombrable multitude qui attendait l'événement dans l'agitation, dans le tumulte et dans le bruit d'une ruche d'hommes, comme si cette foule n'eût pu croire au supplice d'un roi avant de l'avoir vu de ses yeux. Les abords immédiats de l'échafaud avaient été envahis, grâce aux faveurs de la commune et à la connivence des commandants des troupes, par les hommes de sang des cordeliers et des jacobins incapables de pitié. A l'approche de la voiture du roi, une immobilité solennelle surprit cependant tout à coup cette foule et ces hommes eux-mêmes. La voiture s'arrêta à quelques pas de l'échafaud. Le trajet avait duré deux heures. Le roi en s'apercevant que la voiture avait cessé de rouler, leva les yeux et se penchant à l'oreille de son confesseur lui dit à voix basse : "Nous voilà arrivés, je crois." Un des trois frères Samson, bourreaux de Paris, ouvrit la portière. Les gendarmes descendirent, mais le roi refermant la portière et plaçant sa main droite sur le genou de son confesseur d'un geste de protection : "Messieurs," dit-il aux bourreaux qui se pressaient autour des roues, "je vous recommande monsieur que voilà ! Ayez soin qu'après ma mort il ne lui soit fait aucune insulte. Je vous charge d'y veiller." Personne ne répondit. Le roi voulut répéter avec plus de force cette recommandation aux exécuteurs. L'un d'eux lui coupa la parole. "Oui, oui," lui dit-il avec un accent sinistre, "sois tranquille ; nous en aurons soin ; laisse nous faire." Louis descendit. Trois valets du bourreau l'entourèrent et voulurent le déshabiller au pied de l'échafaud. Il les repoussa, ôta lui-même son habit, sa cravate, et dépouilla sa chemise jusqu'à la ceinture. Les exécuteurs se jetèrent alors de nouveau sur lui : "Que voulez-vous faire ?" murmura-t-il avec indignation. "Vous lier," lui répondirent-ils, et ils lui tenaient déjà les mains pour les nouer avec leurs cordes. "Me lier !" répliqua le roi avec un accent où toute la gloire de son sang se révoltait contre l'ignominie. "Non ! non ! Je n'y consentirai jamais ! Faites votre métier, mais vous ne me lierez pas ; renoncez-y." Les exécuteurs insistaient, élevaient la voix, préparaient la violence. Une lutte corps à corps allait souiller la victime au pied de l'échafaud. Le roi, par respect pour la dignité de sa mort, régarda le prêtre comme pour lui demander conseil. "Sire," dit le conseiller divin, "subissez sans résistance ce nouvel outrage comme un dernier trait de ressemblance entre vous et le Dieu qui va être votre récompense." Le roi leva les yeux au ciel : "Assurément," dit-il, "il ne faut rien moins que l'exemple d'un Dieu pour que je me soumette à un pareil affront." Puis se tournant, en tendant de lui-même les mains vers les exécuteurs : "Faites ce

que vous voudrez," leur dit-il, "je boirai le calice, jusqu'à la lie." Il monta, soutenu par le bras du prêtre, les marches hautes et glissantes de l'échafaud. Le poids de son corps semblait indiquer un affaissement de son âme; mais parvenu à la dernière marche, il s'élança des mains de son confesseur, traversa d'un pas ferme toute la largeur de l'échafaud, regarda en passant l'instrument et la hache, et se tournant tout à coup à gauche, en face de son palais, et du côté où la plus grande masse de peuple pouvait le voir et l'entendre, il fit aux tambours le geste du silence. Les tambours obéirent machinalement. "Peuple!" dit Louis XVI, d'une voix qui retentit dans le silence, "Peuple! je meurs innocent de tous les crimes qu'on m'impute! Je pardonne aux auteurs de ma mort, et je prie Dieu que le sang que vous allez répandre ne retombe jamais sur la France!" Il allait continuer; un frémissement parcourait la foule. Le chef d'état major des troupes ordonna aux tambours de battre. Un roulement immense et prolongé couvrit la voix du roi et le murmure de la multitude. Le roi revint de lui-même à pas lents vers la guillotine et se livra aux exécuteurs. Au moment où on l'attachait à la planche, il jeta encore un regard sur le prêtre qui priait à genoux au bord de l'échafaud. La planche chavira, la hache glissa, la tête tomba. Un des exécuteurs, prenant la tête par les cheveux, la montra au peuple et aspergea de sang les bords de l'échafaud. Des fédérés et des républicains fanatiques montèrent sur les planches; trempèrent les pointes de leurs sabres et les lances de leurs piques dans le sang, et les brandirent vers le ciel en poussant le cri de "Vive la République!"

Authority: "L'Histoire des Girondins," by Lamartine.



MARAT.

The Death of Jean Paul Marat. Born in Switzerland
24th May 1743. Died 15th July 1793.

MARAT lived on the first floor of an old house in the Rue des Cordeliers, Paris. The accommodation comprised an ante-room, a small study, a bedroom and a bath-room, with one reception room. The rooms were very bare and scantily furnished. In the study, books, printer's proof-sheets, and masses of papers littered the tables and chairs, spreading out even over the floor. The dirty staircase and ill-swept rooms testified to the constant coming and going of visitors, which his business as a journalist and politician involved. The squalid carelessness of the whole place seemed even boastful, as if the owner would say: "Here is the home of the People's Friend; here is no aristocratic luxury; all is the simplicity of the true republican." Indeed, the establishment of Marat was but what might be found in the home of any artisan. One woman lived with him, Simonne Evrard, formerly his mistress, but to whom, later, he had given his name, taking her as his wife "one fine day, in the face of the sun," *à la mode de* Jean-Jacques Rousseau, without any civil or religious ceremony. She was assisted by a girl and by a man named Laurent Basse, who acted as messenger. The feverish activity of Marat was in no way diminished by his bad health. He wrote for the press, ever and always; in his bed, in his bath, in his study; pouring forth a turbid tide of hatred and invective, inciting the Convention and the People to kill, always to kill, the enemies of the Republic. He took no rest himself, nor granted rest to others. Living always in fear of assassination, his house was closely guarded, and he was difficult of access. Charlotte Corday knew nothing of this, but must have suspected it. She was stopped at the entrance of the house by the porter's wife, but swiftly passing the lodge, she was ascending the stairs when Marat's wife appeared on the floor above, and barred her further progress. The altercation between the two women reached the ears of Marat, and he called out to let the woman come in. Marat was in his bath; a wooden board placed in front of him was covered with letters and papers, while beside him, on a stool, was a large pewter inkstand. His body was wrapped in a bath sheet, and he sat writing, with his head, shoulders, and arms out of the water. Charlotte Corday entered, and stood beside him with her eyes modestly cast down, waiting till he should interrogate her. He demanded news of Normandy, whence she had come, and which she had promised to give him in a letter she had sent to him that morning; and he wrote down from her lips the names of the Girondist deputies who had fled from the National Convention, and taken refuge in the city of Caen. When he had finished: "It is well," he said, "before eight days shall have passed, they will all have gone to the guillotine." His hour had come. Plucked suddenly from her bosom, a bright blade flashed up and down, striking Marat once in the chest under the

clavicle, piercing the lungs, and cutting the carotid artery. He gave one cry for help: "A moi, chère amie, à moi!" and fell back. Charlotte Corday let the bloody knife fall to the ground, and drew back into the shadow of the window curtains. At the cry of Marat, his wife and the man-servant, Laurent, rushed into the room, and the latter, seizing a chair, struck a blow at Charlotte Corday which felled her to the ground. At the noise, people in the street stopped and entered the house, which soon became full of people. The National Guards arrived, a surgeon was sent for. They placed the body of Marat on his bed, but he never moved or spoke again. For an instant he turned his glazing eyes on Simonne Evrard, who was weeping at his side, and then they closed for ever.

Authorities: Carlyle's "French Revolution"; Girardin, "Histoire des Girondins."



*Marie Anne Charlotte Corday d'Annans.
from an old print*

The Angel of Assassination

The Death of Charlotte Corday (Marie-Anne-Charlotte Corday d'Armans). Born at St. Saturnin, near Séez, in Normandy in 1768. Died 17th July 1793.

AFTER the death of Marat by her hand, Charlotte Corday was taken to the Abbaye Prison, and on Wednesday morning following the crime, the thronged Palais de Justice and the Revolutionary Tribunal saw her appear before them. A strange murmur passed through the Hall at the sight of her calm, beautiful face. Fouquier-Tinville, the Public Prosecutor, was ready with all his documents, the cutler of the Palais Royal was there to testify that he had sold her the fatal knife. "Do you recognize this knife?" asked the President of the Tribunal of the accused. "Yes," she answered. "What made you commit this crime?" She replied: "I saw my country on the point of being overwhelmed by civil war: I was persuaded that Marat was the chief cause of the perils and calamities of France, and I gave my own life in order that I might take his and save my country." "Name the persons who induced you to commit this act." "No one knew of my purpose. I deceived my Father and my Aunt as to the object of my journey to Paris. No one influenced me. The thought, the design, the action were mine alone." Question: "Did you come from Caen with the express intention of killing Marat." Answer: "I came solely for that purpose." There was no more to be said. The sentence of the court was death as a murderess.

On the same evening at about half-past seven o'clock, the whole city was alive with curiosity and terror. A cart issued forth from the gate of the Conciergerie. Seated in it was a young, fair maiden dressed in the red smock of murder: beautiful, calm, and full of youthful life, journeying to her death. Alone in the world. Many of the crowd bared their heads as the cart passed. Others of the baser sort yelled and screamed foul abuse at her. The cart could progress but slowly, and Sanson the executioner heard her sigh. "You find it a long journey?" he asked. "Ah yes," she answered serenely, "but we are sure to get there at last." As they approached the scaffold Sanson stepped in front of her to prevent her seeing the guillotine, but she bent forward saying: "I have a good right to be curious for I have never seen one before." The red sun dipped behind the Champs Elysées as she mounted the steps of the scaffold. The executioners were proceeding to bind her feet and she resisted, thinking it was meant as an insult, but on a word of explanation she submitted with a cheerful apology. At the last, all being now ready, one of the men roughly removed the handkerchief from her neck, and she hastened herself to place her neck beneath the axe. The head was struck off, rolled and rebounded. One of the executioner's assistants (whose shameful name was Legros) thinking to please the people took the fair pale head and slapped

it on the cheek. "It is most true," wrote an Englishman who was present, "he struck the cheek insultingly. I saw it with my eyes, but the Police imprisoned him for it." Thus she died at the age of nearly twenty-five. Her body was first interred at the Madeleine, but was afterwards removed to the Cemetery of Montparnasse.

"Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner" (Mme. de Stäel).

"Ah! judge her gently who so grandly erred,
So swiftly smote and so serenely fell;
When the wild Anarch's hurrying drums were heard,
The frenzy fired the finer souls as well."

"La France à la hache abandonne ta tête.
C'est au monstre égorgé qu'on prépare une fête
Parmi ses compagnons, tous dignes de son sort.
Oh! quel noble dédain fit sourire ta bouche,
Quand un brigand, vengeur de ce brigand farouche,
Crut te faire pâlir aux menaces de mort.

"Belle, jeune, brillante, aux bourreaux amenée,
Tu semblais t'avancer sur le char d'hyménée;
Ton front resta paisible et ton regard serein.
Calme sur l'échafaud, tu méprisas la rage
D'un peuple abject, servile, et fécond en outrage,
Et qui se croit encore et libre et souverain."

ANDRÉ CHÉNIER.

Authorities: Lamartine, "Histoire des Girondins"; Carlyle's "French Revolution."



MARIE ANTOINETTE.

(From a print.)

By permission of Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower.

The Death of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France.

Born 1755. Died 1793.

THE so-called trial was over. "Have you anything to say?" asked the President of the Revolutionary Court. The Queen shook her head. What indeed was there to say? Her death was determined on. Her crime was, that she was the daughter of a powerful monarch and had been Queen of France. Such things were incompatible with the existence of a free and fraternal Republic. It was four o'clock on Wednesday morning, 16th October 1793, as she went down the stone steps, lighted by the torches of the guard, to the prison of the Conciergerie beneath the Palais de Justice, where she had been arraigned. There in the condemned cell she asked for paper, pen, and ink, and wrote her last letter, an appeal to her sister-in-law, the Princess Elizabeth, to be a mother to her children. This letter never reached its destination. The poor Princess Elizabeth, a short time after, herself mounted the steps of the scaffold, and the letter was found after the Terror among the papers of Couthon, to whom it had been given by Fouquier-Tinville as a literary curiosity. Constitutional priests attended to offer her religious consolation, but she refused their services, since to her thinking they were not priests. "I thank you," she said, "but my religion forbids me to receive God's pardon through any priest who is not of the Roman Communion." By order, however, one of these Constitutional priests accompanied her to the scaffold. She is said to have received benediction and absolution from one of the non-juring priests of her own communion from a window in the Rue St. Honoré, which she passed on her way to the place of execution. At five o'clock a.m. the "assembly" was beaten in all the Sections. At seven the whole force of the National Guard was under arms. Cannon were placed on the bridges and on all the cross roads between the Palais de Justice and the Place de la Révolution, where her husband, Louis XVI, had suffered before her. By ten o'clock patrols were circulating through the streets, and all traffic was stopped on the road by which the Queen would pass. Marie Antoinette left the Conciergerie at eleven o'clock and entered the tumbril which was to take her to the scaffold, accompanied by the official priest and surrounded by a guard of cavalry. She had on a morning gown of white "piqué." She had herself cut short her long hair, and wore on her head a white cap confined by a black ribbon. Her hands were tied behind her back. She regarded with indifference the armed force which, to the number of some thirty thousand men, formed a double hedge in the streets through which she passed. There could be perceived in her expression neither pride nor humiliation. She was quite calm and paid no heed to the cries of "Vive la République," and "à bas la tyrannie," which greeted her progress. She paid no attention to the priest by her side, but anxiously scanned the windows of the Rue St. Honoré, from one of which she hoped to receive the last blessing

and absolution of the Church. On arriving in the Place de la Révolution, where the scaffold was erected, she turned her eyes on the Tuileries Gardens where in olden times she had been so happy, and it was noticed that she then became pale and showed signs of emotion. The priest and the executioner helped her to descend from the tumbril by supporting her elbows, but she ascended alone the steps that led to the guillotine with undaunted courage. For a few moments she knelt in prayer: then rising, "Adieu," she said, "Adieu, my dear children, for the last time." At a quarter past twelve her head fell. The executioner held it up and showed it to the people, amid cries from a thousand throats of "Vive la République." After the head was displayed by the executioner three young women were observed dipping their handkerchiefs in the streaming blood of the deceased Queen. They were instantly arrested. The corpse was afterwards buried in a grave filled with quicklime in the churchyard of the Madeleine, where her husband's body had been buried in like manner.

The last letter of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, to Princess Elizabeth, 1793.

16 Octobre 4½ du matin. C'est à vous ma Sœur que j'écris pour la dernière fois. Je viens d'être condamnée non pas à une mort honteuse, elle ne l'est que pour les criminels, mais à aller rejoindre votre frère; comme lui innocente, j'espère montrer la même fermeté que lui dans ces derniers moments. Je suis calme comme on l'est quand la conscience ne reproche rien; j'ai un profond regret d'abandonner mes pauvres enfants; vous savez que je n'existois que pour eux, et vous, ma bonne et tendre sœur: vous qui avez par votre amitié tout sacrifié pour être avec nous; dans quelle position je vous laisse! J'ai appris par le plaidoyer même du procès que ma fille étoit séparée de vous. Hélas! la pauvre enfant, je n'ose pas lui écrire, elle ne recevrait pas ma lettre. Je ne sais même pas si celle-ci vous parviendra; recevez pour eux deux ici ma bénédiction. J'espère qu'un jour, lorsqu'ils seront plus grands ils pourront se réunir avec vous, et jouir en entier de vos tendres soins, qu'ils pensent tous deux à ce que je n'ai cessé de leur inspirer; que les principes et l'exécution exacte de ses devoirs sont la première base de la vie; que leur amitié et leur confiance mutuelle, en feront le bonheur; que ma fille sente qu'à l'âge qu'elle a, elle doit toujours aider son frère par les conseils que l'expérience qu'elle aura de plus que lui et son amitié pourront lui inspirer: que mon fils à son tour, rende à sa sœur tous les soins, les services que l'amitié peut inspirer; qu'ils sentent en fin tous deux que dans quelque position où ils pourront se trouver, ils ne seront vraiment heureux que par leur union; qu'ils prennent exemple de nous, combien dans nos malheurs notre amitié nous a donné de consolations, et dans le bonheur on joint doublement quand on peut le partager avec un ami, et où en trouver de

plus tendre, de plus cher que dans sa propre famille? que mon fils n'oublie jamais les derniers mots de son père que je lui répète expressément; qu'il ne cherche jamais à venger notre mort. J'ai à vous parler d'une chose bien pénible à mon cœur: je sais combien cet enfant doit vous avoir fait de la peine; pardonnez-lui, ma chère sœur; pensez à l'âge qu'il a, et combien il est facile de faire dire à un enfant ce qu'on veut, et même ce qu'il ne comprend pas; un jour viendra j'espère où il ne sentira que mieux tout le prix de vos bontés, et de votre tendresse pour tous deux. Il me reste à vous confier encore mes dernières pensées, j'aurois voulu les écrire dès le commencement du procès, mais, outre qu'on ne me laissoit pas écrire, la marche en a été si rapide que je n'en aurois réellement pas eu le tems. Je meurs dans la religion catholique, apostolique et romaine, dans celle de mes pères, dans celle où j'ai été élevée, et que j'ai toujours professée; n'ayant aucune consolation spirituelle à attendre, ne sachant pas s'il existe encore ici des prêtres de cette religion, et même le lieu où je suis les exposerait trop s'ils y entroient une fois. Je demande sincèrement pardon à Dieu de toutes les fautes que j'ai pu commettre depuis que j'existe. J'espère que dans sa bonté il voudra bien recevoir mes derniers vœux, ainsi que ceux que je fais depuis longtemps, pour qu'il veuille bien recevoir mon âme dans sa miséricorde et sa bonté. Je demande pardon à tout ceux que je connois et à vous, ma sœur en particulier, de toutes les peines que sans le vouloir j'aurois pu vous causer. Je pardonne tous mes ennemis le mal qu'ils m'ont fait. Je dis ici adieu à mes tantes et à tous mes frères et sœurs. J'avois des amis; l'idée d'en être séparée pour jamais, et leurs peines, sont un des plus grands regrets que j'emporte en mourant, qu'ils sachent du moins que jusqu'à mon dernier moment j'ai pensé à eux. Adieu! ma bonne et tendre sœur: puisse cette lettre vous arriver! pensez toujours à moi; je vous embrasse de tout mon cœur ainsi que ces pauvres et chers enfants: Mon Dieu! qu'il est déchirant de les quitter pour toujours. Adieu! Adieu! je ne vais plus m'occuper que de mes devoirs spirituels. Comme je ne suis pas libre dans mes actions on m'amènera peut-être un prêtre, mais je proteste ici que je ne lui dirai pas un mot et que je le traiterai comme un être absolument étranger.

Authorities: Carlyle's "French Revolution"; and a pamphlet "Compte rendu aux sans culottes de la République Française par très haute, très puissante, et très expeditive Dame Guillotine, Dame du Carrousel de la place de la Révolution, de la Grève et autres-lieux."



MADAME ROLAND.

The Death of Marie Jeanne Phlipon, Madame Roland
de la Platière. Born 1754. Died 8th November
1793.

MADAME ROLAND is shown to us during her confinement in the Conciergerie by Riouffe in his "*Mémoires sur les Prisons*." He says: "Jeanne Marie Phlipon spoke to me often at the grate; we were all attentive round her in a sort of astonished admiration. She expressed herself with a purity of language, with a harmony, such that the ear could never have enough. Her conversation was serious, but not cold; coming from the mouth of a beautiful woman, it was as frank and courageous as the words of a great man." And yet her maid said: "Before you she collects her strength, but in her own room she will sit for hours, leaning on the window and weeping." For five months she was kept in prison, uncertain as to her fate, and it was during this time that she wrote the Memoirs which are so well known. "But now," says Riouffe, "on the 8th November 1793, clad in white, with her long black hair hanging down to her girdle, she is gone to the judgment-bar." Her sentence of death was soon pronounced. "I thank you," she said to her judges, with a slight inclination of the head, "I thank you, for having found me worthy to share the fate of those great men whom you have previously assassinated." On her way back to the prison she passed some friends and fellow prisoners in the crowd, and, smiling on them, she made a gesture with her finger round her neck, to convey to them that she was condemned to execution. Short space was allotted her. On that same day she had to travel her last road. Along with her in the cart was old Monsieur Lamarque, who had formerly been employed in the making of assignats, and she did her best to cheer him. The scaffold had been erected close to a great clay statue of Liberty, which had been erected by the Republic; arriving there, Madame Roland got out of the cart, and the executioner took her by the arm to make her mount the steps first. "Grant me a favour," she said. "Let this gentleman, M. Lamarque, die before me. The sight of my blood would cause him to suffer twice over." Sanson, the executioner, somewhat reluctantly consented. After the execution of Lamarque, she lightly mounted the steps of the scaffold and stood besides the guillotine. Then gazing at the statue: "O Liberty," she said, "what crimes are committed in thy name!" ("O Liberté, que de crimes on commet en ton nom!") She delivered herself to the executioners, and in another minute her beautiful head fell into the sack. On the 16th day of the same month, some four leagues from Rouen, near Bourg Baudoin, in Monsieur Normand's Avenue, there was found leaning against a tree, in a sitting posture, with a sword cane run through his heart, the body of a vigorous, wrinkled old man, stiff in death. On his breast this writing: "Whoever thou art that findest me lying here, respect my remains; they

are those of a man who consecrated his whole life to being of use to his fellow creatures, and who has died as he lived, virtuous and honest. Not fear, but indignation has led me to this end, on learning that my wife had been murdered; I wished to remain no longer on an earth polluted with such crimes. Jean Marie Roland de la Platière."

"To die is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never beat nor tempests roar.
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er."

Authorities: Carlyle's "French Revolution"; Le Notre



*Madame du Barry.
from an engraving of the bust by Morse.*

The Death of Madame du Barry. Born 17th August
1743. Died November 1793.

ARRIVÉ au Pont-au-Change, j'y trouvai une assez grande foule rassemblée. Je n'eus pas besoin de demander l'explication de ce rassemblement; elle ne se fit pas attendre. J'entendis au loin des cris déchirants, et aussitôt je vis sortir de la cour du Palais de Justice cette fatale charrette que Barrère dans un de ces accès de gaieté qui lui étaient si familiers, avait appelée "la bière des vivants." Une femme était sur cette charrette qui approcha lentement de l'endroit où je m'étais arrêté. Sa figure, son attitude, ses gestes, exprimaient le désespoir arrivé au plus haut paroxysme. Alternativement d'un rouge foncé et d'une pâleur effrayante, se débattant au milieu de l'exécuteur et de ses deux aides, qui avaient peine à la maintenir sur son banc, et poussant de ces cris affreux que je disais tout à l'heure, elle invoquait tour à tour leur pitié et celle des assistants. C'était Madame du Barry que l'on conduisait au supplice.

Entièrement vêtue de blanc, comme Marie-Antoinette qui l'avait, quelques semaines auparavant, précédée sur la même route, ses cheveux, du plus beau noir, formaient un contraste pareil à celui que présente le drap funéraire jeté sur un cercueil. Coupés sur la nuque, ainsi que cela se pratique en pareil cas, ceux de devant étaient ramenés à chaque instant sur le front par ses mouvements désordonnés, et lui cachaient une partie du visage. "Au nom du ciel, mes amis," s'écriait-elle au milieu des sanglots et des larmes: "Au nom du ciel, sauvez-moi; je n'ai jamais fait de mal à personne; sauvez-moi!"

La frayeur délirante de cette malheureuse femme produisait une telle impression parmi le peuple qu'aucun de ceux qui étaient venus là pour l'insulter à ses derniers moments ne se sentit le courage de lui adresser une parole d'injure. Autour d'elle tout semblait stupéfait, et l'on n'entendait d'autres cris que les siens; mais ses cris étaient si perçants qu'ils auraient, je n'en doute pas, dominé ceux de la multitude, si elle en eût proferé. J'ai dit tout à l'heure, je crois, que personne ne s'était senti le courage de l'insulter. Si fait. Un homme, un seul, vêtu avec une certaine recherche, éleva la voix au moment où, la charrette passant vis-à-vis de moi, la malheureuse, toujours s'adressant au peuple, s'écriait: "La vie, la vie! qu'on me laisse la vie et je donne tous mes biens à la nation." "Tu ne donnes à la nation que ce qui lui appartient," dit cet homme, "puisque le tribunal vient de les confisquer, tes biens." Un charbonnier, qui était placé devant lui se retourne et lui donne un soufflet. J'en éprouvai un sentiment de plaisir. On sait que pendant toute la route elle continua à pousser les mêmes cris, et à s'agiter dans des convulsions frénétiques pour fuir la mort qui l'avait déjà saisie; on sait aussi qu'arrivée à l'échafaud, il fallut user de violence pour l'attacher à la fatale planche, et que ses derniers mots furent ceux-ci: "Grâce! grâce!"

Monsieur le bourreau! Encore une minute, monsieur le bourreau! encore—”
et tout fut dit.

Les petites marionnettes
Font, font, font,
Trois petits tours
Et puis s'en vont.

NOTE.—Madame du Barry avait les cheveux blonds en ses jours de quiétude, châains lors de son arrestation, noirs après sa captivité; c'est donc qu'elle les avait naturellement de couleur très foncée, et qu'elle faisait usage, pour les blondir, de ces eaux oxygénées décolorantes que nos élégantes emploient aujourd'hui presque généralement. (Wallon.)

Jeanne Béquus, as her birth certificate shows, was the illegitimate daughter of Anne Béquus and Jean-Jacques Gomard. She was born on the 19th August 1743 at Vaucouleurs. The false birth certificate fabricated on her marriage with Guillaume du Barry on the 1st September 1768, gives the date of birth erroneously as in 1746, and calls her Jeanne Vaubernier, which was also the name by which she was designated in the warrant for her execution. She went to the scaffold in the same cart as her bankers, the brothers Vandenyver, whose sole crime was the having furnished her, in the course of business, with a letter of credit on England.

The poor woman was half mad with terror, and they bade her pray, but as she only continued to sob and groan and ask for mercy, they prayed for her and for themselves, in the cart, as they passed to the guillotine.

Authorities: Carlyle's "French Revolution"; Le Notre, "Vieux Papiers";
Wallon, "Histoire du tribunal révolutionnaire."



DANTON.

The Death of Danton and of Camille Desmoulins,
5th April 1794.

AT four o'clock the assistants of the executioner arrived to tie the hands of the condemned men and cut their hair. Resistance was useless. Danton said: "They are preparing us as a spectacle for the foolish crowd, but we shall appear in a different light to posterity." Camille Desmoulins could not bring himself to believe that his friend Robespierre could send to the scaffold a man such as he was, and to the last moment he hoped for a reprieve. He alone among the condemned offered a desperate resistance when they attempted to tie his hands, and he had to be thrown to the ground by main force while they tied him. Then, lying helpless, he begged Danton to take from his pocket and put into his hand a long lock of his wife's hair, which he had kept concealed, so that in dying he might to the last moment touch something that pertained to her. Danton did this for him and then was himself bound. One single large cart contained the fourteen human beings who went to their death on that day. As the cart went along, the people pointed out the figure of the great Danton conspicuous among his fellow sufferers. Camille Desmoulins alone ceased not for a moment to call on the bystanders. "Save me, save me!" he cried, "I am he whom you know so well. I am Camille Desmoulins. It was I who called you to arms. From me it was that you had the tricolour cockade that you all wear. Do not let them murder me." Danton, who sat by him, put his hand on his shoulder and said: "Cease, my dear friend. It is useless. Do not humiliate yourself by calling on this vile crowd." Hérault de Seychelles was the first to descend from the cart, and before doing so, with his hands tied behind his back, he extended his neck to kiss Danton, but the executioner's men roughly pushed him away. "Cowards! cruel cowards!" said Danton, "you cannot at any rate prevent our heads from meeting in the sack!" Then followed Camille Desmoulins. He had recovered his presence of mind at the last moment and was calm and dignified; between his fingers he held tight pressed his wife's hair. He approached the guillotine fresh with the blood of his friend Hérault. "Such is the end," said he, "of the first apostles of Liberty." Then to the executioner: "Give this lock of hair to my wife's mother." These were his last words. Danton mounted last the steps of the scaffold. He looked disdainfully around on the spectators, as if pitying them. One moment of weakness only attested his common humanity. Referring to his young wife he said: "Ah! my beloved, I shall never see thee more"; then roughly: "Come, Danton, no weakness." To the executioner he said: "You will show my head to the people. 'Tis worth looking at." He bowed his head beneath the blade. "Thus passed," as Carlyle wrote, "this gigantic mass of valour, ostentation, fury, affection, wild revolutionary force, and manhood

—this Danton—to his unknown home. He was of Arcis-sur-Aube, born of good farmer people there. He walked straight his own wild road whither it led him. He may live for some generations in the memory of men.”

Authority: Carlyle's “French Revolution.”



CAMILLE DESMOULINS.

From an engraving.



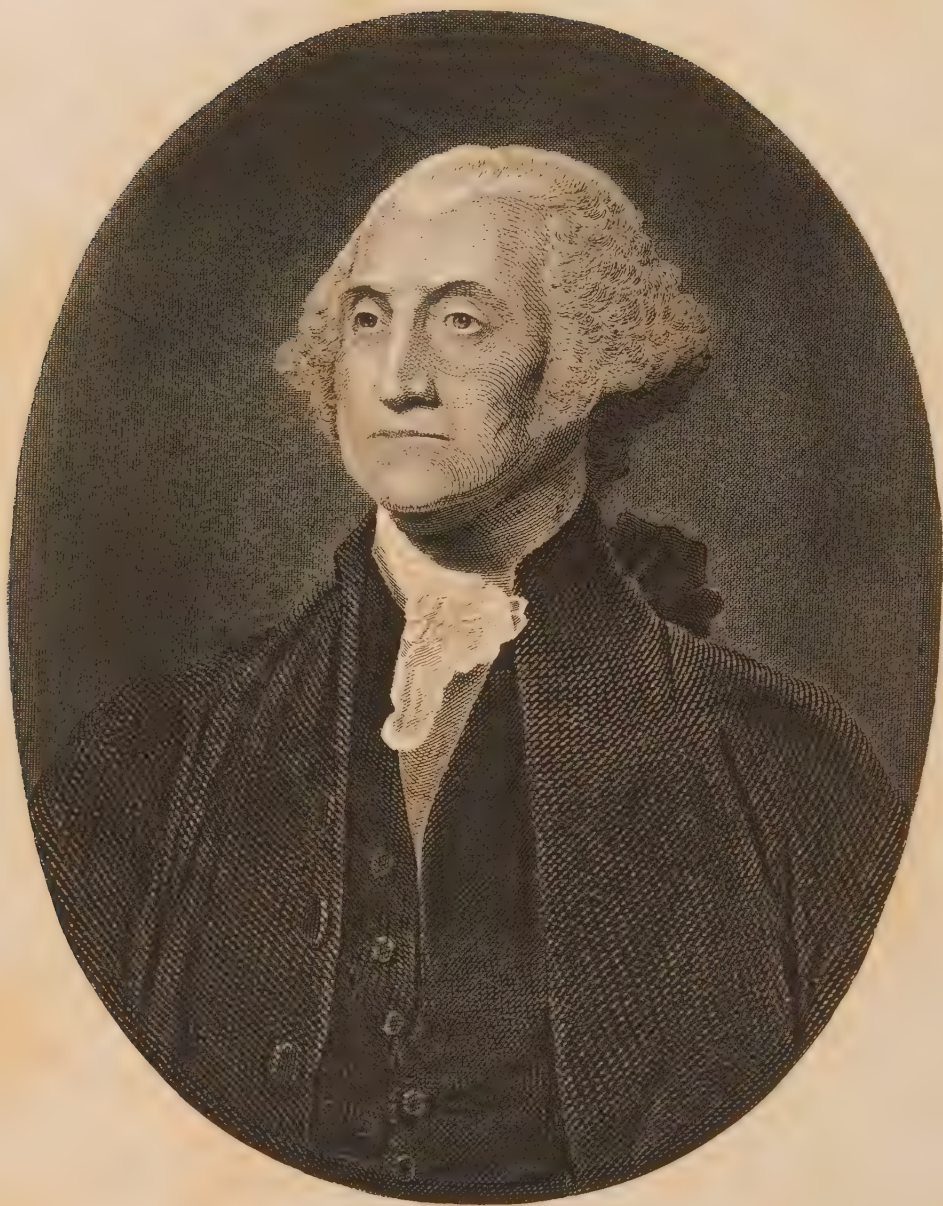
AN INDIAN SUTTEE.
From an illustration in Bernier's Travels.

Death of a Hindoo Widow by Suttee, as described by Mr. Thos. Twining in 1798.

HAVING hired a small covered boat rowed by four men and steered by a fifth, I left Calcutta on a visit to my friend Mr. Fletcher at Santipore, sixty miles higher up the Ganges. In the evening, as the tide was running up, the boatmen pushed off into the stream and began rowing. Soon after dark I crept under the low flat roof of my little boat and went to sleep on a mattress that my servants had spread for me. Next morning I got up soon after daybreak and went to the fore part of the boat to enjoy the coolness of the morning air. When I had been here about half an hour I noticed a group of persons on the shore to our left, and on noticing them more attentively discovered a pile of wood amongst them which suggested a painful solution of what was passing, and the opinion of my boatmen removed all doubt. It was certainly a Suttee, or the burning of a Hindoo widow, which was about to take place. I accordingly directed the boat to be steered to the shore, and landed amongst them close to the body of the deceased man, which had been laid close to the edge of the water where some persons of his family were washing it. The dead man must have been about thirty-five years of age; he was very tall and reduced almost to a skeleton. He was lying on his back, with the knees up, and was naked save for a cloth round his middle. Walking a few yards up the shore I saw the pile. It was about four and a half feet high, something less in width and some five and a half in length. The bottom part was composed of faggots, on which was a thick layer of dried palm leaves and stalks of sugar-cane. While I was standing there the body was brought on a bedstead and placed on the pile, the head to the south, the face turned to the Ganges. Looking now to my right I perceived the unfortunate widow. She was sitting between her two young children on the west side of the pile; a white cloth was over her head, but her face was partially visible from where I stood. So she sat, her elbows rested upon her knees, her hands supporting her head. Her eyes, half closed, were fixed on the ground without taking notice of anything. Several women were standing or sitting behind her, but no tear was shed or word spoken. After a few moments the woman rose, and some Bramins, stepping forward, put into her hand a cloth containing something, and then ranged themselves partly behind her, partly by her side, some of the women doing the same. In this movement I lost sight of the children, who must have been quietly removed by some of the family. Followed by the Bramins and the women she now began to walk slowly round the circle, distributing as she went the contents of her cloth. She would necessarily pass close to me and I determined to attract her attention as she passed me, and to be guided by the result as to future interference. When therefore she came to where I was standing I stepped a little forward and held out my hand towards her, as expressive of a desire to share the farewell offering she was giving

away. The unexpected appearance of a European, whom she now saw for the first time in all probability in her life, undoubtedly surprised her. She had not raised her eyes from the ground to look at the persons she had passed, but my advancing, together with my dress, caused her to look at me while she put a little burnt rice into my hand. She appeared to be twenty years of age, with the regular delicate features common to the native women of India. Having received her rice as graciously as I could, I allowed her to pass on. I considered, however, what had occurred as so favourable that I resolved to speak to her as she came to me again, for I understood she was to walk round the pile three times. Having proceeded slowly round the circle she approached me a second time. I again advanced as she approached, and having again received a few grains of rice which she seemed quite prepared to give me, I expressed my grief at her intention and entreated her to relinquish it for the sake of her young children, for whom as well as herself, I promised provision and protection. Although she said nothing, I thought her look seemed to express thankfulness for the proposition she had heard. I had not time to say more as she was obliged to move on. Having once more completed her round and come to where I stood she, herself, turned to put some of the rice into my hand. I eagerly seized the last opportunity and promised her a pension for life and provision for her children if she would desist. Though her head remained inclined toward the ground, she looked at me while I spoke and I felt that had she been free from the fatal influence which surrounded her, it would not have been difficult to turn her from her purpose. Pressed on as before, she averted her face and moved forward. The procession having reached the head of the pile, two men laying hold of her raised her in their arms and laid her close to the back of her deceased husband, her face towards him. A rope was passed over them, binding together the living and the dead. Dry combustible materials were heaped over them, and I entirely lost sight of them both. When the pile had thus been raised eighteen inches or more, two long bamboos were fastened to pegs in the ground on one side, and being bent over were depressed on the other side to be attached to other pegs, where they were secured. The pressure exerted on the pile by this means was therefore considerable and would effectually prevent the woman from rising. Indeed it seemed to me doubtful whether she might not be smothered from the quantity of stuff piled upon her. There was, however, scarcely time for this for fire was at once applied to the head and foot of the pile amidst the shouts of the people. The ignition was immediate, and to increase the blaze liquid butter was poured on the top. There was no shouting after the first exclamation on lighting, but the noise was still considerable, seeming to be accidental rather than to conceal the shrieks of the woman. Indeed the way in which she was covered up and pressed down would render her cries very feeble, nor if they reached the ears of the bystanders would they excite any pity, for I saw not a single countenance that expressed such a feeling. The flames were so fierce that they must,

as far as I could judge, have reached the poor woman in less than two minutes after the pile was lighted, and through their rapidly increasing progress must soon have put an end to her sufferings. The whole pile was soon in one general blaze, and there could be little doubt that the agonies of the wretched widow were now over, when this desirable fact was rendered unquestionable by a circumstance which occurred shortly after. This was an explosion in the pile like the report of a pistol. Had this happened sooner I should have concluded that gunpowder had been put among the materials to accelerate their combustion. The noise was followed by clamorous expressions of satisfaction amongst the spectators. Upon my asking a Hindoo near me what all this meant, he said that the skull of one of the dead had burst, and that the people had shouted because this was a favourable omen. In a few moments more there was a similar explosion, followed by a like burst of satisfaction round the whole circle. The pile was soon after reduced to a burning heap of fragments and ashes about two feet high, and not knowing what further horrors this might disclose, I made my way through the people and returned to my boat, but was quite unable to partake of the breakfast which my servants had prepared for me, nor could I easily dismiss from my thoughts the spectacle which I had seen.



*George Washington.
from an engraving.*

The Death of George Washington. Born in Virginia of the United States of America, the 22nd of February 1732. Died at Mount Vernon on the Potomac, the 14th December 1799.

GEORGE WASHINGTON may be said to have died twice: once at the close of the War of Independence, his Great Adventure, when he took leave of his army and retired into private life, and next when he finally quitted this mortal scene.

In April 1783 peace was proclaimed, the war was over; and in November the principal officers of the American army assembled at Fraunce's Tavern in New York to take a final leave of their great general, George Washington. On entering the room the General, finding himself surrounded by his old companions-in-arms, who had shared with him so many scenes of hardship and danger, who had humbled the pride of England and brought the great war to a close, was overcome with emotion and at first could hardly speak. At length, filling a glass of wine and turning upon his comrades a benignant but saddened countenance, he said: "With a heart full of love and gratitude I now take leave of you, most devoutly wishing that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honourable." Having drunk this farewell benediction, he added: "I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but I shall be obliged if each one of you will come and take my hand." General Knox, who was nearest, was the first to advance. Washington, affected even to tears, grasped his hand and then held him in a brotherly embrace. Then one by one he took leave of all the others. Not a word more was spoken, and then those war-worn veterans of the winter camps and summer battlefields silently followed their great commander as he left the room and proceeded on foot, through the lines of infantry, to the Whitehall ferry, where a barge awaited him. Having entered the boat, he turned, and taking off his hat, he waved them a final adieu. In silence they watched the barge until an intervening point hid it from sight and he was gone: then in solemn silence they returned to the place whence they came. There is an old, old book, "*Le Morte d'Arthur*," done into English by Sir Thomas Malory, in which is told how King Arthur bade cast away his sword Excalibur, and said farewell to the world, and to Sir Bedivere, and the Knights of his Round Table; and this finds a touching parallel in the passing from military life of George Washington.

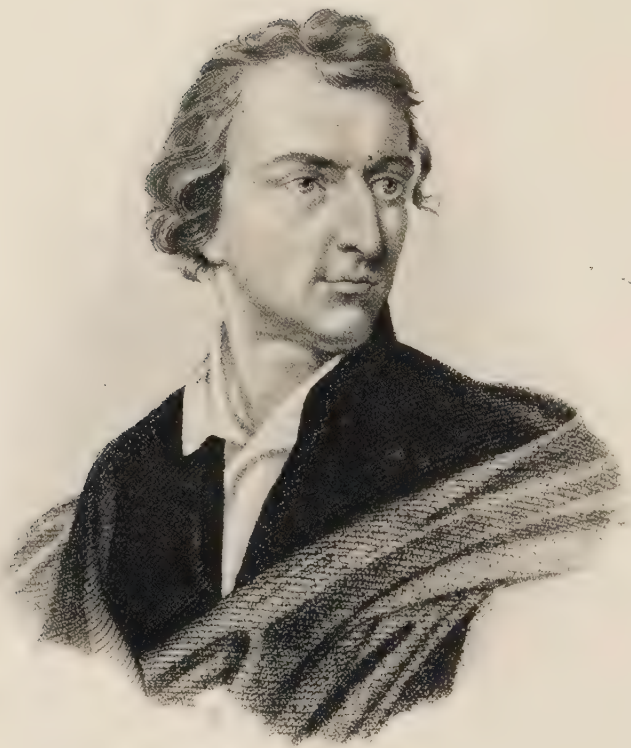
The last scene of his life was yet to come. Sixteen years had passed away, during which time he was for four years the President of the United States of America, and the year 1799 found him contentedly living in retirement as a country gentleman on his estate of Mount Vernon, on the Potomac river.

George Washington had always been a man of great physical vigour, and at the age of sixty-seven there was no indication of organic disease. On a day in December he went for a ride round his estate; it was cold, the snow was falling, and he returned complaining of a chill. The next morning he had a slight soreness of the throat, but went out in spite of it to mark trees for felling. His hoarseness increased in the evening, but he made light of it, and employed himself as usual in reading the newspaper and chatting to his wife. Between two and three in the morning he awoke Mrs. Washington and told her that he had great difficulty in breathing. She would have risen to call a servant, but he would not allow her to do so, lest she should take cold. At daybreak when the servant entered as usual to light the fire she was sent to call Mr. Lear, the General's friend and secretary, who lived in the house. The doctor was at once sent for and he bled the patient, applying such external remedies as were usual. Later, the General called his wife, and sent her to get two wills from his bureau: of these, he destroyed one and gave the other to her to keep. He then said to Tobias Lear: "I find I am going. My breath cannot last long. I believed from the first that this disorder would prove fatal. Arrange my accounts: settle my books and papers. Can you recollect anything that I should do?" Lear replied that he knew of nothing, but that he hoped that the General was mistaken. Washington smiled and said: "I am dying. It is a debt that we all have to pay, and I am resigned to God's will."

He had faced life with a high, calm, victorious spirit, and now when Fate knocked at the door, he faced death in like manner with an equal mind. His motto was: "For God and my country. Deeds not words."

He lay for some hours longer, restless and suffering but quite calmly and without complaint. Such remedies as were ordered by the physician he took in silence. About ten o'clock he said to Lear with great effort: "I am just going. Have me decently buried in not less than three days after my death. Do you understand me?" Lear answered "Yes." "'Tis well," he said. A little later he felt his own pulse, and as he held his wrist, his countenance changed; his hand dropped; his head fell back. Washington was dead. By his will he set free every slave belonging to him. In 1786 he wrote to a friend: "I never mean (unless special circumstances compel me to it) to possess another slave by purchase; it being my will to see some plan adopted by which slavery in this country may be abolished by law. It might prevent much further mischief."

Authorities: Lives by Marshall, Sparks, Washington Irving, and Lodge.

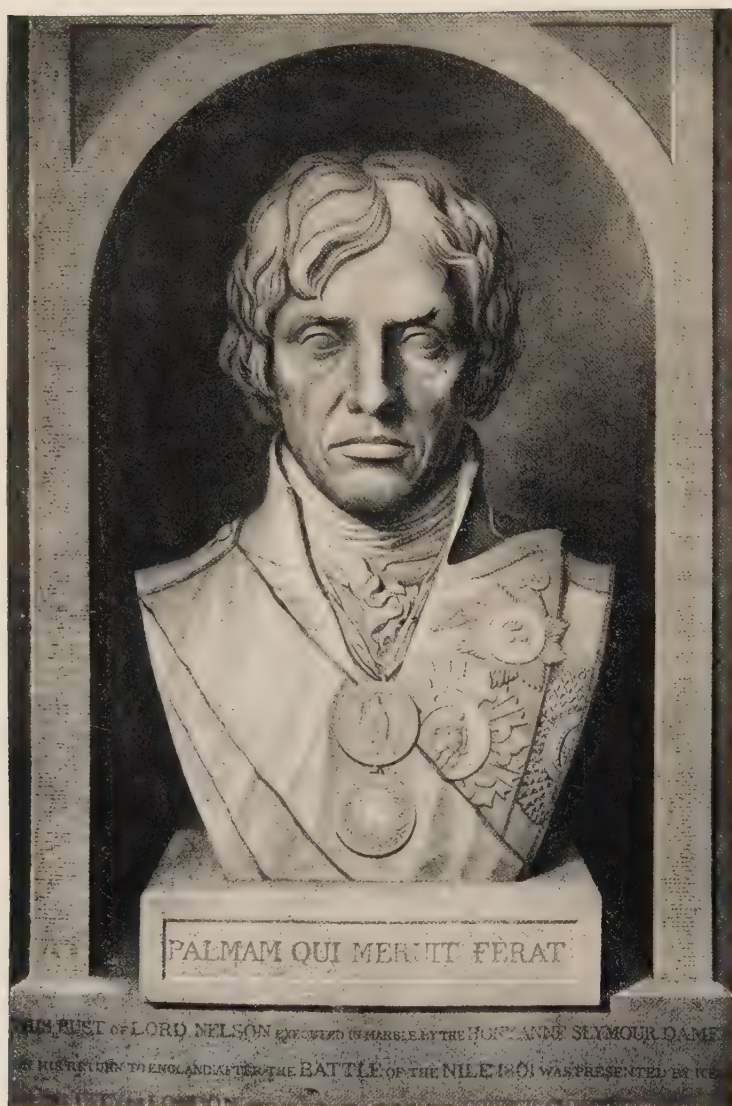


SCHILLER.

The Death of Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller.
Born at Marbach in Würtemberg, 10th November
1759. Died at Jena 9th May 1805.

IN 1805 Schiller's health was undermined by his sad neglect of ordinary precautions and his irregular modes of life: this was the more remarkable as he had earlier in his career studied medicine for four years. His lungs were delicate, and his brain disordered by overwork and over-indulgence in the drinking of wine and strong coffee. He had explored, and enjoyed to the full, the universe of human thought; he had tasted the delights of success, but had nowhere found permanent contentment. Death he had no reason to regard as a near event, but from his writings we can easily perceive that its approach had been familiar to his contemplations. The spring of 1805 was cold, bleak, and stormy, and with this inclemency of weather Schiller fell ill, and on the 9th May his disorder reached a crisis. Early in the morning of that day he became unconscious, and by degrees delirious; but his friends were spared the pain of seeing him depart in madness. The fiery canopy of physical suffering which had obscured his faculties was drawn aside, and the spirit of Schiller looked forth in its wonted serenity once again, before it passed away for ever. About noon his delirium abated, and at four o'clock he fell into a deep slumber from which he awoke in full possession of his senses. Restored to consciousness in that hour, when the soul is cut off from human help, and Man must front the King of Terrors with his own strength, Schiller did not fail in this final time of trial. Feeling that his end was approaching he prepared to die with that calm unpretending manliness which had marked the tenour of his life. Of his family and friends he took a touching but tranquil farewell; he ordered that his funeral should be private without pomp or parade. Some one inquired how he felt, and he replied, "Calmer and calmer!"—simple but memorable words, expressive of the mild heroism of the man. About six he sank into a deep sleep; once for a moment he looked up and said: "Many things are growing plain and clear to my understanding." Again he closed his eyes, and the sleep grew deeper until it changed into that sleep from which there is no awakening, and all that remained of the poet Schiller was a lifeless form soon to be mingled with the clods of the valley. He was buried the next day; the artists and students of the city, out of reverence for the dead, bore his body to the grave. It was between midnight and one in the morning when they approached the churchyard. The heavens were clouded, and it was a stormy night; but as the bier was set down by the graveside, the clouds split asunder, and the moon shining forth in peaceful clearness threw her light on the coffin of the great poet. Thus from life to death, and from death to life eternal, passed Friedrich Schiller.

Authorities: Carlyle; Lytton; Minor.



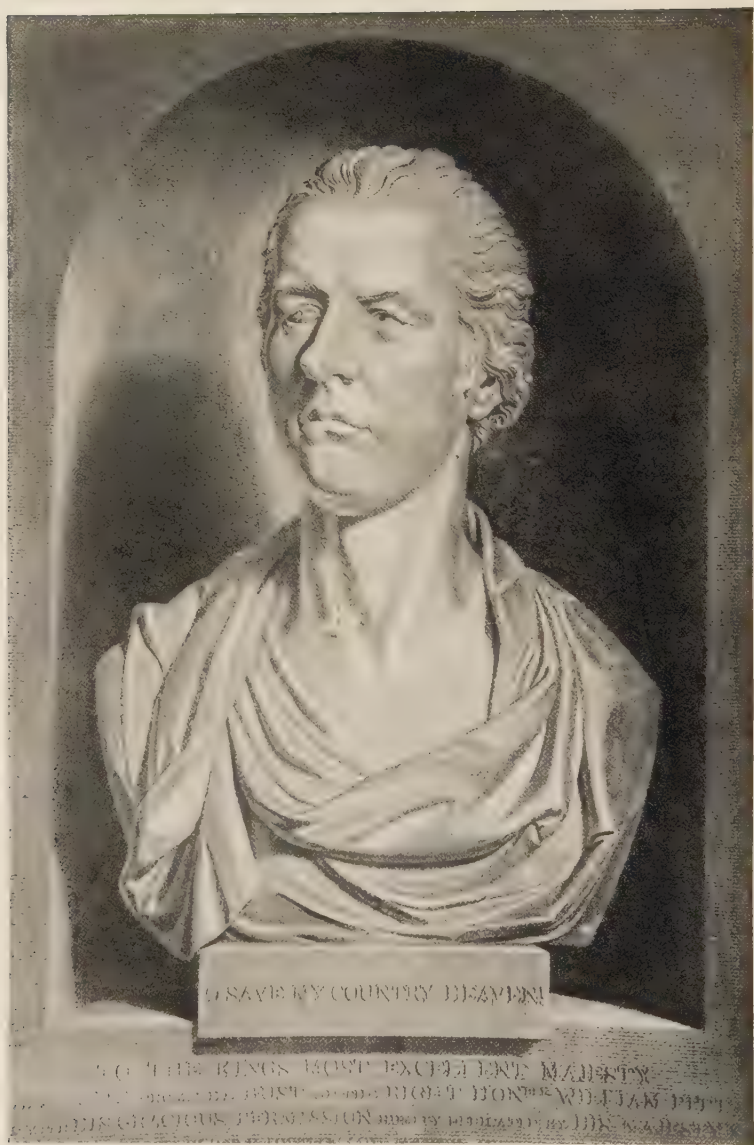
LORD NELSON.

The Death of Nelson. Born 29th September 1758.
Died 21st October 1805.

IT had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoubtable*, supposing she had struck because her great guns were silent. From this ship he received his death. A ball fired from her mizen-top struck the epaulette on his left shoulder about a quarter after one just in the heat of the action. He fell; and Hardy, who was a few paces from him, saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. "I hope not," cried Hardy. "Yes," he replied, "my backbone is shot through." Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed as they were carrying him down the ladder that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately. Then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England perhaps would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed and laid upon a pallet in the midshipman's berth. It was soon perceived upon examination that the wound was mortal; this, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the Chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him and attend to those to whom he might be useful. "For," said he, "you can do nothing for me." He became impatient to see Captain Hardy, and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him and repeatedly cried: "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He is surely dead." An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound before Hardy could come to him. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?" "Very well," replied Hardy, "ten ships have struck, but five of their van have tacked and show an intention of bearing down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing." "I hope," said Nelson, "that none of our ships have struck." Hardy answered: "There was no fear of that." Then and not till then Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he, "I am going fast. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair and all other things belonging to me." By this time all feeling below the breast was gone, and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him: "You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my heart," putting his hand to his left side, "which tells me so." And upon the surgeon's inquiring whether his pain

was very great he replied: "So great that I wish I were dead. Yet," said he in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer too." And after a few minutes in the same undertone he added: "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation?" Next to his country, she occupied his thoughts. Captain Hardy returned, and taking the hand of his dying friend and commander congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well," cried Nelson, "but I bargained for twenty," and then in a stronger voice he said: "Anchor, Hardy; anchor." Hardy upon this hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed; "do you anchor." Presently calling Hardy back he said to him: "Don't throw me overboard"; and he desired that he might be buried by his parents unless it should please the King to order otherwise. Then reverting to his private feelings, "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy; take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek, and Nelson said: "Now I am satisfied. Thank God I have done my duty." He expired at thirty minutes after four—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most splendid that of the hero in the hour of victory; and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could not have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. "The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Authority: Southey's "Life of Nelson."



THE RT. HON. WILLIAM PITT.

The Death of William Pitt. Born 28th May 1759.
Died 23rd January 1806. Aged 47.

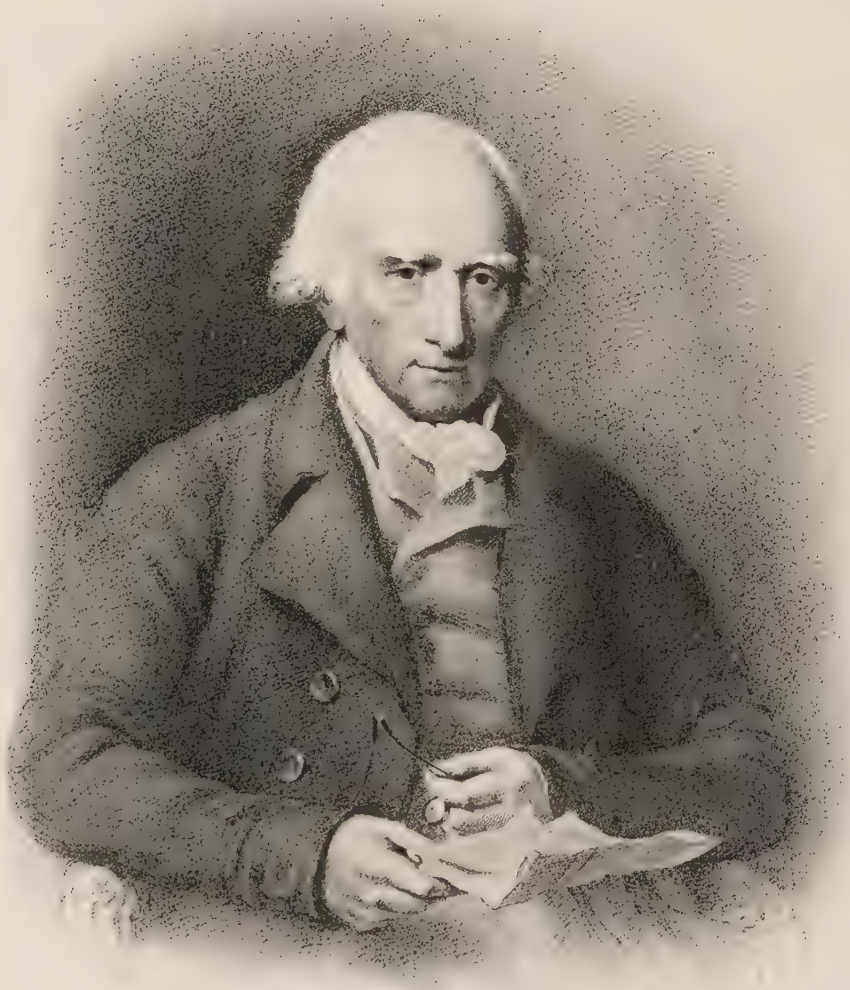
AUSTERLITZ killed him. He was at Bath when he received the news. Tradition says that he was looking at a picture gallery when it reached him. Hearing the furious gallop of a horse, "That must be a courier," he exclaimed, "with news for me." When he had opened the packet he said: "Heavy news indeed!" and asked for brandy. From that day he failed visibly: still he did not abate his high hopes or his unconquerable spirit. He was better he said, but wanted strength. Bath was of no further use, he would return to the Bowling Green House at Putney. There, in a spacious sunny room, he was destined to die. On the 9th of January he set out, but so feeble was he that it took three days to compass the journey. He arrived on the 12th; as he entered the house his eyes rested on a map of Europe, "Roll up that map," he said, "it will not be wanted these ten years." From that time he gradually declined. He could take little or no nourishment. Early on the morning of the 22nd Tomline thought it his duty to warn him that death was imminent and to offer the last sacrament. Pitt had not strength for this, but he joined earnestly in prayer. He threw himself, he said, on the mercy of God, and trusted that the innocence of his life might plead for him; the same thought which had solaced the last moments of the Emperor Julian. He then bade a solemn farewell to Hester Stanhope, the niece who had kept house for him. "Dear soul," he said, "I know she loves me." All Wednesday night he was delirious. His wandering mind revolved round the mission of Harrowby, whom he had sent to the Court of Berlin. He constantly asked the direction of the wind: "East! that will do, that will bring him quick," he murmured. At midnight the end was near; at half-past four it came. A short time previously, with that strange recovery that so often precedes death, he said with a clear voice: "Oh, my country! How I leave my country!" After that last note of anguish he neither moved nor spoke again.

ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM PITT

Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon-light is quenched in smoke,
The trumpet's silver sound is still,
The warder silent on the hill.

Walter Scott (Introduction to "Marmion").

Authority: "William Pitt" by Lord Rosebery.



WARREN HASTINGS.

From an engraving by S. Freeman of the original picture by J. J. Masquerier.

The Death of Warren Hastings. Born 1732.
Died 1818.

ON the 19th January 1818, Hastings made the following entry in his journal: "I have suffered from near a fortnight from an inflammation in the roof of my mouth, and an inability to eat solid food."

On 21st May he wrote: "This is the third day on which I have been affected with confused sounds as of distant multitudes: at times resembling slow music."

On 13th July: "I took an airing in the coach with Mrs. Hastings. On leaving it I was seized with giddiness. I sent for Mr. Haynes, who took from me about seven ounces of blood. The bandage loosening, I lost much more."

19th July: "My health better, but strength much diminished. I dined alone. Sat in the great chair much of the middle of the night."

20th July: "I awoke with my throat much swelled and a difficulty in swallowing. I cannot recollect the loss of time, but ascribe the past events of this day to weakness." Here the diary ends. Mr. Hastings grew perceptibly worse from hour to hour, and all power of deglutition failed him. He was very patient under his sufferings, and smiled with gentleness on the anxious faces that were gathered round him, bidding them look up to God in whom alone he trusted. On the 3rd August, nineteen days before he died, he dictated a letter to an old and valued friend, Mr. S. Toone, asking him to approach the Court of Directors of the East India Company to obtain the favour of a continuance of his annuity to his wife, after his death. In this letter the following passage occurs: "I impose upon myself the last office of communication between you and me, to inform you that but a few hours remain before we shall be separated for ever, and I was willing to perform this with my own hand, but on a slight trial have found it beyond my remaining powers, and the hand that writes this is as authentic and equally dear to me as my own. The infliction that must end me is a total privation of the function of deglutition, which is equivalent to the extremity of hunger by the inability to take nourishment."

For many days he took no food whatever. Water obtained from a particular and favourite spring was all that passed his lips, and even this he only retained in his mouth for its coolness, all power of swallowing being gone, and any attempt to do so being attended by distressing convulsions. At length nature gave way: "I am going at last," he whispered, "and oh! I am grateful." Then after a silence: "You do not know what I suffer. God bless you, my children! I leave you to Marian's care" (Marian was his wife). Having said this, he drew a handkerchief over his face, and when they removed it he was dead.

Of three great men in history a like action is recorded at the last moment. Socrates, after he had drunk the hemlock, covered his face; Pompey, on

receiving his death wound, veiled his countenance; and Julius Caesar, stricken down by Brutus, drew his mantle over his head.

It was the 22nd of August 1818 when Warren Hastings died at Daylesford, the home of his ancestors, in Worcestershire. He was certainly one of the ablest men of the eighteenth century—few human beings have been more devotedly loved, and he was probably one of the sweetest tempered and most patient men who ever lived.

Authorities: Gleig; Malleston; Lyall.



JAMES, FIRST EARL OF MALMESBURY.
After the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

The Death of James Harris, first Earl of Malmesbury, Diplomatist. Born at Salisbury, co. Wilts, 9th April 1746. Died 20th November 1820.

JAMES HARRIS was educated at Winchester and Oxford; he afterwards spent some time at the University of Leyden, and concluded his education by a continental tour. He commenced his diplomatic career as Secretary to the Embassy at Madrid in 1767. Here he displayed so much talent and firmness in the negotiation which terminated in the transfer of the Falkland Islands to Great Britain, that he was appointed Minister to the Court of Berlin in the time of Frederick the Great. He served afterwards at St. Petersburg, where he was honoured by the friendship of the Empress Catherine, who stood godmother to his infant daughter, who was born there. He ended his public service as Minister at the Hague, when he was compelled to retire owing to increasing deafness, but his advice was still frequently sought by Pitt, Grenville and others, and he was raised to the peerage under the title of Earl of Malmesbury in 1800.

No more fitting conclusion could be found to the life of one who ranked as a distinguished diplomatist in the eighteenth century, than his own words, written a few weeks before his death. He wrote as follows:

“Thou hast completed thy seventy-fourth year, having been permitted to live longer than any of thy ancestors, as far back as 1606. Thy existence has been without any great misfortune, and without any acute disease, and has been one for which thou oughtest to be extremely thankful. Be so, in praise and thanksgiving towards the Supreme Being, and by preparing thyself to employ the remnant of thy life wisely and discreetly. Thy next step will probably be the last. Strive not to delay the period of its arrival, nor lament at its near approach. Thou art too exhausted in body and mind to be of service to thy country, thy friends, or thy family. Thou art fortunate in leaving thy children well and happy; be content to join thy parent earth calmly and with becoming resignation. Such is thy imperious duty. Vale!”

He died on the 20th November 1820, and was entombed in the north transept of Salisbury Cathedral.

Authority: Anecdotes of the Harris Family by the Earl of Malmesbury in “The Ancestor,” No. 1, April 1902.



*„Napoleon.“
from the picture by Paul de la Roche*

The Death of Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor of the French. Born 1769. Died 1821.

IN the last year of his life the Emperor, who for four years had taken little or no exercise, altered extremely in appearance, becoming pale and feeble; and his health deteriorated rapidly. He had always been in the habit of taking baths; he now took them more frequently and stayed longer in them. He sometimes rode out, but was so weak that he had to return in the carriage. The symptoms of his disease (cancer of the stomach) multiplied; but in spite of feebleness he faced death with courage. He felt that his end was approaching and he frequently recited the passage from *Zaire* which finishes with the line: "A revoir Paris je ne dois plus prétendre." At times, however, sad regrets and recollections of what he had done, compared with what he might have done, presented themselves; but he spoke of the past with perfect frankness, persuaded that on the whole he could not have acted otherwise than he had done. If the conversation took a melancholy turn he soon changed it, and spoke of his young days in Corsica, of his old Uncle Lucien, or of his family. He questioned the physicians as to the conformation of the human stomach, and about a fortnight before his death, arrived at the conclusion that he was dying of cancer. He often talked naturally and without fear of his approaching dissolution, but when he became aware that the end was coming he ceased speaking on the subject. To his last moments he was kind and affectionate to those who surrounded him, and did not appear to suffer so much as might have been expected from the cause of his death. His memory declined during the last five or six days, while his deep sighs and exclamations from time to time, led the bystanders to think that he was in great pain. On 3rd May, two English physicians, recently arrived, were called in for consultation; they could only recommend palliatives, and under the influence of that treatment the imperial patient could keep but an uncertain hold on his faculties. Two days later a violent storm of wind and rain set in and wrecked the garden, where he had so often walked for exercise, uprooting a spreading willow under the shade of which he had been accustomed to sit. The death of the Emperor was coincident and scarcely less violent. On the morning of 5th May as the sun rose he uttered some incoherent words, among which Montholon distinguished "*tête d'armée*." As he uttered these words he sprang from the bed, dragging Montholon, who endeavoured to restrain him, on to the floor. It was the last effort of that formidable energy. He was with difficulty replaced upon the bed, and while the storm raged outside the house he neither spoke nor moved; the only sound was the difficult breathing, gradually but regularly decreasing until it ceased. So died the man who had dictated laws to the world. At a little before six in the evening the heart of the great Conqueror ceased to beat. England's prisoner had escaped at last.

Authorities: W. Sloane; O'Meara; Bourrienne; Rosebery.



Lord Byron.
from a print of a Sketch by Count D'Orsay taken in May 1823.

The Death of George Gordon, Lord Byron.

Born 1788. Died 1824.

LORD BYRON set out from Genoa in July 1823 to aid the Greeks to recover their independence. He was weary of the monotonous life of pleasure that he had been leading in Italy, while the active, dangerous, yet glorious scenes of a military career struck his jaded fancy, and induced him to embark on what, for him, proved to be a fatal enterprise. He landed at Missolonghi on the 5th January 1824, an unhealthy place of swamps and malaria, and here he tried to raise a regiment of Greek Zuliotes for service against the Turks. Nothing, however, could have been more injurious to his health than the mode of life he now adopted. He dreaded two things to which he believed himself predisposed—to grow fat or to go mad. That he would go mad had been foretold to him by a gipsy woman in his youth, and Byron was superstitious. To avoid corpulence he had daily recourse to medicine. He rose at half-past ten and drank a large basin of green tea without either sugar or milk, and at half-past eleven he went for a two hours' ride. On returning from his ride he ate the one meal which he permitted himself to have each day, and having dined he retired to his study where he remained till dusk; at this time, more willingly than at any other, he indulged in conversation, played draughts, or read a book. His drink was Rhenish wine or Hollands gin mixed with water, and of these he drank more than was good for him, so that the shock of any sudden illness was likely to be dangerous. Needless exposure to the rain brought on a fit of epilepsy for which his private physician, Dr. Bruno, bled him so copiously as to induce syncope. In his last letter to his sister (23rd February 1824) he wrote: "It is fit that I should mention that my recent attack had a strong appearance of epilepsy. This attack has not returned, and I am fighting it off with abstinence and exercise." A few weeks later he was attacked by the malarial fever which ended his life. "Do you suppose," he said to Dr. Bruno, "that I wish for life? I have indeed grown heartily sick of it and shall welcome the hour of my departure. Why, indeed, should I regret it? I have enjoyed all life's pleasures and am now, literally speaking, a young old man. Hardly arrived at manhood, I reached the zenith of fame. I have travelled, satisfied my curiosity, and lost my illusions. I have drained the nectar in the cup of life, 'tis time to throw the dregs away, but apprehension still haunts my mind. I picture myself slowly expiring on a bed of torture, or terminating my days like Swift, a grinning idiot. Would to heaven the day might arrive when rushing, sword in hand, on the Turks I might meet immediate death."

On symptoms of danger presenting themselves in his illness: "Send to the town, Doctor," he said, "never mind whether I am superstitious or not, but I entreat you to bring me the most celebrated witch you can find, in order to determine whether this sudden and inexplicable loss of health is not

attributable to the evil eye. She may be able to devise some means to dissolve the spell." His mind was constantly oppressed by the recollection that he had started on this expedition on a Friday, and he referred frequently to a warning which he had received in boyhood from an old gipsy woman in Scotland who bade him beware of his thirty-seventh year. Dr. Julius Milligan, surgeon of the brigade of Zuliotes, had been called in to assist Dr. Bruno and says: "It is with infinite regret I state that, although I seldom left Lord Byron's pillow during the latter part of his illness, I never heard him make the smallest mention of religion. Once I heard him say: 'Shall I sue for mercy?' After a pause he added: 'Come, come,—no weakness! Be a man to the last.'" He died on the 19th April 1824. "Before we proceeded to embalm the body," continues the young surgeon, "we could not refrain from pausing in silent contemplation of the lifeless clay of one who, but a few days before, had been the admiration of the civilized world. Nothing could surpass the beauty of the forehead, its height was extraordinary, and the intellectual faculties strongly marked. The hair, which curled naturally, was quite gray; the moustache a light brown. The countenance had changed but little, still preserving the sarcastic haughty expression that usually characterized it. The chest was broad and high vaulted, the waist very small, the pelvis narrow. The only blemish of the body was the congenital malformation of the left foot and leg. No one could have paid more attention to outward appearance than did Lord Byron; he wore gloves constantly to preserve the whiteness of his hands, so that the lameness which afflicted him from birth was a constant source of misery." When the body was opened after death, deterioration was apparent. The brain and heart resembled those of a man advanced in life, while the liver was hard and wasted, the result of intemperance.

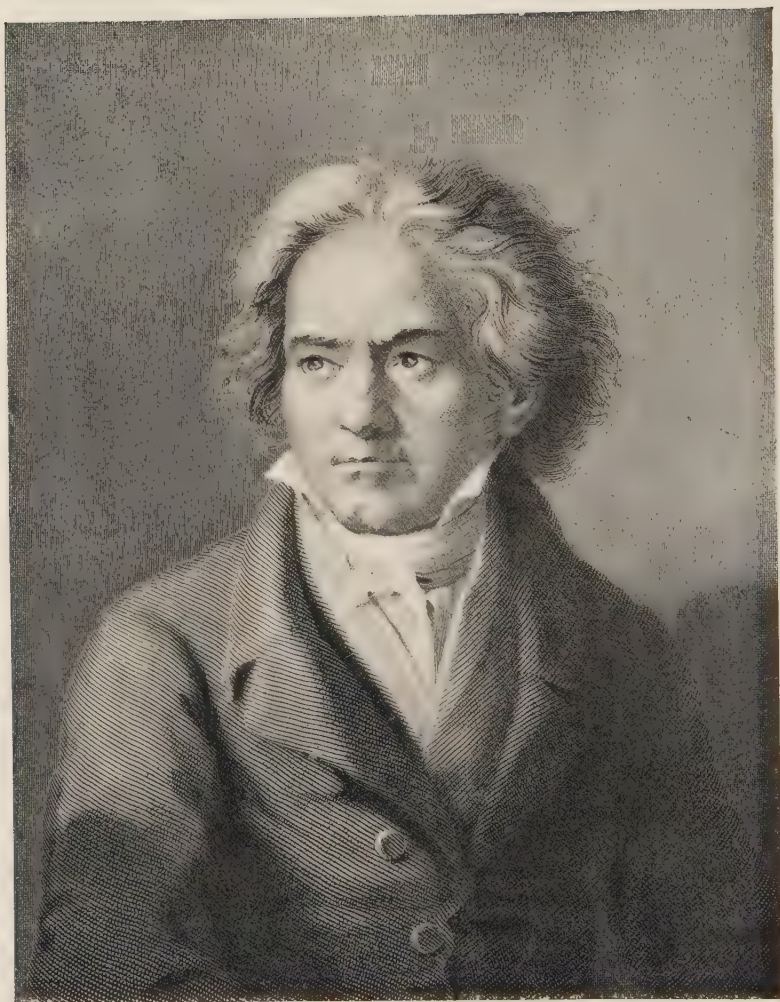
There is an order
 Of mortals on the earth, who do become
 Old in their youth, and die ere middle-age,
 Without the violence of warlike death;
 Some perishing of pleasure, some of study,
 Some worn with toil, some of mere weariness,
 Some of disease, and some insanity,
 And some of wither'd, or of broken hearts;
 For this last is a malady which slays
 More than are number'd in the lists of Fate,
 Taking all shapes, and bearing many names.
 Look upon me! for even of all these things
 Have I partaken; and of all these things,
 One were enough.

BYRON, *Manfred*.

From the violence and the rule of passion;
From pride and vanity and an ignorant confidence;
From sensuality, from presumption, from despair;
From a state of temptation and a hardened spirit;
From delaying of repentance and a persevering in sin;
From all infatuation of soul, folly and madness;
From wilfulness, self-love, and vain ambition;
From a vicious life and an unprovided Death;
Good Lord, deliver us!

JEREMY TAYLOR.

Authorities: Milligan; Trelawney; Moore; Dictionary of National Biography.



BEETHOVEN.

From an engraving by W. Holl after Kloeber.

The Death of Ludwig van Beethoven. Born 16th December 1770 at Bonn. Died in Vienna on 26th March 1827.

DEAF, sad, and solitary, Beethoven felt his end approaching. He was a really and deeply religious man. His creed, as written by himself, was: "God! That which is: which was: and which shall be. No mortal man hath lifted His veil! He is alone by Himself, and to Him alone do all things owe their being!"

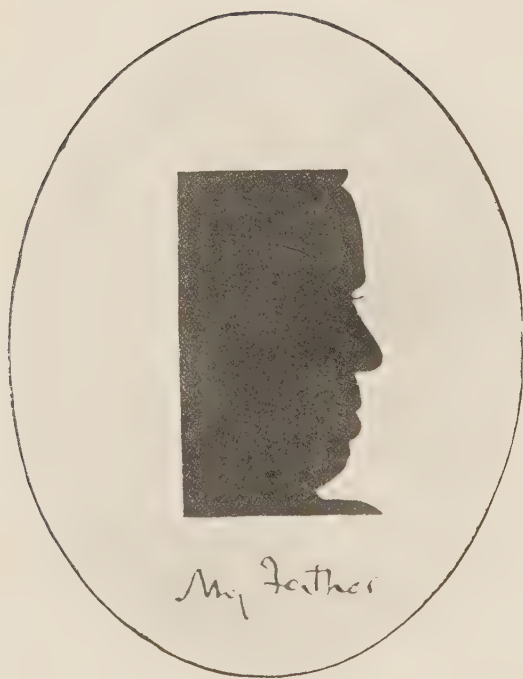
Beethoven loved Nature and the woods and wilds. "There," he said, "every tree seems to say Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!"

At the time of his death he was a strong thickset man of middle height, with gray hair flowing like a mane from his leonine head. His large deep-set gray eyes had a wild and wandering expression, and he was somewhat unsteady in his movements, as one walking in a dream. He would sit down in a restaurant, with his pipe and glass of beer, closing his eyes, as if abstracted from reality. If one of his friends spoke to him, he would open his eyes quickly like an eagle, draw forth a pencil and pocket-book from his coat, and, in the shrill voice peculiar to deaf people, bade his friend write down what he had to say. Driving in an open carriage he got chilled: the chill developed into inflammation of the lungs, and on this dropsy supervened. The physicians "tapped" him to remove the liquid, and seeing the water they took from him, he observed: "Better from the belly than from the pen." The accumulation of water increased alarmingly, and the end drew near. He talked of writing a letter, but his strength failed him, and then turning to some friends who were round his bed, he smiled and said: "Plaudite, amici, comoedia finita est." On the 23rd March 1827 he dictated a codicil to his will. Friends called to bid him farewell, and amongst them his brother-composer, Schubert, who stayed a long time. Beethoven recognized, but was unable to speak to him. Weaker and weaker he grew, and it was evident that death was approaching rapidly. His lips were moistened from time to time with some Rudesheimer wine, which had been sent to him by the London Philharmonic Society, always his friends and admirers. His physician tried to console him with the hope that spring would restore him to health; but he shook his head and whispered: "My work is done. If any doctor can cure me now 'his name shall be called wonderful,'" alluding to the passage in Handel's "Messiah." On the 24th March he received the Sacraments of the Roman Church, and about one o'clock on the afternoon of that day he became unconscious, and a distressing conflict with death took place, which lasted till the evening of the 26th. As the evening closed in, a mighty storm burst over Vienna with hail, snow, and wind, accompanied by flashes of lightning and loud peals of thunder. This conflict of the elements aroused the senses of the

dying man, and he opened his eyes, clenched his fist and shook it above his head—then the hand fell and the great composer was no more.

The funeral of Beethoven was in every way that of a great man. Eight Kapellmeisters were the pall bearers, and the bier was surrounded by thirty-six of the most distinguished men in Vienna holding torches. In the St. Augustine Church, the "Libera" from Mozart's Requiem was performed—"Deliver me, O Lord! from eternal death"—Lablache singing the bass part. The poet Grillparzer composed an oration, which was delivered over the grave by one of the leading artists of Vienna. It closed with these eloquent words: "Such was he; so he died; so will he live for ages. Ye have not lost but gained him. The body must disappear, for no flesh may cross the threshold of immortality, but he whom we mourn is among the great of all the Ages and must live for ever. Therefore, though sorrowful, let us be calm, and when the power of his creations overwhelms us like a flood, and when this rapture shall be shared, as we hope, by those yet unborn, we may say, 'We were of those who buried him. We wept over his grave.'"

Authorities: Thayer; Moscheles; Grove; Nohl.



My Father



my Mother

THOMAS CARLYLE'S FATHER AND MOTHER.

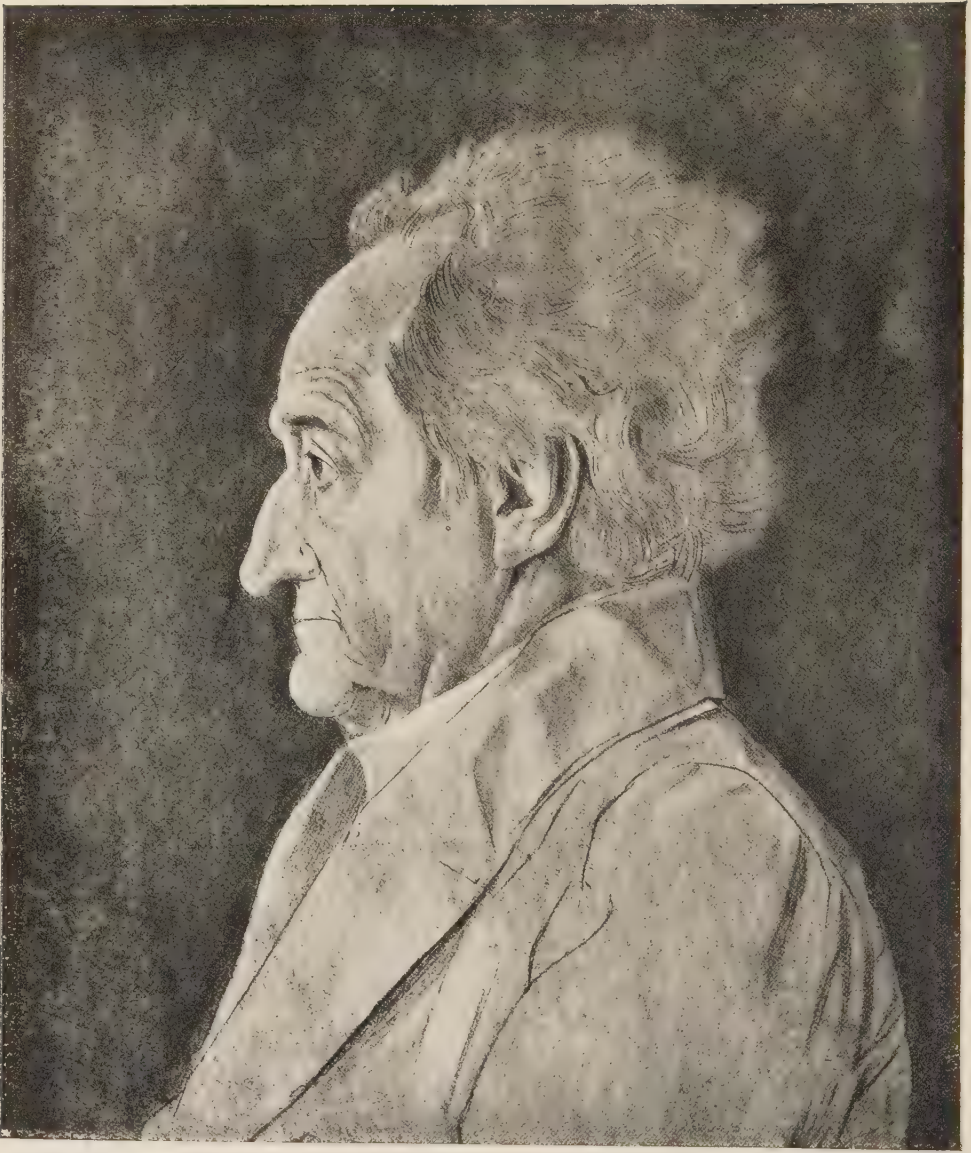
The Death of James Carlyle (Father of Thomas Carlyle, the essayist and historian). Born 1758. Died 1832.

SOON after New Year's Day, on 26th January 1832, a great sorrow came —the unexpected news of my father's death. He had been in bed ill only a few hours when the last hour proved to be there, unexpectedly to all, except perhaps to himself: for ever since my sister Margaret's death, he had been fast failing though none of us took notice enough, such had been the perfection of his health almost all through the seventy-three years he had lived. He was called away by a death apparently of the mildest, on Sunday morning about six. He had taken what was thought to be a bad cold on the Monday preceding, but rose every day and was sometimes out of doors. Occasionally he was insensible, but when spoken to he recollected himself. He was up and at the kitchen fire on the Saturday evening about six, but was evidently growing fast worse in his breathing. About ten o'clock he fell into a sort of a stupor, still breathing with greater difficulty. He spoke little, seeming unconscious of what he did; came over to the bedside and offered up a prayer to Heaven in such accents as it is impossible to forget. He departed almost without a struggle. He was taken home like a shock of corn fully ripe. He had finished the work that was given him to do, and finished it as became a man. He was to the last the pleasantest man I had to speak with in Scotland. For many years he had the end ever in his eye, and was studying to make preparation for what, in his strong way, he called often "that last, that awful change!"

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord; they do rest from their labours," yea, and their works follow them. This last act of his life, when in the last agony, with the thick ghastly vapours of death rising round him to choke him, he burst through and called with a man's voice on the Great God to have mercy on him; that was like a concluding summary of his whole life. God gave him strength to wrestle with the King of Terrors, and as it were even then to prevail. All his strength came from God, and ever sought new nourishment there: God be thanked for it. Every morning and every evening for perhaps sixty years, he had prayed to the Great Father: "Prepare us for those solemn events, death, judgment, and eternity." He would pray also: "Forsake us not now when we are old and our heads are gray." God did not forsake him! I shall never more behold my dear father with these bodily eyes. With him a whole three score years and ten of the past has doubly died for me. It is as if a new leaf in the great book of Time had been turned over. Strange Time; endless Time; of which I see neither end nor beginning. All rushes on. Man follows man: his life is as a tale that has been told. Yet under Time does there not lie Eternity? Perhaps my father, all that essentially was my father, is even now near me, with me. Both he and I are with God. Perhaps if it so please God, we shall in some

higher state of being meet one another, recognize one another. As it is written, "We shall be for ever with God." The possibility, nay the certainty of perennial existence daily grows plainer to me. The essence of whatever was, is, or shall be, even now is, God is great: God is good. His will be done for it will be right.

Authority: T. Carlyle.



GOETHE.

The Death of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. Born at Frankfort-on-Main 28th August 1749. Died at Weimar on the 22nd March 1832.

GOETHE began to fail in health some two years before he died. Eckermann records: "Nov. 30th 1830. Last Friday we were thrown into no small anxiety. Goethe was seized with a violent hemorrhage and was near death. He lost (counting the venesection) some six pounds of blood, which is a great quantity considering that he is eighty years old." Again on 31st March 1831 he writes: "Goethe has been for some time unwell. Some weeks ago he was bled, after which he felt some pain in his right leg, until at last the mischief vented itself by an issue in the foot, when improvement speedily followed." He died at last of a catarrhal fever which lasted six days, expiring without apparent suffering, having a few minutes previously called for paper in order to write, and expressing his delight at the return of spring. He was not afraid of death. "What!" he said on one occasion, "Do you think I am to be frightened by a coffin? No man of any courage or strength of mind suffers himself to lose the belief in immortality." He deemed Schiller happy in that he died young, in the full vigour of his days, saying: "We could figure him as a youth for ever." To himself was appointed a higher destiny. Through all the changes of man's life, onward to its extreme verge, he was to go through all nobly. He did not forget his age, nor the necessity for yielding to the universal law; he calculated calmly the chances that remained to him of life and enjoyment, and the means he might employ for increasing them, foremost among which he placed the keeping at a distance all gloomy thoughts. "Yes," he said, "we can make head against Death for some time yet. As long as one can create there is no place for dying, yet the great hour must come: the undetermined hour when no man may work." In the midst of his sufferings Goethe remained himself. It was the sun still, though near his setting. Whenever he felt a little better he returned at once to his usual occupations. No one was permitted to enter his room in his last illness save his dearly loved daughter-in-law, her children, and his physician. During the six days of his short but fatal illness, he betrayed no symptoms of anxiety as to its possible termination. He thought himself dying but did not fear death. He tried to walk up and down his room a little, but found himself too feeble to continue. His senses began to fail, his speech becoming less and less distinct. "Light," was his last request. "Open the shutters," he said, "that more light may come into the room." He continued to express himself by signs, drawing letters with his forefinger in the air while he had strength, and finally, as life ebbed, drawing figures slowly on the shawl which covered his legs. At half-past twelve o'clock he composed himself comfortably in the corner of the long chair in which he lay. He seemed to sleep, but it was the gentle sinking and going out of the flame

of life. If sleep it was, it was a sleep in which a great life glided from the world. His friend Eckermann wrote: "The morning after Goethe's death a deep desire seized me to look once again upon his earthly garment. His faithful servant Frederick opened for me the door of the chamber in which he lay. Stretched upon his back he reposed as if in slumber, profound peace reigned on his noble countenance. I wished for a lock of his hair, but reverence restrained me. The body was wrapped in a white sheet: Frederick drew it aside and I was astonished at the magnificence of the limbs; the breast powerful, broad, and arched, the arms and thighs full and muscular, the feet of the most perfect shape, nowhere an imperfection. I laid my hand on his heart, it was for ever still, and I turned away to hide my tears."

Authorities: G. H. Lewes; Von Müller; Eckermann; Dictionary of National Biography.



SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

No. 83

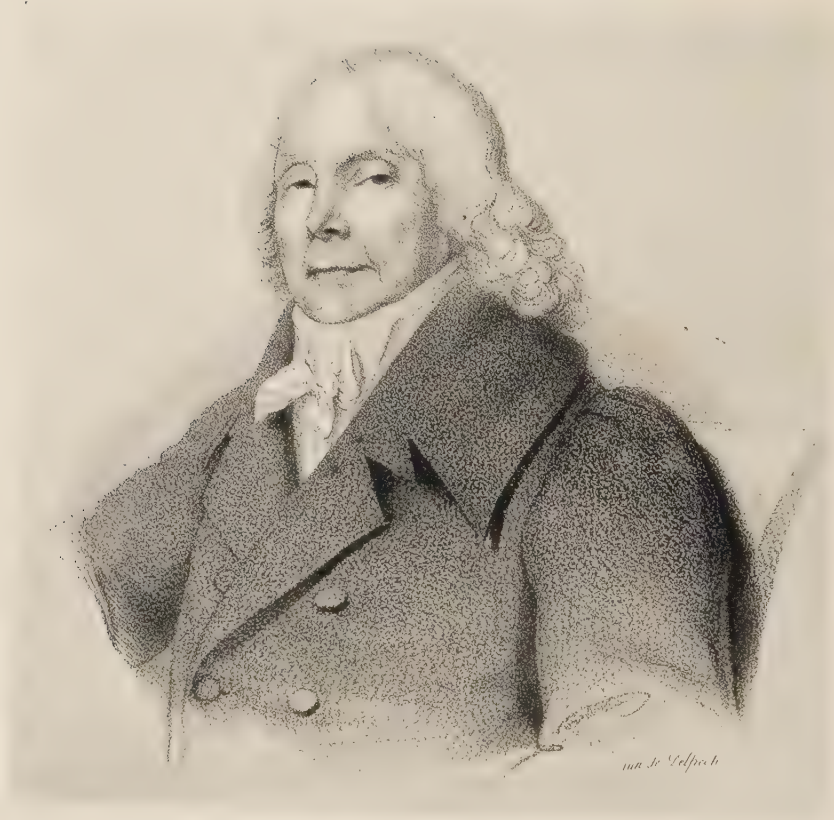
The Death of Sir Walter Scott. Born 1771.
Died 1832.

AS I was dressing on the morning of Monday, the 17th Sept. 1832, Nicolson came into my room and told me that his master had awoke in a state of composure and consciousness and wished to see me immediately. I found him entirely himself though in the last extreme of feebleness. His eye was clear and calm; every trace of the wild fire of delirium extinguished.

"Lockhart," he said, "I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man, be virtuous, be religious, be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." He paused and I said: "Shall I send for Sophia and Anne?" "No," said he, "don't disturb them. Poor souls! I know they were up all night. God bless you all!" With this he sank into a very tranquil sleep and, indeed, he scarcely afterwards gave any sign of consciousness, except for an instant on the arrival of his sons. They, on learning that the scene was about to close, obtained anew leave of absence from their posts and both reached Abbotsford on the 19th.

About half-past one on the 21st of September, Sir Walter breathed his last in the presence of his children. It was a beautiful day, so warm that every window was wide open, and so perfectly still that the sound, of all others the most delicious to the ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt round the bed and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.

Authority: Lockhart's "Life of Scott."



TALLEYRAND.

The Death of Prince Talleyrand. Born 1754.
Died 1838.

DURING the last year of his life, Prince Talleyrand went much into Society and dined out constantly. He desired to put aside the thought of death and to live to the last as if he had many years before him instead of behind him. One evening in the spring of the year 1838 he was dining at the English Ambassador's in Paris, and on rising from table his legs failed him and he fell heavily to the ground. He was assisted to rise and he asked what had happened. They told him he had tripped upon the carpet, and he went into the drawing-room to the ladies conversing gaily as if nothing was amiss until his carriage was announced; but on the way home he suffered cruelly. After this he dined out no more, but contented himself by seeing his friends at his own hotel in the Rue St. Florentin at the corner of the Place de la Concorde, where the grand old house is to be seen to-day. On the 10th May he gave a dinner party of twenty, during which he was attacked with severe shivering and had to go to bed. The next day a large carbuncle appeared on his thigh and the doctors were called in. He was operated on but suffered great agony, and his condition was considered serious. He had much difficulty in breathing in a recumbent position, while his wound would not allow of his sitting up: he had therefore to lie on the edge of the bed, supported by two men-servants, but still in this position he insisted on receiving and conversing with the numerous visitors who called to inquire for him, seeking thus some distraction from the pain he endured. Talleyrand would have made his peace with God some time before, but could not bring himself to do so as long as his wife lived. When he heard of her death in December 1835, he had remarked: "*Ceci simplifie beaucoup ma position,*" and immediately had taken from a pocket in his night-shirt a packet of letters which had been written to him by different correspondents, many of them unknown, who ardently desired his reconciliation with the Church. Said he: "*Les bonnes âmes ne veulent pas désespérer de moi,*" but now he felt his own end approaching and that he had no time to lose, and at the often repeated solicitations of his niece, Mme. de Dino, who lived with him and to whom he was fondly attached, he consented to dictate and sign a declaration couched in vague and general terms in which he professed himself repentant of his errors and said that he desired to submit himself in all things to the Holy Father—the Pope. This document was taken at once by the Abbé Dupauloup, Mme. de Dino's confessor, to the Archbishop of Paris, to obtain his sanction for the performance of the last offices of the Church. Meantime a visit from the King (Louis Philippe) was announced, and Talleyrand at once rallied his strength and gave minute instructions as to the etiquette to be observed. This exhausted him a good deal and he could hardly speak in answer to the King's kind inquiries, but when, after a short

visit, His Majesty was leaving, the dying man with a supreme effort of will said in a firm voice: "C'est un beau jour pour cette maison que celui où le Roi y est entré," then he fell back and spoke no more. On receipt of Prince Talleyrand's declaration of error and submission, the Archbishop gave his permission to administer the Sacraments, and the Abbé Dupauloup forthwith administered the last rites of the Church and gave him absolution, but the Prince was then unconscious and ceased to live at 4 p.m. on 17th May 1838. Two days after Prince Talleyrand's death, that is on the 19th May, Victor Hugo wrote as follows:

"Rue Saint Florentin à Paris, il y a un palais et un égout. On lit sur le fronton du palais: Hôtel Talleyrand. Pendant les quarante ans qu'il a habité cette rue, l'hôte dernier de ce palais n'a peut-être jamais laissé tomber son regard sur cet égout. C'était un personnage étrange, redouté et considerable; il s'appelait Charles-Maurice de Périgord; il était noble comme Machiavel, prêtre comme Gondi, défroqué comme Fouché, spirituel comme Voltaire, et boiteux comme le diable. Cet homme avait pourtant la grandeur; les splendeurs des deux régimes se confondaient en lui; il était prince de Vaux royaume de France, et prince de l'empire français. Pendant trente ans, du fond de son palais du fond de sa pensée, il avait à peu près mené l'Europe. Il s'était laissé tutoyer par la révolution et lui avait souri, ironiquement, il est vrai; mais elle ne s'en était pas aperçue. Il avait approché, connu, observé, pénétré, remué, retourné, approfondi, raillé, fécondé, tous les hommes de son temps, toutes les idées de son siècle, et il y avait eu dans sa vie des minutes où tenant en sa main les quatre ou cinq fils formidables qui faisaient mouvoir l'univers civilisé, il avait pour pantin Napoleon 1^{er}, empereur des français roi d'Italie, protecteur de la confédération du Rhin, médiateur de la confédération Suisse. Voilà à quoi jouait cet homme. Après la révolution de Juillet, la vieille race dont il était grand chambellan, étant tombée, il s'était retrouvé debout sur son pied et avait dit au peuple de 1830, bras nus, sur un tas de pavés: Fais-moi ton ambassadeur. Il avait reçu la confession de Mirabeau, et la première confidence de Thiers. Il disait de lui-même qu'il était un grand poète, et qu'il avait fait une trilogie en trois dynasties: acte I^{er} l'empire de Buonaparte; acte II^e la maison de Bourbon; acte III^e la maison d'Orléans. Il avait fait tout cela dans son palais, et dans ce palais, comme une araignée dans sa toile, il avait successivement attiré et pris héros, penseurs, grands hommes, conquérants, rois, princes, empereurs, Buonaparte. Sieyès, Mme. de Stael, Chateaubriand, Benjamin Constant, Alexandre de Russie, Guillaume de Prusse, François d'Autriche, Louis XVIII, Louis-Philippe; toutes les mouches dorées et rayonnantes qui bourdonnent dans l'histoire de ces quarante dernières années. Tout cet étincelant essaim, fasciné par l'œil profond de cet homme, avait successivement passé sous cette porte sombre qui porte écrit sur son architrave: Hôtel Talleyrand.

"Eh bien! avant hier 17 mai 1838 cet homme est mort. Des médecins

sont venus et ont embaumé le cadavre. Pour cela, à la manière des égyptiens, ils ont retiré les entrailles du ventre, et le cerveau du crâne. La chose faite, après avoir transformé le prince de Talleyrand en momie et cloué cette momie dans une bière tapissée de satin blanc, ils se sont retirés, laissant sur une table la cervelle, cette cervelle qui avait pensé tant de choses, inspiré tant d'hommes, construit tant d'édifices, conduit deux revolutions, trompé vingt rois, contenu le monde. Les médecins partis, un valet est entré, il a vu ce qu'ils avaient laissé: Tiens! ils ont oublié cela. Qu'en faire? Il s'est souvenu qu'il y avait un égout dans la rue, il y est allé, et a jeté le cerveau dans cet égout. 'Finis rerum!'"

Authorities: Mme. de Boigue; Duchesse de Dino; Victor Hugo.



H. DE BALZAC.
From a photograph by Mudar.

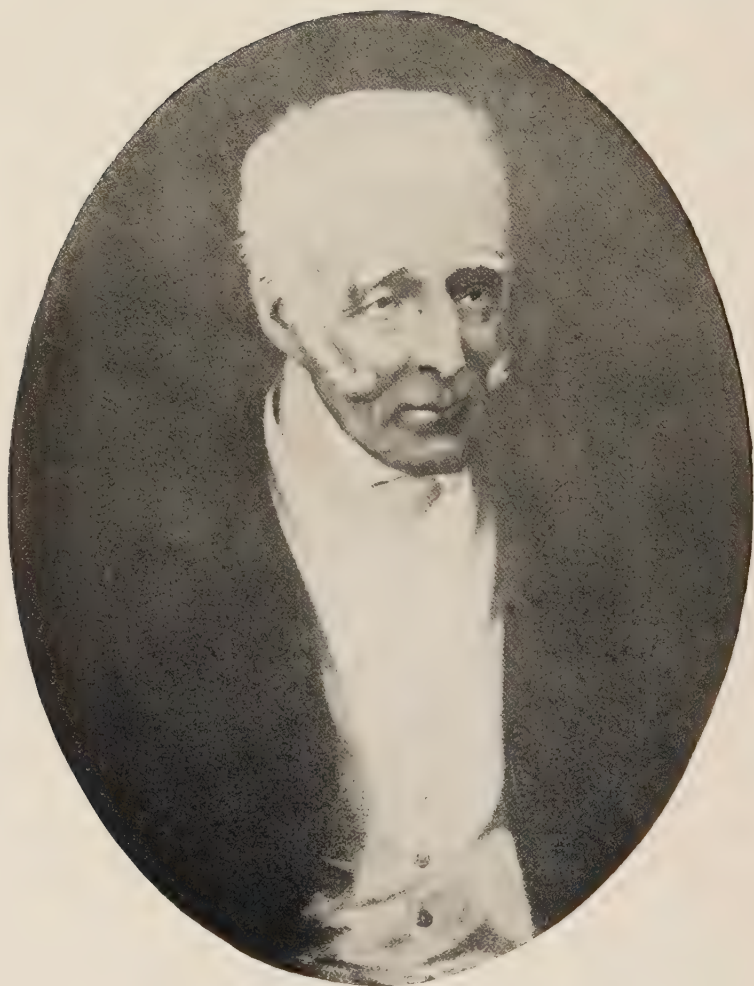
The Death of Balzac (Honoré de). Born 1799.
Died 1850.

LE 18 août 1850, ma femme, qui avait été dans la journée pour voir Mme. de Balzac me dit que M. de Balzac se mourait. J'y cours. M. de Balzac était atteint depuis dix-huit mois d'une hypertrophie du cœur. Après la révolution de Février il était allé en Russie et s'y était marié. Quelques jours avant son départ, je l'avais rencontré sur le boulevard ; il se plaignait déjà et respirait bruyamment. En mai 1850, il était revenu en France, marié, riche, et mourant. En arrivant, il avait déjà les jambes enflées. Quatre médecins consultés l'ans cultèrent. L'un d'eux M. Louis me dit le 6 Juillet : Il n'a pas six semaines à vivre. C'était la même maladie que Frédéric Soulié. Le 18 Août j'avais mon oncle le général Louis Hugo à dîner. Sitôt levé de table, je le quittai et je pris un fiacre qui me mena avenue Fortunée, No. 14 dans le quartier Beaujon. C'était là que demeurait M. de Balzac. Il avait acheté ce qui restait de l'hôtel de M. de Beaujon, quelques corps de logis bas, échappés par hasard à la démolition : il avait magnifiquement meublé ces masures et s'en était fait un charmant petit hôtel, ayant porte cochère sur l'avenue Fortunée et pour tout jardin une cour longue et étroite où les pavés étaient coupés çà et là de plates bandes. Je sonnai. Il faisait un clair de lune voilé de nouages. La rue était déserte. On ne vent pas. Je sonnai une seconde fois. La porte s'ouvrit, une servante m'apparut avec une chandelle. Que vent monsieur ? dit elle. Elle pleurait. Je dis mon nom. Ou me fit entrer dans le salon qui était au rez-de-chaussée et dans lequel il y avait sur une console opposée à la cheminée, le buste colossal en marbre de Balzac par David. Une bougie brûlait sur une riche table ovale posée au milieu du salon. Une autre femme vint qui pleurait aussi et qui me dit : Il se meurt. Madame est rentrée chez elle. Les médecins l'ont abandonné depuis hier. Il a une plaie à la jambe gauche. La gangrène y est. Les médecins ne savent ce qu'ils font. Ils disaient que l'hydropisie de Monsieur était une hydropisie couenneuse, une infiltration, c'est leur mot, que la peau et la chair étaient comme du lard et qu'il était impossible de lui faire la ponction. Eh bien, le mois dernier, en se couchant Monsieur s'est heurté à un meuble historié, la peau s'est déchirée, et toute l'eau qu'il avait dans le corps a coulé. Les médecins ont dit : Tiens ! Cela les a étonnés et depuis ce temps là ils lui ont fait la ponction. Ils ont dit : Imitous la nature. Mais il est venu un abcès à la jambe. C'est M. Roux qui l'a opéré. Hier on a levé l'appareil. La plaie, au lieu d'avoir suppuré était rouge, sèche et brûlante. Alors ils ont dit : Il est perdu ! et ne sont plus revenus. On est allé chez quatre on cinq inutilement. Tons ont répondu : Il n'y a rien à faire. La nuit a été mauvaise. Ce matin à neuf heures, Monsieur ne parlait plus. Madame a fait chercher un prêtre. Le prêtre est venu et a donné à Monsieur l'extrême-onction. Monsieur a fait signe qu'il comprenait. Une heure après, il a serré la main à sa sœur, Mme.

de Surville. Depuis onze heures il râle et ne voit plus rien. Il ne passera pas la nuit. Si vous voulez Monsieur, je vais aller chercher M. de Surville, qui n'est pas encore couché. La femme me quitta. J'attendis quelques instants. M. de Surville entra et me confirma tout ce que m'avait dit la servante. Je demandai à voir M. de Balzac. Nous traversâmes un corridor, nous montâmes un escalier. J'entendis un râlement haut et sinistre. J'étais dans la chambre de Balzac. Un lit était au milieu de cette chambre. M. de Balzac était dans ce lit, les cheveux gris et coupés courts, l'œil ouvert et fixe. Je soulevai la couverture et je pris la main de Balzac. Je la pressai. Il ne répondit pas à la pression. C'était cette même chambre où je l'étais venu voir un mois auparavant. Il était gai, pleni d'espoir ne doutant pas de sa guérison. Quand je l'avais quitté il m'avait reconduit jusqu'à cet escalier, marchant peuiblement, et il avait crié à sa femme: "Surtout, fais bien voir à Hugo tous mes tableaux." La garde me dit: Il mourra au point du jour. Je redescendis, emportant dans ma pensée cette figure livide: en traversant le salon, je retrouvai le buste immobile, impassible, altier et rayonnant vaguement et je comparai la mort à l'immortalité. Il mourut dans la nuit. Il avait cinquante et un ans.

On l'enterra le mercredi. Le convoi traversa Paris et alla par les boulevards au Père-Lachaise. Nous fîmes tout le trajet à pied. Je marchais à droite en tête de cercueil, tenant un des glands d'argent du prêtre. Alexandre Dumas de l'autre côté. Quand nous parvînmes à la fosse, il y avait une foule immense. On descendit le cercueil dans la fosse qui était voisine de Charles Nodier et de Casimir Delavigne. Le prêtre dit la dernière prière et je prononçai quelques paroles. Pendant que je parlais le soleil baissait.

Authority: Victor Hugo, "Choses Vues."



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON (AS AN OLD MAN).
From an old engraving.

The Death of Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington.

Born 1st May 1769. Died 14th September 1852.

THOMAS CARLYLE in his diary under date 25 June 1850 writes: "By far the most interesting figure present at Lady Ashburton's ball was the old Duke of Wellington, who appeared between twelve and one, slowly gliding through the rooms. Truly a beautiful old man; I had never seen till now how beautiful nor what an expression of graceful simplicity, veracity, and nobleness there is about the old hero when you see him close at hand. His very size had hitherto deceived me. He is of short slight figure, about five feet eight inches, of good breadth however, and all muscle and bone. His legs, I think, must be short, for certainly on horseback I had always taken him to be tall. Eyes beautiful, light blue, full of mild valour, with infinitely more faculty and geniality than I had fancied before. The face wholly gentle, wise, valiant, and venerable. The voice, too, as I again heard, is aquiline, clear, and perfectly equable, uncracked that is, and perhaps almost musical, but it is essentially a tenor or almost treble voice. Eighty-two I understand he is. He glided slowly along, slightly saluting this and that other; clever, clean, fresh as the June evening itself, till the silver buckle of his stock vanished through the door of the next room and I saw him no more."

As age advanced, the years in their progress began to tell even on the Iron Duke. His hair grew white in strong contrast with his dark eyebrows, and fits of somnolency came upon him. He stooped a little and grew disinclined to take exercise. In 1852 the Duke presided as usual at the dinner which he gave annually on the 18th June, the anniversary of Waterloo, and seemed quite himself—but the hand of Death was already stretched out towards him. In August he went to Walmer Castle (being Warden of the Cinque Ports) where he received visitors and led his usual life. On the 12th September he wrote to a friend: "I had a letter this morning from a madman, who announced that he was a messenger of the Lord and would deliver his message to me to-morrow morning. We shall see." It was never ascertained who wrote the letter, but "the message of the Lord" was duly delivered. The Duke was always an early riser, and when his servant entered his bedroom to call him as usual at six a.m., he found his master was still asleep. Withdrawing softly he returned again at seven o'clock and opened the shutters, saying: "It is getting quite late, your grace. It is past seven o'clock." "Is it," said the Duke in his usual tone of voice. "Do you know where the apothecary lives? Send and let him know I should like to see him as I don't feel very well. I will lie here till he comes." These were the last words he spoke. He seemed conscious for some time afterwards as he followed with his eyes those who were around him, and motioned that he wished to be moved from the bed to an easy chair which stood close by. Doctors came,

but their remedies were useless. He breathed with increasing difficulty: the strong will kept death at bay till seven in the evening, and then a short struggle he ceased to breathe, yet so calm and tranquil was his departure, so little was he changed in appearance, that not until a mirror was held to his lips could those by whom he was surrounded believe that life had fled. The day before he had appeared to be in good health and had been playing with his grand-children.

“ —— sure the last end
Of the good man is peace! How calm his exit!
Night dews, fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.

BLAIR.

Authorities: W. H. Maxwell; G. R. Gleig; Sir H. Maxwell; G. L. Browne; Carlyle.

The Death of Taki Zenzaburo, 23rd July 1858.

WE (seven foreign representatives) were invited to follow the Japanese witnesses into the main hall of the Temple where the ceremony was to be performed. It was an imposing scene. A large hall with a high roof supported by dark pillars of wood: from the ceiling hung a profusion of those huge gilt lamps and ornaments peculiar to Buddhist temples. In front of the high altar, where the floor covered with beautiful white mats and raised some three or four inches from the ground, was laid a rug of scarlet felt. Tall candles placed at regular intervals gave out a dim mysterious light, just sufficient to let the proceedings be seen. The seven Japanese witnesses took their places on the left of the raised floor, the seven foreigners on the right. No other person was present.

After the interval of a few minutes of suspense, Taki Zenzaburo, a stalwart man of about thirty-two years of age, of a noble presence, walked into the hall attired in his dress of ceremony with the peculiar hempen-cloth wings which are worn on great occasions. He was accompanied by a *Kaishaku* and three officers who wore surcoats with gold tissue facings. The word *Kaishaku*, it should be observed, is one for which our English word executioner is no equivalent term. The office is that of a gentleman; in many cases it is performed by a kinsman or friend of the condemned person, and the relations between them are rather those between principle and second, than of victim and executioner. In this instance the *Kaishaku* was a pupil of Taki Zenzaburo, and had been chosen for his skill in swordsmanship.

With the *Kaishaku* on his left hand, Taki Zenzaburo advanced slowly towards the Japanese witnesses and the two bowed before them, then they saluted us perhaps even with more deference; in each case the salutation was ceremoniously returned. Slowly and with great dignity the condemned man mounted on to the raised floor, prostrated himself twice before the high altar, and seated himself in the Japanese fashion with his knees and toes touching the ground, his body resting on the heels. One of the three attendant officers then came forward bearing a stand, such as is used in temples for offerings, on which, wrapped in paper, lay a short sword nine inches and a half in length with point and edge as sharp as a razor. Prostrating himself, he handed this to the condemned man who received it reverently, raising it to his head with both hands and then placing it in front of him.

After another profound obeisance, Taki Zenzaburo, in a voice which betrayed some emotion but with an otherwise calm demeanour, spoke as follows: "I, and I alone, unwarrantably gave the order to fire on the foreigners at Kobe, and again when they tried to escape. For this crime I disembowel myself, and I beg you who are present to do me the honour of witnessing my act."

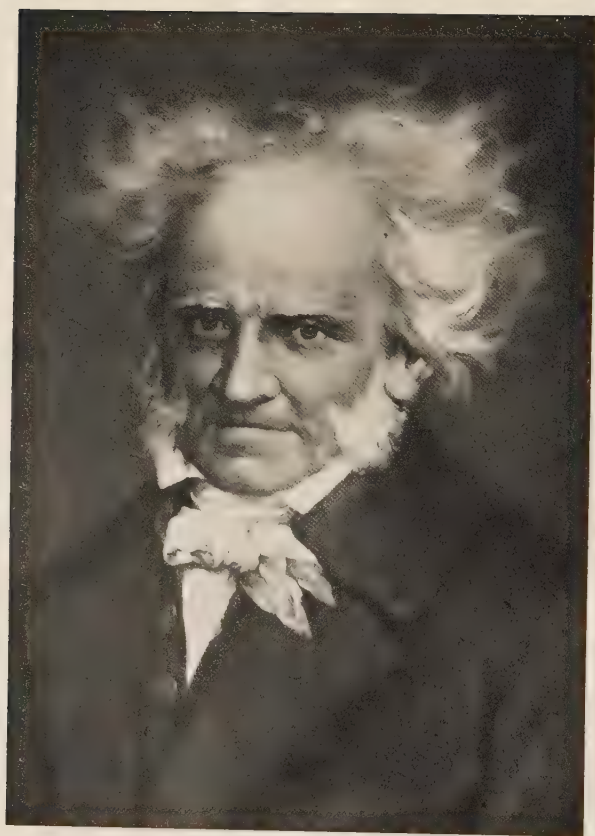
Bowing once more, the speaker allowed his upper garments to slip down

to his girdle and remained naked to the waist. Carefully, according to custom, he tucked his sleeves under his knees to prevent himself from falling backward; for a noble Japanese gentleman should die falling forward. Deliberately, with a steady hand, he took the dirk that lay before him; he looked at it wistfully, almost affectionately; for a moment he seemed to collect his thoughts for the last time, and then stabbing himself deeply below the waist in the left-hand side he drew the dirk slowly across to his right side, and turning it in the wound, gave a slight cut upwards. During this painful operation he never moved a muscle of his face. When he drew out the dirk, he leaned forward and stretched out his neck; an expression of pain for the first time crossed his face, but he uttered no sound. At that moment the *Kaishaku*, who, still crouching by his side, had been keenly watching his every movement, sprang to his feet, poised his sword for a second in the air; there was a flash, a heavy thud; with one blow the head had been severed from the body.

A dead silence followed, broken only by the noise of the blood throbbing out of the inert heap before us, which but a moment before had been a brave living man. The *Kaishaku* made a low bow, wiped his sword with a piece of paper which he had ready for the purpose, and retired from the raised floor, the stained dirk being solemnly borne away as a proof of the execution.

The two representatives of the Mikado then left their places, and crossing over to where the foreign witnesses sat, called on us to witness that the sentence of death upon Taki Zenzaburo had been faithfully carried out. The ceremony being at an end, we left the temple.

Authority: Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan."



ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER. *Photo. F. Bruckmann.*

The Death of Arthur Schopenhauer. Born at Dantzic
22nd February 1788. Died at Frankfort 21st
September 1860.

SCHOPENHAUER enjoyed to the last the full vigour of health which confirmed his own expectations of a long life in which to carry on his work. His manner of living was strictly regulated by the rules which he had prescribed for himself, and his habits were abstemious and frugal. In short, he was desperately anxious to live in order to carry out his life's labour, and complete his explanation of this world's philosophy—of the why, whence, and whither of man's existence. Suddenly on a day in April 1860, when he was on his way home from the restaurant where he usually dined, he became conscious of a painful palpitation of the heart, and a consequent difficulty in breathing. These symptoms of weakness in the mainspring of his body recurred frequently, so that he was compelled to restrict his walks, and generally speaking to go more gently. It was Nature's warning that the machine that had served him so long and so well was wearing out. On September the 19th 1860, he caught a chill and his lungs became inflamed. "This is my death," said the philosopher, but the vigour of his constitution prevailed, and he slowly recovered from the attack. Not for long, however, was the grim enemy of mankind to be held at bay, and soon the palpitations of the heart returned with increasing frequency. The old man grew palpably weaker and at last, much against his inclination, he called in a doctor. "It would be miserable," said he, "if my life were to end now, for my work is still incomplete, and I have much more to write." He desired ardently to attain "Nirvana," that state or condition of union with the Godhead which is held out by the Buddhist religion as the *summum bonum* of humanity, but he feared it was but an idea, and only too good to be true. "At least," said he, "my conscience does not upbraid me." On the 20th of September 1860, on rising from his bed in the morning, he temporarily lost consciousness, and falling down inflicted a wound on his forehead. Throughout the day he seemed fairly well and slept soundly as usual at night. On the morning of the 21st, he got up at his usual hour, had a bath and took his breakfast, and a short time afterwards, when his doctor called to see him, he was found dead lying back peacefully on the sofa. Death came to him as he had wished, suddenly and without pain. He had said, speaking of death, "Whosoever like myself has passed a lonely and self centred life, will not find it difficult to die as one has lived, solitary and alone."

"In such a death," says Cicero, "there is neither pain nor bitterness; but as ripe fruit is lightly and without violence loosened from its branch, so the soul of such an one departs ungrieving from the body, wherein its life's experience hath lain."

Authorities: Life by H. Zimmermann and W. Gwinner; Schopenhauer Leben, 1878;
W. Wallace, Life, etc.



COUNT CAVOUR.
From an engraving by D. J. Pound.

The Death of Count Camillo Benso di Cavour. Born at Turin 1810. Died at Turin 1861.

THE wear and tear of public life as it was lived by Cavour was enormous. He had not the relaxation of athletic or literary tastes, or the repose of a cheerful domestic life; he was indeed inclined to despise rest. He used to say: "When I want a thing to be done quickly, I always go to a busy man. The unoccupied man never has time to do anything." He, himself, did not know what it was to be idle, and yet he was painfully conscious of the results of overwork. He was tormented by insomnia, and told his friend Castelli: "I am no longer master of my head." In the latter half of 1861 he was noticed to be unusually irritable: the debates bored him, and on the last day that he sat in his accustomed place, he said that when Italy was united and established, he would bring in a bill to abolish all the chairs of Rhetoric at the Universities. That evening he was attacked by fever. His own physician was absent, and he himself prescribed the treatment which he considered necessary to remove his illness. The doctor who was called in thought it necessary to bleed him four times in five days, and this necessarily diminished his strength. On the fourth day he presided at a cabinet council held in his own room, which was prolonged for some hours, and when it was over a friend, who came to see him, said that he saw death in Cavour's face. Suddenly he seemed to realize that he was in danger and said: "The King must be informed of my condition." As he grew worse, the family sent for a monk named Fra Giacomo, who had promised, in case of necessity, to administer the last sacraments. An excited crowd gathered round the palace. One workman was heard to say: "If the priest refuse him the Blessed Sacraments we will finish them all," but Fra Giacomo kept his promise. He had for many years acted as Count Cavour's almoner in private charities, and was well aware of the greatness and goodness of his character. On the evening of 5th June, the King visited him by a secret staircase that led to the Count's room. Cavour exclaimed on seeing him: "Oh! Maesta!" but his senses failed him, and in answer to the King's kind words he rejoined: "Those Neapolitans must be cleansed." He became delirious, but in all his wanderings his mind ever turned to the future welfare of his beloved Italy. At early dawn on the 6th June, he imagined himself to be speaking as the King's minister in the Chamber of Deputies. His voice was clear and strong, but his words and ideas were incoherent, and without meaning. At four o'clock he became silent, and not long after his spirit fled. A year before he had visited his ancestral home, the Castle of Santena, and had said to the village syndic: "Here I wish my bones to rest." He thought that a man should die in the faith of his ancestors and be buried with them. His wishes were respected, and the great statesman was laid to his rest at

Santena. He died in the Catholic faith. He was born wealthy and of high lineage. His life was devoted to the unification of Italy, and when he died his work was practically accomplished.

Authorities: Life by E. M. Caesaresco; C. de Mazade; Dictionary of National Biography; History of Italy, etc.



ALFRED DE VIGNY.

The Death of Alfred de Vigny, French Poet.

Born 1797. Died 1863.

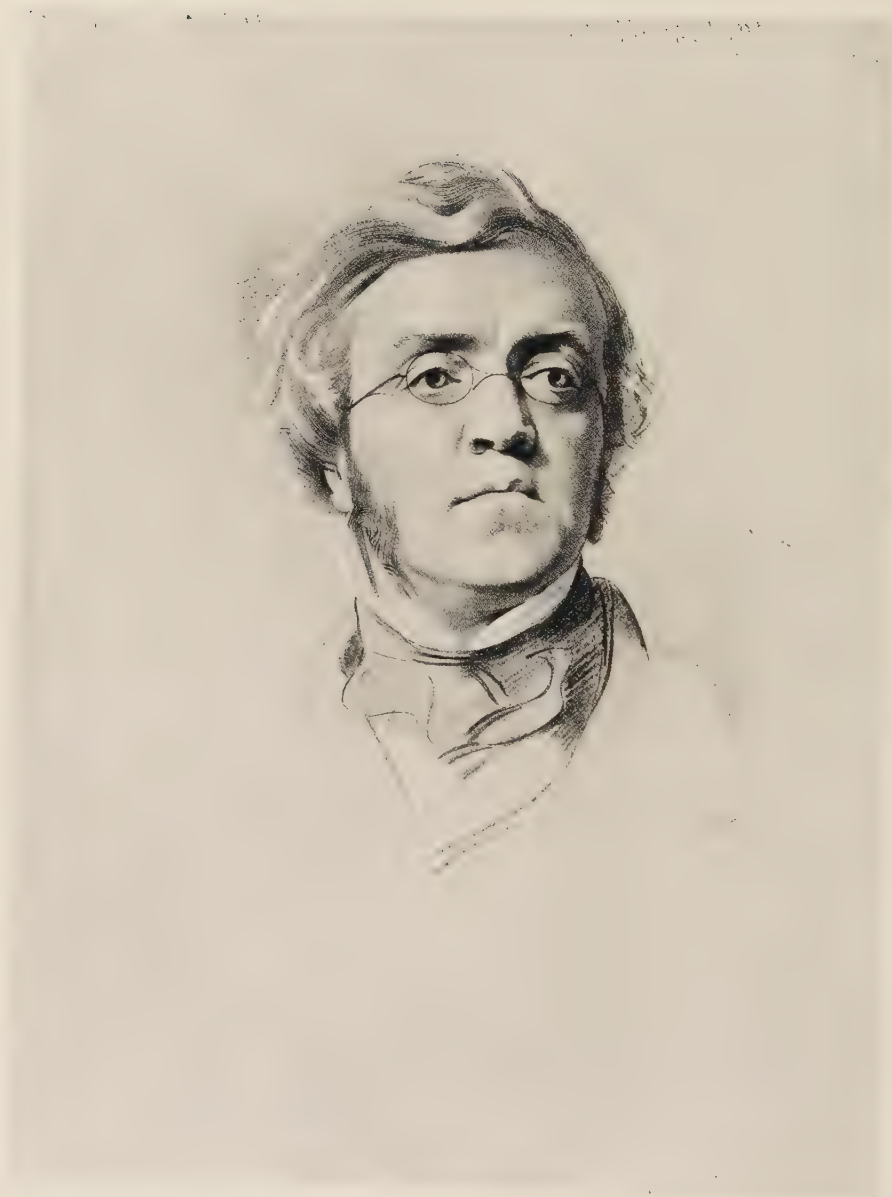
IN the latter part of his life he frequently alluded to an epitaph which he had found mentioned in the correspondence of Lord Byron—"Implora pace." Lord Byron's letter is as follows: To Mr. Hoppner, English Consul at Venice. Bologna, 6th June 1819. "I have discovered in the cemetery of La Certosa one, or rather I should say two beautiful epitaphs. The one is 'Martini Luigi, implora pace,' the other, 'Lucrezia Picini, implora eterna quietà,' and that is all. It seems to me, however, that in these few words is summed up all that could be said or thought on the subject, and the delicate sweetness of the Italian language lends to these sad words an exquisite melodiousness. Hope, doubt, humility, all are expressed: and perhaps it would be hard to find anything more delicately reserved and pathetic than this prayer, Implora. He and she are tired of this life, and desire nothing more save only eternal rest. It is as fine as one of the best Greek epitaphs. I entreat of you, should you be living at Venice when they bury me there, have graven on my tomb those two words, 'Implora pace,' and nothing more." "Poor woman," wrote Alfred de Vigny in his journal, "what had you done? what had you not suffered to make this prayer, and whose hand was it that inscribed on your tomb this last sad request?" He refers again to this epitaph in a letter to his friend, the Marquise de la Grange. "Implora pace," it is the cry of the great Pascal, also "*placidam pacem*," Peace! Peace! He saw, without bitterness, the public favour turn from him, and heard without jealousy the praises of his rivals and successors, resigning himself to the universal law, that the old shall give place to the young. He lived retired in the department of La Charente on his estate of Maine-Giraud, in the perpetual silence of his wife's society. He went occasionally to Paris, and on his last visit wrote as follows to his old friend, Madame de la Grange: "Avant hier je vous ai écrit un billet tout rempli de regrets. Je vous disais qu'il ne faut plus jamais m'inviter à dîner. J'ai le cœur serré de mille tristesses et je ne pourrais pas sourire un moment, même près de vous. Vous m'en demanderiez la cause et ce serait pour vous un grand ennui que de l'entendre, et pour moi un vrai supplice que de la dire. Ne m'interrogez jamais. Il y a tant de choses auxquelles Dieu seul peut quelque chose!" He was in fact at that time attacked by that terrible and pitiless disease, cancer, with its necessary concomitant of physical pain. It is the worst of all maladies, for its cause is unknown, its cure rare and uncertain, and in its progress it at length attacks not only the body, but the mind, as poor St. Theresa said of it: "*elle réduit l'âme à ne savoir plus que devenir*." De Vigny awaited his slow and cruel death with courage, and without impatience. His innate modesty, and a repugnance to abnormal physical phenomena, led him to keep his malady a secret. If he did speak

of his sufferings it was indirectly and with reticence. Writing to a friend in those last days he said: "Je suis accablé des lassitudes de cette lutte contre le vautour que Prométhée m'a légué. Il me dévore avec une cruauté inouïe."

On the 17th September 1863, after a slow agony, his body ceased to suffer; and if indeed, as Plato believed, death is but a dreamless sleep, if in this death we find peace and forgetfulness, then his suffering and restless spirit has at last found repose.

Lecky, in "The Map of Life," quotes an epitaph from a German churchyard. "I will arise, O Christ, when Thou callest me; but let me rest awhile for I am very weary."

Authority: Life by M. Paléologue.



WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

The Death of William Makepeace Thackeray. Born at Calcutta in 1811. Died at Kensington Palace Gardens, London, 24th December 1863.

AT the close of his Roundabout Papers, No. 23 De Finibus, which appeared in the "Cornhill Magazine," Thackeray wrote: "Another Finis written; another milestone on this journey from birth to the next world. Sure it is a subject for solemn cogitation. Yet a few chapters more, and then the last, after which behold Finis itself comes to an end, and the Infinite begins."

Thackeray suffered from heart disease, and had fixed with his friend and physician to come and see him on the Tuesday before his death, but had put him off with a note in which he subscribed himself, "Yours unfaithfully W. M. T." On the next day he went for a walk and returned somewhat fatigued. He went to bed at ten o'clock, declining the offer of his servant to sit up with him. He was heard moving about in his room at midnight, after which all was quiet. In the morning he was found lying dead in his bed with his arms behind his head as if trying to take one more breath. Surely a happy ending of a good life. Writing to a friend he frankly stated his calling as a preacher to his fellow men. "It makes me feel," he wrote, "an almost awful sense of responsibility which falls upon a man in such a station. Is it deserved or undeserved? Who is this that sets up to preach to mankind, and to laugh at many things which men reverence? I hope I may be able to tell the truth, always, and to see it aright according to the eyes which God Almighty has given me."

In person William Makepeace Thackeray was tall and strongly built, with a fine massive head, and an abundance of silvery-white hair. He was a most genial and kind-hearted man. His sense of a higher power ruling all things was expressed in all he wrote, and he bowed before "the Awful Will." In a paper on George Sand, he wrote: "O awful, awful name of God; light unbearable! mystery unfathomable! Vastness immeasurable! O name, that God's people of old did fear to utter! O light! in which God's prophet would have perished had he seen!" He had a simple faith in God and his Saviour, and seemed like so many other human creatures to have had a foreboding of his end, of the terrible breast pang, the last agony of which killed him.

"We bow to Heaven that willed it so,
That darkly rules the fate of all;
That sends the respite or the blow,
That's free to give or to recall."

" . . . but the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seem to die, and their departure is taken for misery, and their going from us to be utter destruction; but they are in Peace."

Edmund Yates wrote of him: "On Christmas eve in the twilight, at the time when the clubs are filled with men who have dropped in on their homeward way to hear the latest news, a rumour ran through London that Thackeray was dead. I myself heard it on the club steps from a friend who had just returned from telegraphing the news to an Irish newspaper. . . . Thackeray was dead, and the purest English prose-writer of the nineteenth century, and the novelist with the greatest knowledge of the human heart, with the exception perhaps of Shakespeare and Balzac, was suddenly struck down in the midst of us. No long illness, no lingering decay, no gradual suspension of power; almost pen in hand like Kempenfeldt he went down."

"I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you love and wealth and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas birth,
As fits the holy Christmas birth.
Be this good friends our carol still,
Be peace on earth—be peace on earth
To men of gentle will."

Authorities: Dictionary of National Biography; Brown's "Horae Subsecivae";
Writings of Thackeray.



CHARLES DICKENS.

The Death of Charles Dickens. Born 1812. Died 1870.

ON the 8th June he passed all the day writing in the Châlet at his house at Gadshill, near Rochester. He was late in leaving the Châlet; but before dinner, which was ordered at six o'clock with the intention of walking afterwards in the lanes, he wrote some letters, and dinner was begun before Miss Hogarth saw with alarm a singular expression of trouble and pain in his face. "For an hour," he then told her, "he had been very ill," but he wished dinner to go on. These were the only really coherent words that fell from him. He spoke disconnectedly of quite other matters; of an approaching sale at a neighbour's house and of his own intention to go immediately to London; and at this he rose, and his sister-in-law's help alone prevented him from falling where he stood. Her effort then was to get him on the sofa, but after a slight struggle he sank heavily on his left side. "On the ground," were the last words he spoke. It was now a little over ten minutes past six o'clock. His two daughters came that night, having been telegraphed for. His eldest son arrived early next morning, and was joined in the evening (too late) by his younger son from Cambridge. All possible medical aid had been summoned. The surgeon of the neighbourhood was there from the first, and a physician from London was also in attendance, but all human help was unavailing. There was effusion on the brain, and though stertorous breathing continued all night and until ten minutes past six o'clock on the evening of Thursday the 9th June, there was never a gleam of hope during the twenty-four hours which elapsed before his death. He lived four months beyond his fifty-eighth year. His remains were interred in Westminster Abbey, but, in accordance with his injunctions, in as private and unostentatious a manner as possible.

Authority: Forster's "Life."



THOMAS CARLYLE,
By James McN Whistler.

The Death of Thomas Carlyle. Born 1795. Died 1881.

IN his last years Thomas Carlyle became conscious of failing strength; glad to rest upon a seat when he could find one, glad of an arm to lean on in walking. He knew that his end must be near, and it was seldom long out of his mind; but he was not conscious of any failure of intellectual power, nor was there to the last any essential failure. He forgot names and places, as old men often do, but recollected everything that was worth remembering. In his intellect nothing pointed to an end, and the experience that the mind did not necessarily decay with the body, confirmed his conviction that it was not a function of the body, that it had another origin, and might have another destination. When he spoke of the future and its uncertainties, he fell back invariably on the last words of his favourite hymn, "Wir heissen euch hoffen" (We bid you hope). Meanwhile his business with the world was over, his connection with it was closing in, and he had only to bid it farewell. He continued to read the Bible, the significance of which he found deep and wonderful, almost as much as it ever used to be for him. Bold and honest to the last, he would not pretend to believe what his intellect rejected, and in Job, his old favourite, he found more wonder than satisfaction. But the Bible itself, the Bible and Shakespeare, remained the best books to him that ever were written. "I do not feel to ail anything," he said, "except unspeakable and I think increasing weakness, as of a young child, the arrival in fact of second childhood, such as is to be expected when the time of departure is nigh. I am grateful to Heaven for one thing, that the state of my mind continues unaltered and perfectly clear, surely a blessing beyond expression, compared with what the contrary would be. Let us pray to be grateful to the Great Giver of Good, and for patience under whatever His will may be."

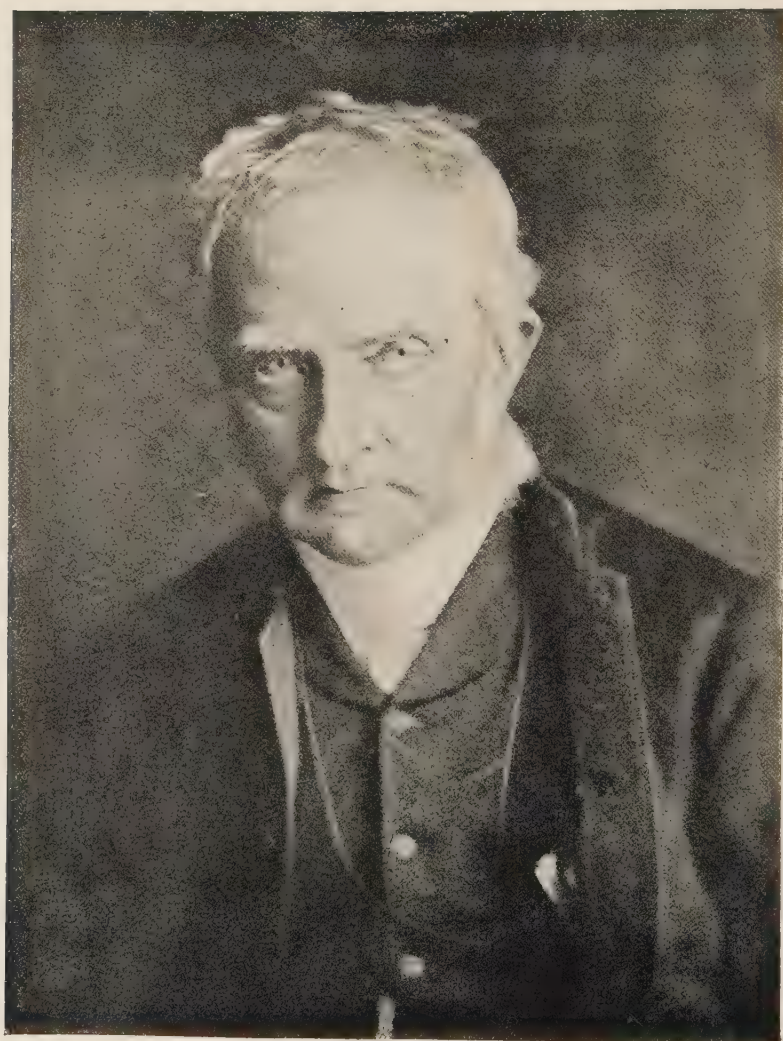
In the autumn of 1880 he grew so visibly infirm, that neither he nor any one expected him to survive the winter. He was scarcely able even to wish it. He was entirely occupied with his approaching change; with the world and its concerns he had done for ever. His bed had been moved into the drawing-room, which still bore the stamp of his wife's hand on it. Her workbox and other trifles lay about in their old places. He had forbidden them to be moved, and they stood within reach of his dying hand. He had written: "Sometimes the image of her; gone in her car of victory, in that beautiful death as if nodding to me with a smile: 'I am gone, loved one; work a little longer, if thou still carest to do so, if not, follow. There is no baseness and no misery here. Courage, courage to the last.'"

"I went to see him" (says Froude); "he was wandering when I came to his side, but recognized me. 'I am very ill,' he said. 'Is it not strange that they should have chosen the very oldest man in all Britain to make suffer in this way?' I answered: 'We do not exactly know why they act as

they do. They may have reasons that we cannot guess at.' 'Yes,' he said, with a flash of the old intellect, 'it would be rash to say that they have no reasons.' To his doctor he said: 'For me you can do nothing. The only thing you could do you must not do, that is help me to make an end of this.' When I saw him next, his speech was gone; his eyes were as if they did not see, or were fixed on something far away. I cannot say whether he heard me when I spoke to him, but I said: 'Ours has been a long friendship: I will try to do what you wish.' This was on the 4th February 1881. The morning following he died. He had been gone an hour when I reached the house. He lay calm and still, an expression of exquisite tenderness subduing his rugged features into almost feminine beauty. I have seen something like it in Catholic pictures of dead saints, but never before or since on any human countenance."

Carlyle himself wrote: "'For a divinity doth shape our ends, rough-hew them how we may.' Often in my life I have been brought to think of this, as probably every considering person has: and looking before and after have felt, though reluctant enough to believe in the importance or significance of so infinitesimally small an atom as oneself, that the doctrine of a special Providence is in some sort natural to man. All piety points that way, all logic points the other; one has in one's darkness and limitation a trembling faith, and can at least say 'Wir heissen euch hoffen,' if it be the will of the Highest."

Authorities: James Anthony Froude; Carlyle.



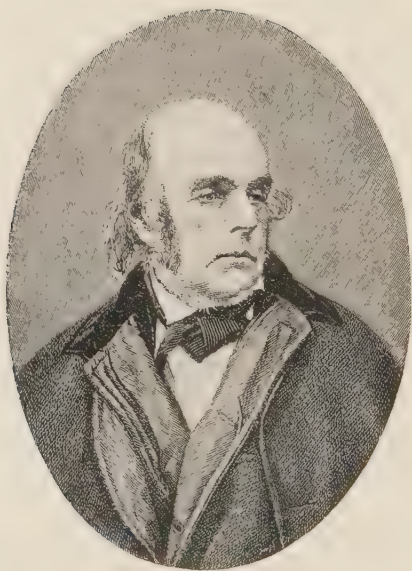
DEAN STANLEY.

The Death of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster. Born 13th December 1815. Died 18th July 1881.

THE Dean's condition on Thursday, 14th July 1881, showed that some serious illness was impending, and on Friday morning Dr. Harper observed that an attack of erysipelas of the face had begun. The erysipelas spread rapidly over the face, eyelids, and head, extending down the neck as far as the chest and the right shoulder. The condition was alarming, but Dean Stanley himself still hoped that he might be well enough to conduct the marriage service of his friend Mr. Montgomery on the 28th. On Sunday 17th July he grew much worse. The erysipelas had attacked his throat with such severity that his utterance was feeble and indistinct. "I always wished," he said, "to die at Westminster. The end has come in the way that I most desired that it should come." Again he spoke: "I am perfectly satisfied, perfectly happy. I have not the slightest misgiving. I always wished to die at Westminster." Then his thoughts turned in another direction. "I should like Vaughan to preach my funeral sermon, if he can do it. I have been so very intimate with him. He has known me longest." Finally, he added: "I wish to send a message of respect to the Queen. As far as I understood what the duties of my office were supposed to be, in spite of every incompetence, I am yet humbly trustful that I have sustained before the mind of the Nation the extraordinary value of the Abbey as a religious, national, and liberal institution." The Sacrament, with his earnest assent, was administered by Canon Farrar to him, and to those who were gathered round his bed. At the close of the service he interrupted the celebrant, and gathering all his remaining strength, himself gave the final benediction.

About the middle of the day his strength became exhausted, and he gradually relapsed into unconsciousness. His breathing became more and more laboured, until at twenty minutes to twelve on the night of Monday, 18th July 1881, it ceased altogether, and without pain Stanley passed away.

Authorities: Life by R. E. Prothero; Dictionary of National Biography.



EDWARD FITZGERALD.
From a print.

The Death of Edward FitzGerald. Born 31st March
1809 in Suffolk. Died 14th June 1883.

FOR some time before his death FitzGerald seemed to have a foreboding that his end was not far distant. He spoke of his mother's death (which was sudden, like his own, and at the same age). "We none of us get beyond seventy-five," he said.

Writing to a friend, after alluding to the fatal malady by which the wife of a mutual friend had been attacked, he added: "What a tragedy! So brisk, so bright and good, a little woman who seemed made to live, and now the doctors allot her but two years longer at most. Providence might have spared 'pauvre et triste Humanité' that trial, and it would have made no difference to its supremacy. 'Voilà ma petite protestation respectueuse à la Providence,' as Madame de Sevigné says." Again, in a letter to one of his nieces, he wrote: "It seems strange to me, to be so seemingly alert and certainly alive, amid such fatalities, among younger and stronger people. But even while I say so, the hair may break and the suspended Sword fall. If it would but do so at once and effectually." Sixteen days later his wish was fulfilled. On Wednesday, 13th June 1883, FitzGerald went to pay his annual visit to his old friend the Rev. Mr. Crabbe, at Merton Rectory, and the next day that gentleman wrote: "I grieve to have to tell you that our dear friend Edward FitzGerald died here this morning. He came last evening to pay his usual visit, but did not seem in good spirits, and did not eat anything. At ten o'clock he said he would go to bed. At a quarter to eight the next morning I tapped at his door to ask how he was, and, getting no answer, went in and found him as if sleeping peacefully, but quite dead. A very noble character has passed away." On the following Tuesday he was buried in the little churchyard of Boulge, and the stone which marks his grave bears the simple inscription: "Edward FitzGerald. Born 31st March 1809. Died 14th June 1883. 'It is He that hath made us and not we ourselves.'"

Tennyson, on hearing of his death, wrote: "I had no truer friend: he was one of the kindest of men, and I have never known one of so fine and delicate a wit."

When Thackeray was asked which of his friends he loved most, replied: "Why, dear old Fitz to be sure." And Carlyle spoke of him as "the peaceable, affectionate, and ultra-modest man, and his innocent *far niente* life."

FitzGerald will be perhaps best remembered by his masterly paraphrase of Omar Khayyám, the Persian astronomer-poet of the eleventh century, and by his translations of Calderon's Dramas. His favourite books were "Don Quixote" and "Clarissa Harlowe." His favourite poet Crabbe.

Authorities: W. Aldis Wright; Dictionary of National Biography.



THE DEATH OF GENERAL GORDON.

(KHARTOUM, JANUARY 26TH, 1885.)

Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Frost & Reed, Fine Art Publishers, of Bristol and London, publishers of the large etching by Herbert Dicksee.

The Death of Major-General Charles G. Gordon, C.B.
Born 28th January 1833. Died 26th January 1885.

"One honest man, one wise man, one peaceful man, commands a hundred millions, without a baton and without a charger. He wants no fortress to protect him, he stands higher than any citadel can raise him, brightly conspicuous to the most distant nations, God's servant by election, God's image by beneficence."—*Walter Savage Landor.*

GENERAL GORDON was called by the Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone, at a memorable crisis, to a task of mercy, beyond human strength. For eleven months he held out alone, drawing to himself in the beleaguered city of Khartoum in Egypt the wonder and reverence of the world, and then fell at his post faithful unto death. He seems to have had a presentiment of the end, for so early as 13th October 1884 he wrote in his Journal: "It is of course on the cards that Khartoum is taken under the nose of the Expeditionary Force, which will be just too late"; and again when the Expeditionary Force had reached Metemma, some seventy miles from Khartoum, and he sent his steamers to meet them, he wrote: "Now mark this, if the Expeditionary Force does not come in ten days, the town may fall, and I have done my best for the honour of the country. Good-bye." On the same day he sent his last letter to his sister, in which he said: "God rules all; and as God will rule to His glory and our welfare, His will be done. I am quite happy, and like Lawrence, have tried to do my duty."

Follows the sworn testimony of one of the four sergeant orderlies who were attached to his person: "I was on duty on the 26th January, and was with Gordon Pasha in the look-out on the top of the Palace at Khartoum. As the morning star rose, the Mahdi's troops made a false attack on our black troops under Feraz Pasha, but their real attack, which succeeded, was made on that part of the defences which was guarded by the 5th Regiment Fellaheen, under Hassan Bey. When Gordon Pasha heard the rebels in the town, he said: 'It is finished: to-day Gordon will be killed,' and he went down stairs, and we four sergeants followed him, taking our rifles with us. Gordon Pasha took a chair and sat down at the door of the Palace, outside, and we stood on his right and his left. All at once a Sheikh galloped up with some Bazara Arabs, and we levelled our rifles to fire upon them, but Gordon Pasha struck up our rifles with his stick, saying: 'No need of rifles to-day. Gordon is to be killed.' The Sheikh spoke at first respectfully to Gordon Pasha, saying that he had been sent by the Mahdi to bring him before him alive: but the Pasha refused to go, and said he would die where he was; but he asked that our lives might be spared, as we had not fired our rifles. Three times the Sheikh repeated the Mahdi's commands, and each time Gordon Pasha gave the same answer. Then the Sheikh called upon the name of

God the most High, and drawing his sword, he rushed at Gordon Pasha and cut him down through his left shoulder. The Pasha looked him straight in the face and made no resistance. So he died, and his head was cut off and taken to the Mahdi at Omdurman. The body was buried close to the gate of the Palace where he fell." Khartoum fell, and Gordon was killed on the 26th January 1885. The Mahdi, Mohammed Ahmed, died at Khartoum of typhus fever, 21st June 1885. Before his death Gordon Pasha had sent down the steamers at his disposal to meet the Expeditionary Force at Metemma, where they arrived on the 21st January, and Kasm el Mous, who was in charge of the steamers, pressed Sir Charles Wilson (commanding the British Force) to proceed without delay to Khartoum, not that he feared for Gordon, but because the Nile was falling. There seems no valid reason for Sir Charles Wilson's delay at Metemma until the 24th January, on which day he made a desperate push for Khartoum, arriving on the 26th, only to find Gordon dead and the city in the hands of the Mahdi. His description of the river fight is worth recording here.

"The gun in the turret of our steamer was capitally served by the black gunners under their Captain, Abdullah Effendi, who laid the gun each time, and fired it himself. The gunners, who had nothing on but a cloth round their waists, looked more like demons than men in the thick smoke, and one huge giant was the very incarnation of savagery, drunk with war. The shooting was fairly good, and we heard afterwards that we had dismounted one of the guns in the enemy's battery, but at the time we could not see the effect. After we had run the gauntlet, and the fire was turned on our consort, the Soudanese set up a wild cry of delight, raising their rifles in their hands and shaking them in the air. We kept on to the junction of the two Niles, when it became plain to every one that Khartoum had fallen into the Mahdi's hands; for not only were there hundreds of Dervishes ranged under their banners, standing on the sand spit close to the town, ready to resist our landing, but no flag was flying in Khartoum, and not a shot was fired in our assistance. Here, too, if not before, we should have met the two steamers I knew Gordon still had at Khartoum. I at once gave the order to turn and run full speed down the river. It was hopeless to attempt a landing, or to communicate with the shore, under such a fire. The sight at this moment was very grand; the masses of the enemy with their fluttering banners near Khartoum, the long rows of riflemen in the shelter trenches at Omdurman, the numerous groups of men on Tuti Island, the bursting shells, and the water torn up by hundreds of bullets and occasional heavier shot, made an impression never to be forgotten. Looking out over the stormy scene, it seemed impossible that we should escape. Directly we turned round the Soudanese, who had been wild with excitement and firing away cheerily, completely collapsed. Poor fellows! they had lost in Khartoum wives, families, and all they possessed. Kasm el Mous sank into a corner of the turret with his mantle wrapped round his

head, and even the brave gunner-captain forsook his gun. 'What is the use of firing?' said he; 'I have lost all.'

As Tennyson wrote:

"Warrior of God! Man's friend! not laid below
But somewhere dead, far in the vast Soudan,
Thou livest in men's hearts, for all men know
This earth has borne no simpler, nobler man."

"His name,
Graven on memorial columns, is a song
Heard in the future. His example reaches hand
Far thro' all years, and everywhere it meets
And kindles generous purpose, and the strength
To mould it into action, pure as his."

"He was a man," says General Sir William Butler, "as unselfish as Sidney, of courage as dauntless as Wolfe, of honour stainless as Outram, of faith as steadfast as More. . . . With Gordon the harmony of life and death was complete."

Authorities : Sir Charles Wilson's Narrative ; A. E. Hake ; Newspapers current.



FREDERIC WILLIAM, CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.

The Death of Frederick III of Prussia. Born 18th October 1831. Died 15th June 1888.

IN November 1887 the Emperor Frederick, at that time Crown Prince of Prussia, lay between life and death at San Remo; he was suffering from an affection of the throat which was pronounced by the German doctors to be cancer, but this was strenuously denied by the English specialist, Morell Mackenzie, who had been brought over from England at the urgent wish of the Crown Princess, to attend upon her husband. Prince William of Prussia (afterwards the Emperor William) travelled from Berlin to San Remo to see his father, hoping to combat his mother's influence and obtain the dismissal of the English doctor. "Bismarck," he said, "never makes a mistake, and he considers our German scientists far in advance of the English in matters of diagnosis." He was unsuccessful, however, and soon returned to Berlin where the Czar of Russia was expected, and Prince William's presence was absolutely necessary. So the days dragged on in the Royal household, until at last the Crown Prince experienced so much difficulty in breathing that the operation of tracheotomy had to be performed.

On the 7th February 1888, the Crown Prince was on the point of starting for a drive with his wife in an open victoria. The wind was cold and brought on a paroxysm of suffocation so that the doctors decided that there was no time to lose. "An hour or two," said Morell Mackenzie, "and it may be too late." The Crown Prince descended from the carriage, and with a sad glance at his wife, re-entered the house, and the operation was performed under chloroform. Two hours later his wife came out from her husband's room and said to her maid of honour, shaken with sobs, "Fritz has got the tube in his throat."

The old Emperor William, the hero of the Franco-Prussian war, died in Berlin on the 9th of March 1888, and by his death the Crown Prince became Emperor. In the garden of their villa at San Remo, when the news came, all was hurry and confusion, officers and servants hurried in all directions, for His Majesty the Emperor Frederick had ordered the large drawing-room to be lighted up for a state occasion, and every one was ordered to attend. It was a strange and striking scene, this re-entry into public life as it were of one who was already looked upon as dead, and a thrill ran through the whole assembly as a door opened and the commanding figure of the Emperor appeared, as noble and grand in presence as of yore. He could not speak, but, advancing to a small table in the room on which were placed writing materials, he stooped and wrote a few lines which he signed for the first time, "Frederick Emperor of Germany." His secretary read aloud what he had written. It was the announcement of his father's death and of his own accession to the throne; then turning towards his wife who had entered the room with him, he bowed low to her as if paying

homage to her courage and affection, and tenderly tied round her neck, as his first gift, the ribbon of the Order of the Black Eagle. She threw her arms around him and burst into tears on his shoulder. The Emperor wrote his thanks to Dr. Morell Mackenzie, "for having made me live long enough to make this public recognition of my dear wife's courage and constancy."

He died at Potsdam on the 15th of June 1888.

He was brave and just, and pure in heart: he cared not for his own enjoyment nor to preserve his own life: he cared only for what he thought right. Such a man was worthy to be an Emperor.

Authority: Histories and newspapers of the time.

A Japanese Fisherman

“ I WAS married to a man much older than myself, and my brother, who was eighteen years of age, lived with us. We had a good boat, a little piece of ground, and I was skilful at the loom, so we managed to live well. In summer our fishing boats used to go out at night, and when the fleet was out you could see the line of torch-fires two or three miles away like a string of stars. They did not go out if the weather was threatening, but in certain months great storms arose so suddenly that the boats were sometimes caught before they could hoist sail. The sea was as still as the Temple pond when my husband and brother sailed for the night fishing, but before daybreak the typhoon arose. All the boats had come back except my husband's; for my husband and my brother had gone out farther than the others, so that they were unable to return as quickly. And all the people were looking and waiting. Every minute the waves seemed to grow higher and higher, and the wind to become more terrible, and the other boats had to be dragged far up the shore to save them. Then suddenly we saw my husband's boat coming very very quickly. We were so glad. It came quite near so that I could see the face of my husband, and the face of my brother. But suddenly a great wave struck the boat upon its side and turned it down into the water so that it did not come up again. And then we saw my husband and my brother swimming, but we could see them only when the waves lifted them up. Tall like hills the waves were, and the head of my husband, and the head of my brother, would go up, up, up and then down, and each time they rose to the top of a wave so that we could see them, they would cry out “ Help! Help!”

“ But the strong men were afraid, the sea was too terrible and I was only a woman. Then my brother could not be seen any more. My husband was old but very strong, and he swam a long time, so near that I could see that his face was like the face of one in fear, and he called out, “ Help me!” but none could help him, and he also went down at last. And yet I could see his face before he went down.

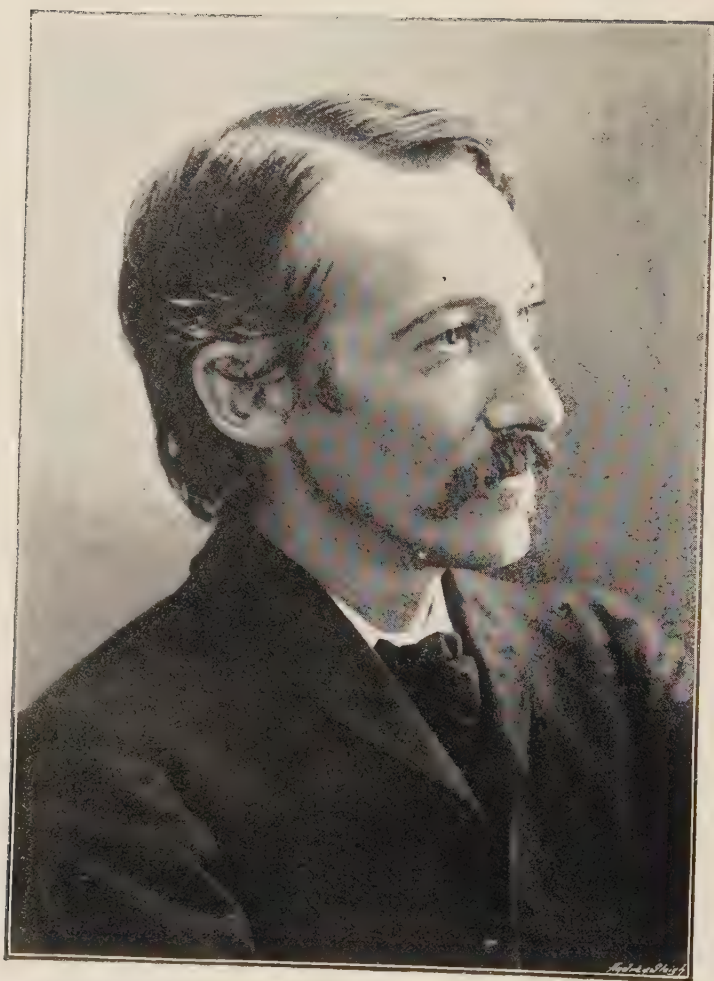
“ And for a long time after that, every night I used to see his poor face as I saw it then, so that I could not sleep, only could weep, and I prayed and prayed that I might not dream that dream. Now it never comes, but I can still see his face even as I speak. In that time my son was only a little child.”

Not without sobs she concluded her simple recital. Then suddenly bowing her head to the matting, and wiping away her tears with her long sleeves, she humbly prayed our pardon for her exhibition of emotion and laughed, the soft low laugh “ *de rigueur* ” of Japanese politeness.

“ Everything is only for a day, both that which remembers, and that which is remembered.”

“ Transient is all. All being born must die. And being born are dead. And being dead are glad to be at rest.”—*The Buddhist Sutra of Nirvana*.

In the hamlet of Hamamura on the Sea of Japan, 1892, from “ Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan,” p. 514, vol. ii, by Lafcadio Hearn.



R. L. STEVENSON.

The Death of Robert Louis Stevenson. Born at Edinburgh, 13th November 1850. Died in Samoa, 3rd December 1894.

“**S**TEVENSON wrote hard all the morning of the last day (3rd December 1894) at his half-finished book, ‘Weir of Hermiston,’ which he judged the best he had ever written, and the sense of successful effort made him buoyant and happy as nothing else could. In the afternoon the mail fell to be answered; not business correspondence, for this was left till later, but replies to the long kindly letters of distant friends received but two days since, and still bright in memory. At sunset he came down stairs; rallied his wife about the forebodings she could not shake off; talked of a lecturing tour in America that he was eager to make, ‘as he was now so well,’ and played a game of cards with her to drive away her melancholy. He said he was hungry; begged her assistance to help him make a salad for the evening meal; and to enhance the little feast he brought up a bottle of old Burgundy from the cellar. He was helping his wife in the verandah and talking gaily, when suddenly he put both hands to his head and cried out: ‘What is this!’ Then he asked quickly, ‘Do I look strange?’ Even as he did so he fell on his knees beside her. He was helped into the great hall by his wife and his body-servant Sosimo, losing consciousness instantly as he lay back in the armchair that had once been his grandfather’s. Little time was lost in bringing the doctors—Anderson of the man-of-war and his friend Dr. Funk. They looked at him and shook their heads; they laboured strenuously and left nothing undone, but he had passed the bounds of human skill. The dying man lay back in the chair breathing heavily; his family about him frenzied with grief as they realized that all hope was past. The dozen and more Samoans who formed part of the little clan of which he was chief, sat in a wide semicircle on the floor, their reverent and sorrow-stricken faces all fixed upon their dying master. A narrow bed was brought into the centre of the room; the Master was laid gently upon it. Slower and slower grew his respiration; wider the interval between the long deep breaths. He died at ten minutes past eight on Monday evening, the 3rd of December, in the forty-fifth year of his age. . . . A meeting of chiefs was held to apportion the work and divide the men into parties. Forty were sent with knives and axes to cut a path up the steep face of the mountain, and the writer himself led another party to the summit, men chosen from the immediate family, to dig the grave where it was Mr. Stevenson’s wish that he should lie. Nothing more picturesque could be imagined than the narrow ledge that forms the summit of Vaca; a place no wider than a room and flat as a table. On either side the land descends precipitously; in front lies the vast ocean and the surf-swept reefs; to the right and left green mountains rise, densely covered with primæval forest. Here he was laid.”

This brave bright one was fortunate in his death: to him came not that evil fate foreshadowed by himself. "Most of us," he wrote, "even if by reason of great strength and the dignity of gray hairs we retain some degree of public respect in the latter days of our existence, will find a falling away of friends and a solitude making itself round us day by day until we are left alone with the hired sick-nurse. For the attraction of a man's character is apt to be outlived like the attraction of his body; and the power to love grows feeble in its turn, as well as the power to inspire love in others. It is only with a few rare natures that friendship is added to friendship, love to love, and the man keeps growing richer in affection after his head is white and his back weary, and he prepares to go down into the dust of death."

Authority: A printed letter addressed to friends by Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, stepson of R. L. Stevenson. Dated December 1894.



THE KHALIFA ABDALLA EL TAAISHI AND HIS EMIRS, KILLED AT
UM DEBREIKAT ON NOVEMBER 24, 1899.

From a photograph by permission of Sir Reginald Wingate.

The Death of the Khalifa, Abdulla el Taashi, the 21st November 1899.

WAR Office, 30th January 1900. The following despatch has been received . . . from Colonel Sir Reginald Wingate, commanding troops on the White Nile, to His Excellency Major-General the Rt. Hon. Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, G.C.B.

“Sir, In accordance with your instructions to me to proceed with a flying column towards Gedid and to deal with the Dervish forces under the Emir Ahmed Fedil and the Khalifa Abdulla, which were expected to be in that neighbourhood, I have the honour to inform you that at 4 p.m. on the 21st November I left Fachi Shoya with a force of 3,700 men. The troops bivouacked from 6 to 10 p.m. on the 21st November, five miles south-west of Fachi Shoya, and then marched during the night in bright moonlight to the vicinity of Nefisa, fifteen miles. During the advance the cavalry scouted two miles to the front, and drove in ten Dervish horsemen, whilst the camel corps covered both flanks and rear. Our information led us to believe that a strong force of Dervishes under the Emir Ahmed Fedil, with a considerable quantity of grain, was then at Nefisa on the way to rejoin the main Dervish army under the Khalifa at Gedid. . . . A Dervish deserter reported the Khalifa's force to be encamped some seven miles to the south-east. At 3 a.m. the enemy's position was reported about three miles distant, and the force was deployed into fighting formation, and, with as little noise as possible, continued to advance. In the distance the beating of the enemy's drums could be heard, but the sound died away, and at 3.40 a.m. the rising ground was reached where the long grass with which it was covered effectually screened our movements. As the light improved large bodies of shouting Dervishes were seen advancing, but our steady volleys and gun and maxim fire kept theirs under, and it gradually slackened. The whole line was now advanced down the gentle slope towards the Dervish position, and drove the retiring enemy towards their camp, which lay concealed in the midst of trees; as the troops advanced numbers of the enemy surrendered and were given the ‘Aman’ (mercy). Thousands of women and children were found in the camp which, most fortunately, had not been reached by our fire, and it was soon evident that the entire force had surrendered. Immediately in front of the line of advance of the 9th Sudanese a large number of the enemy were seen lying dead, huddled together in a comparatively small space; on examination these proved to be the bodies of the Khalifa Abdulla el Taashi, the Emir Ahmed Fedil, the Khalifa's two brothers, the Mahdi's son, and a number of other well-known leaders. At a short distance behind them lay their dead horses, and from the few men still alive we learnt that the Khalifa, having failed in his attempt to reach the rising ground where we had forestalled him, had then endeavoured to make a turning movement, which had been crushed by our fire. Seeing his followers

retiring he made an ineffectual attempt to rally them, but recognizing that the day was lost, he had called on his Emirs to dismount from their horses, and, seating himself on his 'furwa,' or sheepskin prayer-mat, as is the custom of Arab chiefs who disdain to surrender, he had placed Khalifa Ali Wad Helu on his right, and Ahmed Fedil on his left, whilst the remaining Emirs seated themselves round him, with their bodyguard in line some twenty paces in front, and in this position they had unflinchingly met their death. The total Dervish losses during the fighting are estimated at 1,000 men killed and wounded, and 9,400 prisoners including women and children."

Authority: "London Gazette," 30th January 1900.



ADMIRAL TOGO.
From a photograph by C. Gerschel

Togo's Address to the Spirits.

ADMIRAL TOGO to-day attended the funeral services of a number of officers and men who were killed at Port Arthur while serving under him, and read a eulogy on them. He said:

"As I stand before your spirits, I can hardly express my feelings. Your personality is fresh in my memory. Your corporeal existence has ceased, but your passing from the world has been in the gallant discharge of your duty, by virtue of which the enemy's fleet on this side of the world has been completely disabled. Our combined fleet retains the undisputed command of the seas. I trust this will bring peace and rest to your spirits. It is my agreeable duty to avail myself of the occasion of my presence in this city, whither I have been called by the Emperor, to report our successes to the spirits of those who sacrificed their earthly existence for the attainment of so great a result. The report is rendered most humbly by me in person."

HEIHACHIRO TOGO,

"Admiral of the combined fleets."



TSU TSI, DOWAGER EMPRESS OF CHINA.



KWANG-SU, EMPEROR OF CHINA.



TSU TSI, DOWAGER EMPRESS
OF CHINA.
(IN YOUTH.)

The Death of the Emperor and Dowager Empress of China. November 1908.

THE death of the Emperor of China necessarily aroused universal attention. Kwang-Hsu was barely eighteen years old when his aunt, the Dowager Empress Tsu-Tsi, Regent of the Empire, handed over to him the reins of government. Kwang-Hsu was the twelfth Emperor who has reigned over China of "the Great Purity," as the Manchu dynasty is called. His reign began at the age of five years under the co-regency of the Empress of the Eastern, and the Empress of the Western palaces. The former died in 1881, and from that time the Dowager Empress ruled alone as Regent. Including the years of the regency, the hapless Emperor's reign had lasted nearly thirty-three years, the third in point of length of any of the Emperors of the Manchu Dynasty, and his reign is known as that of Kwang-Hsu, or "The glorious succession"; for the name under which an Emperor of China reigns is not his own, but is one chosen for him, and has generally some symbolic interpretation. Although the Emperor suffered much at the hands of the Dowager Empress, he did not appear to regard her with any special animosity. Their relations, though rigidly formal, were friendly enough. If there were any feeling on his part as to the check his government received by the *coup d'état* of 1898, when the Dowager Empress re-assumed the reins of government, he did not seem to feel that his arbitrary old relative was responsible for it. He continued to issue edicts, but on all grave affairs, and at the meeting of the Grand Council, the Dowager Empress was always present, and the decisions were held to be the result of their joint opinions. The Emperor occupied a palace fronting on the great lake as elegant and luxurious as her Majesty's. He was passionately fond of music, and played on a number of Chinese instruments: he had even tried his hand on a piano! He was also a clever mechanician, and an admirer of western knowledge. His death was said to be due to cardiac weakness. He made a speech less than an hour before his death. The Dowager Empress suffered a paralytic stroke on 12th November on learning the precarious condition of the Emperor. Prince Ching was despatched by her to the Royal Mausoleum, on the Eastern Hills, to make offerings there in the hope of propitiating the spirits of her ancestors whom she thought were beckoning her thither. On the 14th November she summoned the Grand Council, and lying prone on the ground and fully dressed in her robes of ceremony, she ordered edicts to be prepared announcing the succession of Pu-yi, and the Regency of Prince Chun. Both their Majesties awaited death in their full official robes surrounded by hundreds of Court officials.

The last edict of the Dowager Empress Tsu-Tsi, just before her death at the age of seventy-two, was as follows: "I, of humble virtue had the

honour to receive appointment among the Consorts of His Majesty Hsien-feng. The succession to the throne of my son, the Emperor Tung-chih, in 1861 occurred at a time when rebellions were raging. The Taiping rebels, the Mohammedan rebels, and the Kweichau aborigines caused disturbance and spread disorder. The coast provinces were in sore distress; misery everywhere met the eye. Co-operating with the Eastern Empress Dowager, I carried on the Government, toiling by night and day. I employed the good in office, and hearkened to admonition, and by the bounty of Heaven I suppressed the rebellions and restored peace. When His Majesty Kwang-Hsu succeeded to the throne the crisis was still more serious. Within the Empire was calamity, and from abroad came recurring peril. In 1906 I issued a decree preparing for the grant of a Constitution, and this year I have proclaimed the date when it shall be granted. Happily my strength was always robust, and I maintained my vigour, but since last summer I have been often indisposed. With the affairs of state pressing I could find no repose. I lost my sleep and my appetite: my strength began to fail. Still I never rested for a single day. On Saturday last occurred the death of the Emperor, my nephew Kwang-Hsu. My grief overwhelms me. I can bear up no longer. My sickness is dangerous, and all hope of recovery has vanished. At the present time a gradual development in the introduction of reform has been reached. His Majesty the new Emperor is of tender years, and needs instruction. The Prince Regent and the Ministers are to aid him to strengthen the nation's foundation. His Majesty must forget his personal grief, and strive diligently that hereafter he may bring fresh lustre to the achievements of his ancestors. This is my earnest hope.

TSU-TSI."

NOTE.—At the time of the foreign military occupation of Peking in 1900-1901, when the Empress Dowager, the Emperor, and the whole Court fled, the Palace treasure, amounting in bullion to more than nine millions sterling, was entrusted by the Empress Dowager, first to the charge and protection of the American General, Chaffee, and afterwards to the English General, Sir A. Gaselee. This money was safely returned at the conclusion of the military occupation.

The Death of Lieutenant-Commander Sakuma Tshumu and his companions in the Japanese submarine which sunk in Hiroshima Bay 1910.

IN this accident every man in the submarine perished. When the vessel was raised the following letter was found written by the commander:

I have no words to beg pardon for losing His Majesty's boat and for killing my men, owing to my carelessness. But all the crew have well discharged their duties till their death and have worked with fortitude. We have lost our lives in order to discharge our duties for the sake of the country. Our only regret is, however, that this accident may, we fear, lead the public to a mistaken conclusion, and may cause a hindrance to the development of the submarine. We earnestly hope, therefore, that without incurring such a mistake, you will make efforts with all your power for the investigation and development of the submarine. If you accept this wish of ours we have nothing further to desire.

CAUSE OF THE SINKING

As we went down too far at the time of the submarine trip, we tried to shut the sluice valve, but the chain gave way. Then we shut it with our hands, but it was too late. The stern (was) filled with water. (The boat) went down at an incline of about 25 degrees.

THE CONDITION AFTER SINKING

The incline is about 13 degrees.

As the electric generator was submerged, the electric light was put out. Poisonous gas has been generated. We feel difficulty in breathing.

On the 15th at 10 a.m. the boat sank. In this poisonous gas, we did our utmost to pump out the water with the hand-pump.

When the boat went down, we drained the main tank. As the light was put out, we could not see the gauge. But we think that the water in the main tank was completely drained out. The electric current is entirely out of use. The acid in the electric battery comes out, but very little. Sea-water enters (the electric battery), and chlorine gas is not generated. Our sole hope depends upon the hand-pump.

(So far, I have written by the light of the observation tower. 11 h. 45 m.).

The clothes of the crew are mostly wet by the water which comes in, and we feel cold.

I always used to maintain that the crew of a submarine should take scrupulous care, and, at the same time, should work with a brave heart. And I also used to say that we should not shrink on account of too much

prudence. There may be some who laugh at this failure. But I firmly believe what I have said above is true.

The sounder in the observation tower shows 52 (feet). We have endeavoured to pump out the water, but the boat does not move till 12 o'clock. As the depth of the sea at this point is about 10 fathoms, the sounder may be right.

The officers and men on a submarine should be selected from the selected, as trouble would occur at such a moment as the present. I am glad all my men have discharged their duties admirably. I am greatly satisfied.

I have always been prepared for death on leaving home. My will is already put in the drawer of the *Karasaki*. (But it is my private affair. Have no need to say about. Please, my dear friends, Taguchi and Asami, take it to my father.)

FAREWELL

I humbly ask Your Majesty the Emperor to be so graceful as not to let the bereaved families of my men be subjected to destitution. This is the only anxiety which occupies my mind at present.

Please present my best regards to the following men (the order of the names is not observed). Minister Saito, Vice-Admiral Shimamura, Vice-Admiral Fujii, Rear-Admiral Nawa, Rear-Admiral Yamashita, Rear-Admiral Narita.

(The air-pressure becomes high, and I feel as if my ear drums are bursting).

Captain Oguri, Captain Ide, Commander Matsui (Jun-ichi), Captain Matsumura (Tatsu), Lt. Commander Matsumura (Kiku) (my elder brother).

Captain Funakoshi, Teacher Tsunataro Narita, Teacher Kokinji Ikuta.

12.30. I feel great pain in breathing.

I thought I had blown out gasoline, but I have been intoxicated by gasoline.

Commander Nakano.....

It is now 12.40.....

Here ends the record of Lieutenant Sakuma. It ended, as his duty did, literally only with his last breath. We are proud of our dead hero, but prouder still in the certain knowledge that every officer and every man in the Japanese navy would bravely do their duty, as Lieutenant Sakuma and his humble heroes did, faithful even unto death.

DEATH

O Eloquent, Just, and Mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised. Thou hast drawn together all the far stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of men, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, "Hic Jacet!"—SIR WALTER RALEIGH, *History of the World*, lib. vi, cap. 6.

"Look in my face. My name is Might-have-been.
I am also called No-more, Too-late, Farewell."

Rossetti.

"And if there be no meeting after death,
If all be darkness, silence, yet 'tis rest.
Be not afraid ye weary hearts that weep,
For God's will giveth his beloved sleep,
And if an endless sleep He wills:—so best."

Huxley.

THE INFINITE

GOD called a man from dreams into the vestibule of Heaven. "Come thou hither and see the glory of my house!" and to the angels round His throne, He said: "Take him, strip off his robes of flesh, cleanse his vision, put new breath into his nostrils, but touch not with any change his human heart—the heart that weeps and trembles." It was done; and with a mighty angel as guide, the man stood ready for an infinite voyage. They launched without sound or farewell from the terraces of Heaven, and wheeled away into endless space. Sometimes with the solemn flight of angel wings, they passed through Saharas of darkness; through wildernesses of death, separating worlds of life: sometimes they swept over frontiers, quickening under prophetic motions from God. Then from an immeasurable distance light dawned as through a shapeless film, and in unspeakable space swept to them, and they with unthinkable pace to the light. In a moment the rushing of planets was upon them; in a moment the blazing of suns around them. Then came eternities of twilight that revealed but were not revealed. On the right hand and on the left mighty constellations built up triumphal gates whose archways, whose architraves seemed ghostly from infinitude. Without measure were the architraves, past number were the archways, beyond memory the gates. Within were stairs that circled eternities around; above was below, and below was above to the man stripped of his gravitating body. Depth was transcended by height insurmountable; height was swallowed up in depth unfathomable. Suddenly as they rode thus, from infinite to infinite, suddenly as they tilted over abysmal worlds, a mighty cry arose that systems more mysterious, worlds more billowy, other heights and other depths were coming, were nearing, were at hand. Then the man sighed and stopped; shuddered and wept. His overladen heart poured itself forth in tears and he said: "Angel! I will go no further, for my spirit aches with this infinity. Insufferable is the Glory of God. Let me lie down in my grave, and hide me from the oppression of the Infinite, for end I see there is none!" Then from all the listening stars that shone around issued a choral voice: "The man speaks truly: end there is none!" The angel solemnly demanded: "End there is none! Is there indeed no end? Is this the sorrow that kills you?" but no voice answered, that he himself might answer.

Then the angel threw up his glorious hands towards the Heaven of Heavens and said: "To the universe of God there is no end; lo! also there is no beginning."

From "Jean Paul Richter," translated by De Quincey.

GOD

HE is great and incomprehensible by the senses and consequently His nature is beyond human conception.

From those who do not know Him, He is at a greater distance than the limits of space, and to those who acquire a knowledge of Him, He is near: and while residing in animate creatures is perceived, although obscurely, by those who apply their thoughts to Him.

He is not perceptible to vision, nor is He describable by means of speech; neither can He be the object of any of the organs of sense; nor can He be conceived by the aid of austerities, nor of religious rites, but a person whose mind is purified by the light of true knowledge, through incessant contemplation, perceives Him, the most pure God.

Such is the invisible Supreme Being. He should be seen in the heart, the mind being perfectly freed from all impurity.

God, who spreads over the mind and all the senses, imparts a knowledge of Himself to the heart of man.

From the "Vedas," translated by Raja Ram Mohun Roy.

CHISWICK PRESS: CHARLES WHITTINGHAM AND CO.
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

335568

